OFFICIAL REPORT.
George P. Rowell & Co., the leading authority on newspaper information, says:
"The Fort Wayne Sentinel, published at Fort Wayne, Ind., has the highest circulation rating accorded to any daily in Indiana, outside of Indianapolis.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

The Largest Circulation in the State, Outside of Indianapolis.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY. SEPT. 1. 1894. ——PART FIRST—— PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Lining Department.

We appreciate the necessity of always having in stock such values as are certain to give our customers and dressmakers the best possible satisfaction.

OUR LINING DEPARTMENT

Has such qualities as sell quick—that hold trade. LINING DEPARTMENTS that do not appear healthy and active have usually grades of Linings that are unreliable that customers have tested and found wanting, and that dressmakers cannot conscientiously recommend to their patrons. Our Linings are highly spoken of by dressmakers "Sewing Circles" as being the best.

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

Youman's

Knox,

Fall Style Stiff and Silk Hats in Black and Brown; also the

SCHOBLE HAT,

Which is one of the best

$4.00 HATS.

Are now to be had

—OF—

WM. MEYER & BRO.

Rooms 5 and 7 Arcade.

WHO WILL GET IT?

In our Court St. show window we have placed an elegant quarter sawed Oak Bedroom Suit. The dresser has a large French Bevel glass, and the suit a year ago would have brought $100. It is worth now $75.

We have marked it $54 cash. If it is not sold today it will be marked $53 tomorrow.

We shall continue to mark it down $1 per day until sold.

It may sell in forty-eight hours or it may not sell for ten days.

Do you want it? You buy it at your own price.

Tell your neighbors about this. Come down and see it yourself.

FOSTER'S.

J. G. THIEME & SON.

CLOTHING

Made Firm and Fit Perfect. Comprises the very Latest Fabrics, Cut and made in the very Latest Styles, which we offer at

POPULAR PRICES.

Call and Examine before buying.

Corner Columbia and Clinton Streets.

LYNCHED!

Six Negroes Taken From the Sheriff

And Shot to Death By a Mob

For Acts of Incendiarism Done By Them.

The Fifty Masked Men Who Took the Law in Their Own Hands Were Not Masked.

Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 1.—News comes this morning of the lynching of six negroes in the northern part of the county, two miles west of Millington, a village on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad.

For a year or more the people of that part of the country have been kept in continual excitement by acts of incendiarism. Barns and dwellings have been burned, and recently the buildings on the Millington fair grounds were destroyed.

Suspicion pointed to Dan Hawkins, Robert Haines, Warner Williams, Ed. Hall, John Haynes and Graham White, and yesterday they were arrested near Kerrville, in the western part of the county, by Deputy Sheriff Richardson.

Later in the day Richardson started with his prisoners in a wagon for Millington, where they were to have a preliminary examination before a magistrate. The six negroes were chained together

About midnight, when the party was nearing Millington, it was stopped by a mob of fifty men armed with shot guns, who killed all the prisoners, and then remounting their horses, which were tied near by, rode away in the darkness.

The lynchers were not masked, but the officer, being new to that part of the country, recognized none of them.

An inquest was held on the bodies this morning, and the jury, which included two negroes, found that the prisoners had come to their death in the manner stated "at the hands of persons unknown." The new sheriff of the county, who enters upon his office today, will take the matter in hand promptly and vigorously.

Dan Hawkins was arrested a year ago with several others, charged with the burning of barns and residences in the Kerrville neighborhood. They were brought to trial and two of them were sentenced to terms in the penitentiary. They made full confessions and implicated Hawkins as the leader to the band of fire-bugs. Hawkins got a new trial, however, and after spending some months in jail, was released a few weeks ago. Since that time the burning has recommenced, and the Millington neighborhood as well as Kerrville have suffered. Deputy Sheriff Richardson was employed to ferret out the incendiaries and with the assistance of a negro "spotter," he at length got evidence that resulted in the arrest of Hawkins and the the other five negroes who were lynched. About nightfall yesterday the officer secured a two-horse wagon and a white man named R. T. Atchison to drive it. He loaded his prisoners into the vehicle, handcuffed and chained together, and started for Millington. As they reached Big Creek, two miles west of Millington, somebody in the woods by the roadside called out:

"Don't try to cross there. The bridge is down. Come this way."

Richardson got down and taking the horses by the head led them into a path that opened in the direction whence the warning had come. It was dark in the woods, but suddenly Richardson saw two guns presented at his stomach and a stern voice said:

"Throw up your hands!"

"What does this mean?" demanded the officer.

"None of your d—d business," was the reply. "Throw 'em up!"

The officer obeyed. Then Atchison was ordered to get down and was placed under guard. The negro prisoners, divining the purpose of the unseen mob, attempted to leap from the wagon. A volley rang out from forty or fifty guns and they fell back, wounded and dying. A dozen of the mob leaped into the wagon and threw them out. Volley after volley was then poured into the faintly struggling assemblage and in a few moments all was still. Hawkins' head was almost shot from his body and some of the others were terribly mangled. The mob, after making sure that all six were dead, mounted and rode away. Atchison then mounted one of the mules and hastened to Justice Hill's house, at some distance away, and notified him of the slaughter. The justice at once made ready to go to the spot and at daybreak was there with a jury of inquest, composed of five white men and two negroes, who rendered a verdict as above stated.

Judge Cooper, of the criminal court, summoned Deputy Sheriff Richardson before him today and questioned him closely concerning the lynching. The judge is prepared to issue bench warrants for the arrest of all parties to which a reasonable suspicion may point as being concerned in the crime.

CRISIS VERY NEAR.

Massillon Coal Operators Advertise for 1,000 Miners.

Massillon, O., Sept. 1.—The Massillon Coal Operators' association issued a circular today stating that 1 000 men are wanted immediately to work in the mines. They offer sixty cents a ton for mining on a three and one-half inch screen basis, and guarantee protection from violence to all miners coming here. The crisis in the district is apparently very near, and the next few days developments will be watched with interest.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

The Labor Commissioner Talks on the Investigation.

The Commission Will Meet in Washington September 25th—Reports Will Be Submitted to Congress.

Washington, Sept. 1.—Col. Carroll D Wright, chairman of the strike investigating commission, returned from Chicago last night and left here today for Boston. He will remain away until September 25, and on the day following the strike investigation will be resumed in this city. In an interview with an Associated Press reporter today Commissioner Wright expressed his confidence in the beneficial results of the inquiry and summed up the work of the commission by saying: "A number of newspaper statements as to what the commission is likely to recommend have been brought to my notice The commission, however, has formulated no recommendations, decided on none and all such statements are mere guess work. I consider the investigation thoroughly successful. All leading men on both sides, railroad leaders and Pullman officers, freely gave their testimony and the investigation was conducted, fearlessly, impartially and in the most searching manner. I believe it will do great good in the end and that out of it will come some most valuable recommendations It has now adjourned to meet in Washington on the 26th inst, for the purpose of hearing testimony which may be considered necessary for the completion of the report, and which parties on either side of the controversy may deem essential to the case. In the meantime each member of the commission will be hard at work studying the testimony already furnished, the laws dealing on the various features involved in the investigation, and preparing himself for the commission's final report. Our plan is to have the report ready by the middle of November and to submit it to congress early in the next session. As the testimony will cover over 2,000 printed pages, octavo, the magnitude of the undertaking becomes apparent.

FLOODED.

Scenes of Destruction and Desolation in Texas.

Great Damage to Crops, Stock and Railway Property—A Number of Lives Lost.

St. Louis, Mo, Sept. 1—A special telegram from San Antonio, Texas, to the Post-Dispatch says the scene of the destruction and desolation in the flooded district for a distance of one hundred miles east and west from here and extending south from the Southern Pacific railroad to the Rio Grande, two hundred miles away is simply terrible. Thousands upon thousands acres of pasture and farm land is still under water It is estimated that the damage to crops in the valley of the Leona river alone will reach a half million dollars. While in the valleys of the Saco and Sabinal rivers the losses will be fully as much more. Many thousand head of cattle, horses and sheep were swept away and drowned. Up to last midnight all telegrams received here by Southern Pacific railroad officials and for the press came by the round about way of El Paso, Pueblo and Kansas City, all connections with Uvalde and other flooded towns being cut off. The wires are now restored, however, and information from the Lenoa valley is now coming in. Reports received today are more alarming than earlier ones. It is still a matter of uncertainty as to the number of lives lost, but additions to the list of drowned are constantly coming in. About one half of the houses of Uvalde, a town of 2,300 population were carried away and there is much suffering there by homeless families, but no more fatalities are reported there. Nothing has been heard from the settlement of seventy-five families several miles below Uvalde, but there are still grave fears that many, if not all, of them were swept down by the torrent and lost. The town of Batesville was entirely inundated and there was heavy loss of property, but no lives are reported lost.

Will Resume Work.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 1—A general and immediate resumption of work in the window glass factories of the country is anticipated. Half a dozen firms have already accepted the workers' proposition, and according to Secretary Springer, at the conference to be held on Monday other firms will effect a settlement, whether the meeting has any result or not.

Big Price for Clifford.

New York, Sept. 1.—Clifford, the King of the Leigh and Rose string, was sold at Sheepshead Bay today for $25,000. The purchaser is R. L Rose. The sale of the stable today is to wind up the partnership between Mr. Rose and Leigh.

Stevenson Dead.

Washington, Sept. 1—Wm. J. Stevenson, president of the Metropolitan City railway, of this city, and one of the best known business men of Washington, is dead.

SOLDIER—STATESMAN.

Death of Nathaniel P. Banks This Morning.

He Has Been Ailing For Two Years and Two Weeks Ago Began to Fail Mentally.

Waltham, Mass, Sept. 1.—General Nathaniel P. Banks, soldier and statesman, died at his home on Main street, this city, shortly before 8 o'clock this morning from brain trouble, after a long illness. For nearly two years the general has been a sufferer, but he was not taken seriously ill until about two weeks ago. Early this summer he began to fail mentally and was taken to the home of his daughter, the wife of the Rev. Paul Sterling, Mount Deer Isle, Maine, for the summer. Three weeks ago his condition became more serious and he was brought to his home here. He grew worse and he was then taken to the McLean asylum at Somerville. He succumbed rapidly and when he could not recognise members of his family it was decided by the physicians that nothing could be done for him and yesterday he was conveyed to his home once more. He began to sink rapidly and at 6 o'clock last evening it was evident that the end was fast approaching. Mrs. Banks, with the general's daughter, Maud, and his niece, Miss Sybil Banks, were at his bedside constantly until his death. At midnight the general became unconscious and he slowly lost his strength, until the hour of his death. The end came quietly and those gathered about the bed of the dying general were hardly aware when he passed away.

On the announcement of General Banks' death, the flags of the public buildings in the city were displayed at half mast and on every side evidence of the respect in which the general is held is conspicuous. The funeral will take place Tuesday afternoon under the direction of Mayor Ward and Col. Ephram Stevens On Monday afternoon the body will be escorted to Asbury Temple by a detail of the G. A. R., where it will lie in state until Monday. On Tuesday afternoon at 1 45, brief services will be held at the residence, after which the body will be again borne to Asbury Temple, where the public services will be held.

Nathaniel P. Banks ranked as one of the leading men in American history. He was born in 1816 and in 1856-8 was speaker of the national house of representatives. From 1861-4 he was one of the leading generals in the army. After the civil war he was elected to congress and participated in the thrilling scenes that occurred there for several sessions. He retired from congress for several terms, but in 1890 was elected to the fifty-second congress.

ASSASSIN CAUGHT.

Capture of the Murderer of James Gregory.

Horace Loomis, Who Had Been in the Insane Asylum Three Times, is Charged With the Crime.

Kokomo, Ind., Sept 1.—The supposed assassin of James Gregory, who was shot down at his own doorway Thursday night, has been caught. The most intense excitement prevailed upon the discovery of the crime, and many theories were advanced to solve the mystery, but the return of the coroner from Shanghai last night, bringing with him Horace Loomis, a son of Mrs. Loomis, who was imprisoned, charged with the murder, has cleared the mystery.

Loomis lives on an adjoining farm with his wife and three children and has been in the insane asylum three different times. It appears that recently he had quarreled with Gregory, whom he accused of unduly influencing his mother and attempting to secure the old lady's property. This so preyed upon his mind that he decided to kill Gregory and the tragedy is the result, he afterward telling the story of how he had been assaulted in the dooryard by four masked men, who carried him far down the road before he succeeded in getting away from them. Loomis did actually run away over into Clinton county after the shooting, but returned during the day with his story, which failed to convince the coroner, who ordered his arrest.

THE NEW PARTY.

Mr. Carey's Party Likely to Die "A-bornin'."

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 1.—The new national party, evolved from the brain of J. B. Corey, coal operator, of Braddock, is likely to die 'a-bornin'." Its birth was to take place today, accompanied by a parade and barbecue. The parade was a fizzle, but a larger crowd is expected at the barbecue, at which there will be enough food to feed 5,000 persons. The convention was called to order in the picnic ground by William Corey.

NINE HUNDRED BALLOTS.

And They Have Not Nominated a Candidate yet.

Palestine, Tex, Sept. 1—The nine hundredth ballot has been taken in the second district democratic congressional convention with no signs of the deadlock loosening up even a little bit. The vote stood: Cooper 38 3-4, Perkins 22¼.

WANTS NO MAN'S HELP.

Mrs. Gougar Endeavoring to Secure What She Calls Her Rights.

Indianapolis, Sept 1.—The statement of Chairman McWhirter, of the prohibition committee, that Mrs. Gougar was not authorized to use the name of the prohibition committee in soliciting funds to pay the expenses of her suit to test her right to vote, has called out a sharp reply from the disciple of woman's suffrage. She disclaims in vigorous language any connection with the solicitation of funds through prohibition sources, and denies that she has written letters to prohibition committees asking their aid. She intimates that she does not want the assistance of any man in the effort to secure her "rights," but asserts that she is abundantly able to paddle her own canoe.

BANK ROBBERS.

Western Bandits Are Again on the Rampage.

Two Men Enter the Tascot, Kas, Bank, Killed the Cashier and Carried Away Considerable Money.

Salina, Kas., Sept. 1—Word has just been received that the bank at Tascot, fifteen miles north of here, was robbed this morning by two masked men who boldly entered the bank, killed the cashier and carried away considerable money. Sheriff Anderson is organizing a posse to head them off, as the robbers started south after plundering the bank.

CAN'T GET HIS MONEY.

The Little Louisiana Lottery Fails to Pay.

A Saginaw Mich, Man Drew $7,500, But He Can't Get His Ticket Cashed.

Saginaw, Mich., Sept. 1.—George G. Bromm, of this city, held the ticket 6,476 in the Little Louisiana Lottery, M. Ottens & Company, Chicago, and drew $7,500, but he now claims to have been defrauded.

With two friends he went to Chicago last week and a clerk in the office told him the ticket was all right, but to call the next day when Manager Brady was in and get the money. This Bromm did and was assured by Brady the ticket was good but was requested to come into a partially dark room alone, where Brady pretended to place the ticket under a microscope. Whatever he did Mr. Bromm cannot clearly tell, but the next moment Brady exclaimed:

"Hello, this ticket has been tampered with. The original number is 6,470 and it has been changed to 6,476, which draws $7,500."

He then showed Bromm where the change had been made, but the latter vehemently protested and claimed whatever change had been made was done after the ticket left his hands. On the original there was printed in fine lettering over each figure consecutively of the ticket number 6,476 six, four, seven, six, but when the ticket reached Mr. Bromm's hands again the letters over the last six had been changed to read "cipher," and Manager Brady contended that someone had put a loop on the figure 0 and converted it into a 6. Appeals were in vain, and Bromm says the best he could do was to get $10 as an approximate prize. Bromm is a respected citizen here.

DOCTOR'S DOSES

Succeeds in Getting Him a Nice Big Fortune.

One of His Patients Wills Him Her Estate—The Grandson Now Wants It.

Springfield, Mo., Sept. 1.—J. Delaney, an attorney, left here for Louisville, Ky., today. He went on a secret legal mission, but enough has been learned to warrant the statement that a sensational law suit may be filed in Louisville within a few days.

It seems that about three weeks ago a Mrs. Spears, a wealthy woman in Louisville, died, leaving an estate of $150,000. When she died she willed nearly everything to her physician. One of the items was $80,000 for a hospital to cost $30,000, the physician to be in charge. How the other $50,000 was to be used was not stated.

This lady had a son, named Charles Spears, living in this city, but he died a few years ago, leaving a son, also named Charles Spears, who is now thirteen years old. Mrs. Spears thinks that her son was cut off the will by undue influence on the part of the doctor. She proposes to have most of the money or sue. The doctor has offered to make a liberal compromise, it is said, but the proposition was rejected.

DICKMAN'S POSITION.

Says the Monopolists Are Responsible For Labor Difficulties.

Capt. Harry Dickman is at Edgerton today where he delivered an address at a meeting of the populists party. The captain takes the position that the monopolistic capitalists are the real anarchists of the country and that they, more than any one else, are responsible for the labor difficulties that have occurred in this country.

The Vigilant Won.

Darmouth, Sept. 1.—In the race today between the Vigilant and the Satania, the Vigilant won.

W. E. Hunter, secretary of the Wayne Oil Tank company, returned last evening from Philadelphia on business. On returning he stopped a few days with his parents at their summer home, Eureka Springs.

Hon. James Murdock, of Lafayette, is a guest of the Wayne hotel. Rumor has it that he is negotiating for the purchase of the Salimonie gas plant.

Attend International Business college, Schmitz block. 14 tf

WINNERS IN THE RACE

Are Those Who Throw Aside All Heavy Weights.

Run the Race of Life in That Manner and You Will Be a Victor.

Pastor Northrop occupies his pulpit Lord's day.

You are invited to attend services at Christian chapel tomorrow. P. J. Rice.

St. Andrew's Mission, on Shawnee avenue. Sunday school at 3 p. m ; evening prayer at 4 p. m.

South Congregational Church—Sunday school, 9.30 a. m. Preaching by Rev. Jones at 10.30 a. m, and 7:30 p. m. by Dr. Stemen.

Services at the Grace Reformed church tomorrow at 10 20 a. m and 7:30 p. m. Mr. Rijnhart will speak at the morning service.

At the gospel meeting Sunday afternoon at the city Y. M. C. A. at 3:30 Peter Rijnhart will speak to men on the subject, "Excuses."

Preaching morning and evening at Bethany Presbyterian church by the pastor. Sunday school at 3 p. m. and Endeavor immediately following.

Third Presbyterian church: Preaching by the pastor, J. M. Boggs, at 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:30 a. m. Christian Endeavor society at 6:30 p. m.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, D. D, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.; Sabbath school, 9.15 a m ; Y. P. S. E., 6:45 p. m. No preaching in the evening.

Church of the Evangelical association, corner of Clinton and Holman streets, German preaching, 10:30 a m ; English preaching, 7.30 p m ; Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.

Railroad department Y. M. C. A., Bible study at 3:00 p. m ; mixed meeting at 3:30 p. m., to which all will find a welcome. Address by the Rev. J. M. Boggs, D. D.

Services tomorrow at the Central Christian church, on Harrison street, at 10:30 a. m. and 7·30 p. m. by Rev. T. L. Cooksey, of Ohio. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Everybody welcome.

At Wayne Street Methodist Episcopal church the pastor, G. N. Eldridge, will preach at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. General class at 9:30 a. m., led by the pastor. A cordial welcome to all.

The first regular meeting of the City Ministerial association will be held Monday morning at 10 o'clock, at the city Y. M. C. A. building. The ministers are invited to be present. P. J. Rice secretary.

Trinity M. E. church, preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. M. Johnson, at 10:30 a. m, and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 9:30 a m ; Epworth League devotional service at 7 p. m. All cordially invited to attend.

English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, West Washington and Fulton streets. Sunday school at 9 a. m. for the last time this season; hereafter at 2 p. m. Regular morning service at 10 a. m. Strangers welcome.

You are cordially invited to all the services at the Berry street Methodist Episcopal church, preaching by the pastor, M. S. Marble, at 10.30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:15 p. m. Epworth devotional service at 6:30 p. m.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner of West Berry and Fulton streets. Morning prayer at 10:45 a. m. Dr. John S. Irwin will read the service. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; Bible class in parish house adjoining the church at 7 o'clock in the evening.

In Plymouth Congregational church at 10:30 a. m., the pastor, Rev. J. Stuart Ainslie, will preach his opening sermon for the autumn's work upon "The Gospel for Today." At 7:30 Mr. Peter Rijnhart will speak. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. Let all the forces rally.

Preaching at St. Paul M. E. church tomorrow at 10.30 a. m. by the pastor, followed by the ordinance of baptism. In the evening, 7.30, a sermon by the pastor, followed by the reception of members. Class meeting at 9:30 a. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Epworth league devotional service at 6·45 p. m., led by Miss May Williams. A cordial welcome to all by the pastor, Rev. Paschall.

TWO DIVORCE CASES.

One Applied For and the Other Granted.

Petty Cases in the Justice Courts—News as Gathered Around the Court House.

E. V. Emrick, as attorney for Abraham Sowers, has brought suit in the superior court asking that his client may be given a divorce from Sarah E. Sowers.

Judge Dawson has granted Amos H. Loucks a divorce from his wife, Laura Loucks.

A demand has been made for a struck jury in the case of Anna C. Hurst, administratrix, vs. the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad.

Justice Tancey fined William Hochstetter $5 and costs for assaulting Almond Huhn. The other cases were continued until Monday.

At his office this morning Justice Harry France united in marriage Jacob Fulmer and Sadie Armbruster. The parties reside in Milan township.

Miss Josephine Manuel, the pleasant and efficient deputy in County Recorder Fickel's office, has returned from the neighborhood of Arcola, where she has been spending her summer vacation. Her few weeks visit has done Miss Manuel a world of good. The country breezes and rural excursions have fully restored her feeble health and she resumes the place at her desk looking better than she ever did before.

BODY SNATCHERS.

The Guebard Brothers Watching Their Sister's Grave.

Determined Efforts Being Made to Steal the Remains of the New Haven Giantess.

New Haven residents are just now considerably excited over the persistant efforts which are being made by body snatchers to steal the remains of the late Miss Maggie Guebard.

It will be remembered that Miss Guebard died some weeks ago and that she was the tallest woman in the Middle states. She was considerably over seven feet in height and required nearly an eight foot coffin. The young lady was still in her teens, but lung troubles terminated her career.

The unusual physical developement of the deceased made her remains much desired by certain persons—whether medical students or museum men it is not known, but at any rate they have been making every effort to get the body.

The deceased has three brothers and ever since their sister died they have been taking turns about watching the grave. One night not long ago, while one of the brothers was keeping his lonely vigil, he was startled by seeing two men approaching. The hour was past midnight and there was but little doubt as to the intention of the prowlers. Upon being commanded to halt and throw up their hands, the two men took to their heels and ran for their lives.

The Guebard boys say they will watch their sister's grave for two years, if need be.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. J. W. Henry is visiting friends at Parkersburg, W. Va.

H. L. Askew, of Avilla, is in the city visiting friends over Sunday.

Miss May Hedekin is home from a summer visit to the sea coast

Miss Emma Kendall, of Kendallville, is visiting Miss Fanna Williams, of 39 Grace avenue.

C. H. Randall has returned from Cleveland, Ohio, where he has been for a few weeks on business.

Mrs. L. H. Sanburn has returned from Peru, where she has been visiting friends for a few weeks.

Miss Ella Paul has returned from Huntington, where she has been the guest of her mother the past week.

Mrs. Umperfet, of Dayton, Ohio, who has been the guest of John H. Grimme and family, has returned to her home.

At the east car shops today F. P. Wickliff was accidentally hit on the head by a brake wheel and badly hurt. Dr. Stemen attended.

William Wilson, a young man accused of stealing $19 yesterday afternoon, was bound over to the circuit court in the sum of $400. He went to jail.

All bicycle riders in the city are invited to take part in the Labor day parade. They will meet on West Berry street, in front of the Randall agency.

Miss Johanna and Mr. Wm. Brockschmidt have returned to Chicago, after a four weeks' visit with the Misses Wenninghoff and Hollenbeck.

John Carson, a well known newsboy, yesterday had a suit of clothing stolen from his room on Barr street. Later they were recovered in a pawn shop on East Main street.

Miss Carrie Miner, of Chicago, and Miss Hattie Cooper and Mr. George Greenwood, of Edgerton, Ohio, are visiting their friend, Miss Manda Scott, of 24 Murray street.

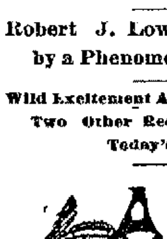
What is an office? An office is something created by government to provide a living for a politician who is too lazy or too shiftless to make a living for himself. New York has a state fruit tree inspection law. This is to prevent black knot, curculio, caterpillars and other unpleasant things from wiping out the orchards of the Empire State. In one of the fruit raising counties an ex-saloon keeper was appointed fruit tree inspector. The pay is $2 a day. The man didn't know a black knot from a hole in the wall. He borrowed some ancient agricultural reports to study up and find out what it was. Perhaps he thought it was some new brand of whisky. In the county were farmers who knew all about black knot and other fruit tree diseases. The $2 would have been welcome to almost any of them, for this has been a terrible summer on farmers because of the drought But farmers are too busy to be working politicians. Their working is of a different kind, and it lasts about 16 hours a day this time of year. So no farmer got the appointment, of course. This is a great country, it is.

The 50 trades unions of Paris that decided the members would work on short time to permit their unemployed comrades to have a chance have proved their faith by their works. The profession of brotherhood among organizations is generally a humbug when it comes to sharing opportunity with another. Yet this is the only kind of brotherhood that is worth anything. It has been complained of workingmen that they want to have everything done for them. but are not willing to do anything for anybody else. Here is a fact that gives the lie to such an accusation.

A WORLD BEATER.

Robert J. Lowers the Record by a Phenomenal 2:03 3-4.

Wild Excitement At the Driving Park Two Other Record Smashers—Today's Sport.



A BETTER ADVERtisement could not have been given Fort Wayne than the phenomenal work of Robert J., who yesterday paced an exhibition mile at the Driving Park in the remarkable time of 2.03¾, which is the fastest mile ever made on any track in the world.

The spectators fairly went wild when the announcement was made. The thousands who watched the pretty little horse go spinning over the course knew that he was going fast, but many never realized that he was beating a world's record. It was a pretty sight Down the finish the little animal came like a whirlwind, but his glossy limbs never betrayed a false movement, and, amid breathless stillness, it was announced that "Robert J. had paced a mile in 2:03¾ and beaten the world's record."

WILD CHEERING

Then arose from that vast throng a mighty cheer. Hats were tossed high in the air and when Starter Walker gave the signal for three cheers for Robert J. the very heavens were rent. Then three cheers went up for the owner, C. J. Hamlin. When "Silent" Ed. Geers drove the wonder up to the judge's stand he was immediately surrounded and was soon busy receiving congratulations right and left.

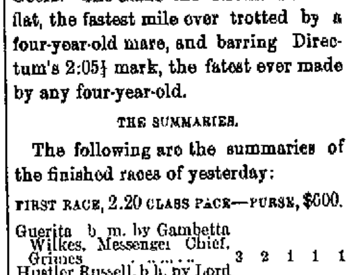
It was a wonderful performance and it is not likely that it will be beaten this season. The first quarter was made in 0:30¾; second, in 1:01¼, and the third in 1:33¾.

Robert J. is six years old. He was foaled in Pennsylvania and is by Hartford; dam by Jay Gould, by Hambletonian 10. So blue blood of a high order flows in his veins. For three years he has been in the stable of C. J. Hamlin, the famous Buffalo, N. Y., horseman At Rochester two weeks ago he made his record of 2:04¼.

The world's pacing record up to yesterday was made by Mascot in 1892, when he went a mile in 2:04 flat. This record was equaled last year by Flying Jib, and it is not likely that he will ever be able to repeat the performance, while Nancy Hanks, who holds the world's record for trotting in the same time, has retired from the turf. That Robert J. will do even better than 2.03¾ there is no doubt.

OTHER FAST ONES.

Alix went against her record at Terre Haute of 2.05¼. The first quarter was finished in 0.31¼, the half in 1:02¼, the the three quarters in 1:34½ and the mile in 2:05¼. The little mare was given an ovation and so was Andy McDowell.



NIGHTINGALE AND ALIX.

Hamlin's four-year-old mare, Fantasy, with a record of 2:07½, was also sent for a new mark, driven by Ed. Geers. She made the circuit in 2:07 flat, the fastest mile ever trotted by a four-year-old mare, and barring Directum's 2:05¼ mark, the fatest ever made by any four-year-old.

THE SUMMARIES.

The following are the summaries of the finished races of yesterday:

FIRST RACE, 2.20 CLASS PACE—PURSE, $600.

Guerita b. m. by Gambetta Wilkes, Messenger Chief, Grimes	3	2	1	1	1
Hustler Russell, b h, by Lord Russell, Princess, Scearce	1	1	2	2	4
Freeland, b h, by Bald Hornet, Rambler, Marvin	2	3	5	3	2
Aileen, b h, by Garette. Nuncio, Wathen	4	5	3	4	3
Rex King, c h, Caton	6	4	4	5	dis
Gamrose, b h, Lackey	5	6	6	dr	
Anderson Bell, br h, Sanders	dis				

Time—2 12¼ 2·12¼, 2 13, 2:16½, 2 19¼.

SECOND RACE, FREE FOR-ALL TROT—PURSE, $1,000.

Phoebe Wilkes, br m, by Ham Wilkes, Fisk's Mambrino Chief, McHenry	3	3	1	1	1
Nightingale ch m, by Mambrino King, Woods' Hambletonian, Geers	2	1	3	2	2
Belle Vara, br m, by Vatican, Estil Eric, Maloney	1	2	2	3	3
Ryland T, b g, Walker	dis				

Time—2.11, 2.12¼, 2.14½, 2 11½, 2.11½.

TODAY'S RACES.

Three heats were run in the free-for-all pace, left unfinished from yesterday. The first heat resulted:

Roudy Joe, first.
Dr. Sperry, second.
Angie D., third.
Josie B., fourth.
Time, 2·08.

The second heat resulted:

Rowdy Joe, first.
T. N. B., second.
Angie D., third.
Lottie Loraine, fourth.
Dr. Sperry, fifth.
Time—2.09¾.

The third heat resulted:

Dr. Sperry, first.
Lottie Loraine, second.
T. N. B., third.
Nellie O, fourth.
Time, 2:10.

Dr. Sperry won the race and six heats in all were run.

In the 2:25 class trot, purse $800, three heats resulted as follows

Hettiemont won first in first heat, Time, 2:18¼.

Rusellmont won first in second heat. Time, 2.15¼. Rusellmont also won first in the third heat in 2.16.

LADIES IN IT.

First Bicycle Race With Ladies as Contestants

Is Taking Place This Afternoon at the Pastime Athletic Club Grounds in St. Louis.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 1.—The first bicycle race with ladies as contestants, which ever took place in this country, will be decided at the Pastime Athletic club grounds at De Hodiamont this afternoon.

The conditions of the race and the entries are as follows: One half mile bicycle race, ladies—First prize, diamond ring, value $25; second prize, box of candy—Miss C. D. Field, Miss Minnie Walden, Miss Rudie Spellerink, Miss Ida Vail and Miss Lennie Ross.

Four of these ladies are sure starters, but Miss Ross has decided to postpone her debut on the track until she sees how the public receives the "pioneers."

The others, however, are enthusiastic, and while not unmindful of public opinion, are sure that their unique performance will be regarded with favor, and that the ice once broken, their sex will adopt bicycle racing as a fad.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

Mgr. Spereti Will Bless a Statue at St. Patrick's Church.

Monsignor Spereti, the distinguished secretary of the papal delegate, Monsignor Satoilli, in company with Rev. Father Stephan, president of the Catholic Bureau of Indian Missions, arrived in the city from Washington last evening and is now a guest of Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher, at the episcopal residence. It so happened that Father Delaney, of St. Patrick's church, had arranged to have the new status of the Sacred Heart blessed tomorrow and Monsignor Spereti was invited to officiate at the ceremony and has kindly accepted. The service will occur at St. Patrick's church tomorrow evening, beginning at 7:30 o'clock.

METROPOLITAN CAFE.

Fort Wayne is to Have the Finest Restaurant in the State.

Fort Wayne is to have a cafe the equal of any between New York and Chicago. The Aldine cafe, which opens at 7 o'clock this evening, will be metropolitan in every particular. Neither money nor pains have been spared to make it complete in every detail. The fixtures and furniture are costly. The ceilings and walls are hand-painted and are a masterpiece of art. Heavy French plate mirrors encircle the room to a height of six feet, with a Venetian leather wainscoating below the counter and being of highly polished oak. Being lighted with scores of incandescent lights from walls and ceilings, with a thousand reflections, you seem to be in one vast room with no ending.

Mr. J. A. Hellings, the proprietor, is a thorough business man. With years of experience in the hotel and restaurant business, and will cater successfully to the public.

The Aldine will be a fashionable resort, especially for ladies. Meals, luncheon, ice creams, oysters, games and all delicacies will be served in their season in elegant style at popular prices. Special attention will be given to theater and dinner parties, ball suppers, banquets, etc., at the Cafe. An elegant table d'hote dinner will be served on Sundays from 1 to 2:30.

At the opening tonight oysters, luncheon, ice cream and ices will be served.

J. D. Williams expert accountant, Office: 63 East Main street.

Brazil wants workingmen—wants them very much. She is advertising for laborers, the bureau of American republics is informed, and needs 30,000 in the state of Para. San Paulo wants 50,000 immigrants, and Bahia, Pernambuco, Rio de Janeiro and Minas-Garaes desire their share too. Undoubtedly there are now opportunities for making fortunes in Brazil as splendid as there were in this country 60 or 70 years ago. There is reason to believe the Brazilian republic will endure. The soil is fertile, and everything grows that the heart of man could desire. The drawbacks are no greater than existed in our own newer regions two generations ago, and there are none that cannot be overcome by pluck and perseverance.

The city government of Glasgow now owns the street cars and runs them. The roads pay $43,000 a mile annually. The city authorities are experimenting with all the known methods of propulsion with a view to improving the system. One cent fares are charged, and no advertisements are to be allowed on the cars. This last move is a mistake on the part of the city government of Glasgow.

The popular Japanese cry is said to be, "We'll rally round the mikado." Of course one does not know the Jap for "rally round;" but, unless it is very different from the English of it, it will not make any sort of rhythm with "mikado." The Japs could not sing it to our tune of "Rally Round the Flag" and give their emperor's name its proper accent on the second syllable. They would have to sing, "We'll rally round the mickydoo."

When other people hurt your feelings awfully, make up your mind never to hurt anybody else in the same way.

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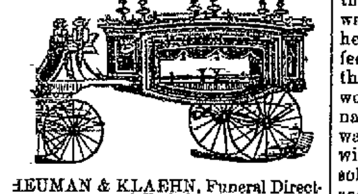

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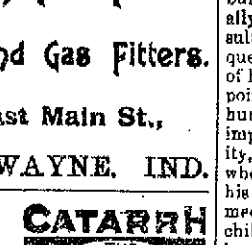

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The Evening Sentinel.

BY E. A. K. HACKETT.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1894.

Democratic State Ticket.

Judge of Supreme Court, First District—George F. Reinhard.
Judge of Supreme Court, Fourth District—Joseph S. Dailey.
Secretary of State—William R. Myers.
Auditor of State—Joseph T. Fanning.
Treasurer of State—Morgan Chandler.
Attorney-General—Francis M. Griffiths.
Clerk of the Supreme Court—C. W. Wellman.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—Charles W. Thomas.
State Statistician—Alexander Fulton.
State Geologist—Eli T. Jordan.

Democratic County Ticket.

State Senator—Thomas E. Ellison.
State Representatives—Louis J. Bobilya, George V. Kell, Charles Dalman.
Judge of Superior Court—C. M. Dawson.
Judge Circuit Court—Edward O'Rourke.
Prosecuting Attorney—N. D. Doughman.
Clerk of Courts—Harry M. Metzgar.
Auditor—Clarence Edsall.
Recorder—W. A. Reichelderfer.
Treasurer—L. C. Hunter.
Sheriff—Edward Clausmeier.
Coroner—Dr. M. Harrod.
Surveyor—Chas. W. Branstrator.
Commissioners—J. H. Stellhorn, M. A. Ferguson, Silvanus F. Baker.

Wayne Township Ticket.

Trustee—M. F. Schmetzer.
Assessor—M. F. Walsh.
Justices of the Peace—H. F. France, M. H. Bohen, Michael Tancey, L. P. Huser.
Constables—Christopher Kelly, C. W. Linsey, B. F. Johnson, Frederick Rombke.

Today we enter September.

There has been little else than horse talk this week.

Our labor organizations will celebrate Labor day in an appropriate manner next Monday.

The Fort Wayne races were a great success financially, in attendance and in the number of fast horses on the track.

The two minute horse is one of the possibilities of the future, but it may not come until the dawn of the next century.

Congressman C. G. Conn, prominent as a Knight of Pythias, delivered the address of welcome at the conclave now progressing at Washington, D. C.

Hon. W. D. Owen and Capt. W. R. Myers, republican and democratic candidates for secretary of state, will have at least one joint discussion in each congressional district in the state.

The death of General Banks, which is announced in The Sentinel's telegrams today, removes another of the familiar figures of the war of the rebellion. The old veterans are rapidly passing away.

Fort Wayne has won the honors in horse racing and the name of our city has been sent around the globe by the record made yesterday by Robert J. at the driving association park. A mile in 2:03¾ is the fastest time ever paced by a horse, and this is what Robert J. did yesterday. The record gives our track a prestige that cannot be wrested from it this year.

A Bright Future.

Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale is not one of those who takes a gloomy view both of the present and of the future. In a recent article he touches upon the approaching end of the century, saying that we cannot look forward to the strange name of the year 1900 without asking ourselves: "What is the drift of the new life which the world is entering?"

Because of the achievements of this century Dr. Hale believes man in the century to come will have more time for the solutions of problems relating to life and the association of individuals. Progress toward the ideal living is to be rapid, and before the close of the 100 years much that is now only dreamed of will be the everyday experience of the fortunate dwellers upon earth. His view is:

It is the business of the twentieth century to bring nation with nation into that simple intercourse that each shall "have the best," as one fine American proverb puts it. It must relieve crowded regions and must fill up deserts. It must make country life attractive and life in the cities healthy and pure. Food will be cheap, and the next generation will be too close to God to permit any hundred thousand of his children to stay anywhere where there are sick and hungry if there wait ready for them some fertile and healthy land only eager to succor and feed them all. And this means that the twentieth century will apply the word of the "Prince of Peace" to international life. No war nor battle sound was heard when he was born. The wisdom of statesmen will devise the solution which soldiers and people will accept with thankfulness. The beginning will not be made at the end of the war, but in time of peace. The suggestion will probably come from the United States, which, in the most friendly way, will propose to the other great powers to name each one jurist of world-wide fame, who, with the other five, shall form a permanent tribunal of the highest dignity. Gradually the habit will be formed of consulting this tribunal upon international questions, and more and more will men of honor and command see that an appointment to serve on it is the highest human dignity. The old fable of the impotency of man, of his total depravity, is now virtually abandoned. In the whole range of sects, from the pope on his throne to the silent Quaker in his meeting men now know that man is a child of God, of divine nature and not born of dust. Faith, Hope and Love—that is the whole of Christianity of the twentieth century. This life, with God's strength in the heavenly law seeking to save all mankind, will bring in the empire in which health, home, vigorous life and the peace of nations shall be possible.

Who shall say that this optimistic view of the future is not warranted by contemplation of the present? Those who catch only dyspeptic glimpses of life incline to the belief that the world is retrograding, that the progress of mankind in the higher virtues is only backward. Yet there is abundance of evidence that the world is growing better and wiser day by day, and it is easy to believe that as mankind is relieved more and more of the necessity for constant toil to meet urgent physical needs, greater attention will be given to that which will draw individuals closer to one another and to their Creator. Not before the millennium dawns will the world become the earthly paradise all would like to see it, but it will steadily move in that direction. There will be a setback and discouragement in the future as in the past, but there will be progress, and of the sort which will make for the accomplishment of all that Dr. Hale predicts.

Owners of New York City.

Even at the low valuation put on property for purposes of taxation the real estate of New York city is worth $1,562,582,393. In many of the agricultural states the value of all the farm lands together would not be as much as the town lots and buildings in this one city.

It is not its great wealth, however, that is the most significant feature of New York. The value of land is relative. Ground worth $1,000 an acre in a boom time will speedily fall to half that when the boom is off. It is the terrible crowding that makes real estate so valuable in New York.

The startling fact about New York real estate is that one-third of it is owned by 117 persons. Out of a population of 1,600,000, 117 persons own and enjoy the revenues from a third of the property. The old cities of Europe can furnish no more startling illustration of the unequal distribution of wealth. One hundred and five years ago John Jacob Astor, the old peddler and fur trader, bought his first real estate in New York. It was a lot for which he paid $25. Early in the present century he was already the largest real estate owner in the city, and his descendants remain at the head to this day. The Goelets are the next largest. The names of the gilded 117 are largely those of the old Knickerbockers who bought land for a trifle and held on to it.

The owners of these vast estates follow the policy of their fathers. Year by year they are buying real estate still. Under the present system it is only a question of time when the whole huge city will be parceled out among half a dozen ruling families.

Lovers' Suicides.

Another moon stricken pair of lovers have killed themselves in the most dramatic way. They went to a romantic spot in a park one night and shot themselves. The policemen on the beat would probably have heard the shots if they had not been cuddled up in some snug cubby hole asleep. At any rate, they did not hear them. In the morning the two dead bodies were found, one lying where it had fallen across the other. Many raving, sloppy letters were neatly tied in a bundle near by for the public to get hold of and the newspapers to publish. If now they can look up or down, as the case may be, to this world, the lovers will see that their desire for newspaper notoriety has been fully gratified. They killed themselves because they wanted their souls to be together, they said. It could not be so in this life because the girl already had a husband. "Love, sweet love, but why is it damned?" wrote the raving Romeo.

It is true that the world is better off without such feather headed fools as these, and so far as their fellow men are concerned the best thing they could do was to kill themselves. But they might have cured themselves and lived too. The one infallible cure for lovers like this is an elopement. If they had run away together, in about three months they would have been so tired of each other that they never would have wanted to behold each other's faces again. All that is necessary to cure the most insane cases of "love" like that is a good dose of matrimony, rent paying and doctor's bills. It works like a charm.

The excellence of Swedish iron has long been known. The ore comes from the most northerly mines in the world, so far north that if they were in America it is doubtful if they could be worked at all. They are in the Swedish province of Norrland, and they are 47 miles above the Arctic circle. They are capable, if worked to their full capacity, of supplying all the world with iron. The same province of Norrland is no less rich in forest. It ships annually twice as much lumber as is furnished by the United States. The iron comes from the Gellivara mines. It was an occasion of great rejoicing, therefore, when recently the railroad was opened direct from the Swedish seaport of Lulea to the iron mines and the lumber region. This is the most northern railroad on the earth.

And now it has been found that our steel cruisers plated with nickelized steel 17 inches thick and coated with copper to keep the barnacles off will not do. If the copper plating gets scratched through, the salt water immediately sets up a galvanic action between the copper and the armor plating and eats them away like a roach eating sea biscuit. The only way is to have our steel cruisers covered first with the Harveyized steel nickel plate, then that covered with a wooden sheath again and finally the wooden sheathing covered with a sheathing of copper. What should go on over the copper has not yet been decided.

An invention which will prove useful has been made in France in the shape of transparent bricks. They are called glass bricks, but are different from ordinary glass in being toughened and strengthened with an asphalt and bituminous cement. They are made hollow. The particular use of these curious bricks is that they are put into walls where light but not cold air is wanted. Such places are found in hothouses, refrigerating establishments and hospitals. In meat markets they are found better than marble for counters and stands.

A coal handling machine has been invented which will bring up anew the sad old question whether labor saving devices are an unmixed good. The machine in question can lift and dump into vessels 414 tons of coal an hour. It can make coal cheaper to consumers, but it will throw thousands of coal shovelers out of employment. For men who know how to perform only rough labor this will come peculiarly hard at first.

The World has found out that there are 147 men and women in New York city alone who will have to pay income taxes ranging from $1,000 to $178,000. That was why several New York papers rent their garments in the effort to defeat the income tax. Well, there are whole towns in the rest of the country where the united income of the inhabitants would not make enough for the tax to touch, and that ought to counterbalance the thing.

Mr. Shinichiro Kurino is the new Japanese embassador. The Japanese language is more musical than the Chinese.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

The Wonderful Narrative of a Patient Sufferer.

How a Young Woman Was Cured of a Terrible Malady When She Was Near the Brink of the Grave.

From the Detroit Sun.

The large, pretentious brick residence at 86 Miami avenue, in this city, is the home of the heroine of this interesting story. She is Miss Margaret Stenbaugh, and her interesting experiences during the past four years are published here for the first time.

Miss Stenbaugh is a pretty girl of about twenty years and is today the true picture of the ideal, healthy, robust and jovial American girl. She was not always so, as is proven by the accompanying statement made by her.

"Four years ago," she said, "I was a sufferer in all that the term implies, and never thought of being as healthy as I am today. Why, at that time, I was such a scrawny, puny little midget, pale and emaciated by an ailment peculiar to us women, that my father and mother gave me up to die. The local practitioner, whose name was Dr. Glassford, (I was at that time living at Scotland, Ont.,) said it was only a matter of days when I would be laid away in the churchyard. I was so informed, and as I was such a sufferer I cared nothing whatever whether I lived or died; in fact, think I would have preferred the latter.

"I could not walk. I became so weak, and regularly every night my father used to carry me up stairs to my room. I can distinctly remember my telling him that he wouldn't have to carry me about much longer, and how he said, while the tears glistened in his eyes, that he would be willing to do it always, if he could only have me with him.

"It was evidently foreordained that I should not die, at that particular time, as a miraculous transformation in my condition was the talk of the neighborhood.

"I read, or was told by somebody, of the wonderful cures that were being wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and my father went to Brantford, where he purchased a couple of boxes from W. Wallace. I commenced taking them, and I thought for a time that they did me no good, as they made me sick at first, but very shortly I noticed a great change. They began to act on my trouble, and in the short space of six weeks I was able to walk. I continued taking the pills, and in six months I was in the condition you see me now. I fully believe that they alone saved me from the grave, and you will always find myself and balance of our family ready to talk about the good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me.

"A short time ago I was feeling unwell. Just a slight derangement, and I at once bought a box of Pink Pills and commenced taking them. I could actually feel the good results after three pills, and I will recommend them to anybody who is afflicted as I was."

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 15th day of December, 1893.

D. A. Delaney, Notary Public,
Wayne Co., Michigan.

Druggists say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale, and that from all quarters come in glowing reports of the excellent results following their use. An analysis proves that they contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were first compounded as a prescription, and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ontario, and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2 50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address.

MONROEVILLE GOSSIP.

Fort Wayne People Who Have Been Visiting in That City.

This personal gossip about Fort Wayne people is taken from yesterday's issue of the Monroeville Breeze:

"The Misses Laura Eggerman and Laura Rundel, who have been visiting relatives in this place for the past two weeks, returned to their homes in Fort Wayne Tuesday evening last.

"Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Straughn, of Fort Wayne; Mrs Wyath, of Newark, Ohio, and Miss Caroline Straughn, of Chicago, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Wright, Monday last.

"Miss Eva Strass, of Fort Wayne, is the guest of her cousins, the Misses Carrie Strass and Maisy Redelsheimer, this week.

"Miss Lulu Meyers, of Fort Wayne, who has been visiting her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. G C Hunsicker, for the past week, returned to her home Monday last.

"Mrs. Mayer, accompanied by Will Rundell, both of Fort Wayne, are the guests of Mrs. Mayer's sons, J. B., L. F. and John Niezer, and families

"Oliver Magner, of Fort Wayne, was in town Sunday last. On his return home on Monday he was accompanied by his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Magner, who will spend a couple of weeks in the Summit City."

Have your Sights and Scenes of the World bound at The Sentinel office. tf

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 2.

Text of the Lesson, John ii, 13-25—Memory Verses, 13-16—Golden Text, John ii, 16—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

13. "And the Jews' passover was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem." After the miracle at Cana He, with His mother and brethren and disciples, spent some days at Capernaum (verse 12), but we have no further record of that visit. This is, as far as we know, His second visit to Jerusalem, and the first since, at the age of 12, He went up with Joseph and Mary to the passover (Luke ii, 41, 42). In view of the fact that His brethren did not believe in Him (John vii, 5) we wonder that they went to Capernaum with Him. It is not likely that they went to Jerusalem. The proper name of this feast was "The Lord's Passover" (Ex. xii, 11), but like other feasts had degenerated into mere feasts of the Jews (John v, 1).

14. "And found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting." So He found it again at the close of His ministry (Math. xxi, 12). According to the law, the people were to bring to the Lord to Jerusalem the tithe of corn, wine, oil and the firstlings of herds and flocks, but if they were living too far from Jerusalem to do this they were permitted to turn the tithes into money and purchase at Jerusalem what they wanted (Deut. xiv, 22-26). This arrangement, however, did not necessitate making a market of the temple.

15. "And when He had made a scourge of small cords He drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep, and the oxen, and poured out the changers' money and overthrew the tables." If He were today to drive thus out of an ordinary place of worship on His holy day all in whose hearts He sees business or pleasure instead of thoughts of Himself, what a thinning out of many a congregation there would be!

16. "And said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence; make not my Father's house an house of merchandise." When He again cleansed the temple at the close of His ministry, He told them that instead of its being a house of prayer, as God intended, they had made it a den of thieves (Math. xxi, 13). At the age of 12 Jesus had said in this very temple that He must be about His Father's business (Luke ii, 49) or (R. V.) in His Father's house, and now one of the first acts of His public ministry is to cleanse that house.

17. "And His disciples remembered that it was written, the zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up." This is written in that psalm (lxix) so full of His sufferings, which, if we laid to heart more, we would be more full of zeal for His house, His church, instead of possessing so much misguided and wasted zeal for our own houses or churches or societies.

18. "Then answered the Jews and said unto Him, What sign showest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things?" A similar question is asked in John vi, 30, and Math. xii, 38, and in the latter place Jesus told them that the sign would be the typical death and resurrection of Jonah illustrated in His own case, and now He will tell them the same thing under another figure. Death and resurrection is the great secret of power on earth for God.

19. "Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." This is the earliest intimation from His own lips of His death and resurrection. He was the antitype of tabernacle and temple, buildings erected that God might dwell on earth among men, and in Him God was manifest in the flesh. It is interesting to notice that the temple of Solomon was plundered by Shishak in the thirty-fourth year of its existence. See I Kings vi, 38, and II Chron. xii, 2, 9.

20. "Then said the Jews, Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days?" Being only natural men, they understood nothing of spiritual things (I Cor. ii, 14).

21. "But He spake of the temple of His body." See how they perverted His words and flung them at Him in His agony on the cross (Mark xiv, 58, and xv, 29). If we have become temples of the Holy Spirit, in whom Father, Son and Spirit have come to dwell (I Cor. vi, 19, 20; John xiv, 17, 23), we must not think it strange to have our words perverted and thrown at us in our trials. This is a fellowship with Christ which should make us greatly rejoice.

22. "When therefore He was risen from the dead His disciples remembered that He had said this unto them, and they believed the Scripture, and the word which Jesus had said." The whole of this gospel was written with the special object of proving that Jesus is the Son of God (chapter xx, 31), and as it was by the resurrection that He was with power declared to be the Son of God (Rom. i, 4) this may account for its early mention and emphasis in this gospel. It is only when we are risen from the dead or translated to meet our Lord that it shall fully appear that we are sons of God (I John iii, 2).

23. "Now when He was in Jerusalem at the passover, in the feast day, many believed in His name when they saw the miracles which He did." This is the great gospel of believing. It is found more times in this gospel than in the other three and in the Acts all put together. The true meaning of believing is seen in chapter i, 12, to be the receiving of Him as our own Saviour. To believe about Him is of no avail unless we become fully identified with Him in His death and resurrection—one with Him at God's right hand and one with Him in present service here.

24. "But Jesus did not commit himself unto them, because He knew all men." The word "commit" is the same word which is translated "believe" in the preceding verse. The R. V. has it "trust." Jesus, knowing all men, knew whom He could trust or believe and was never deceived in any. He treated them upon their profession as if they meant all they said, and gave them every possible opportunity and help to prove themselves sincere, but He thoroughly knew them all the time.

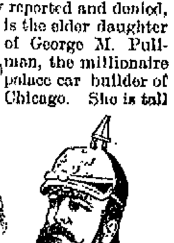
25. "And needed not that any should testify of man, for He knew what was in man." He, being God, could read people's thoughts. He is the Lord who searches heart and reins (Jer. xvii, 10; Rev. ii, 23). For interesting instances of His mind reading see Luke v, 22; vi, 8; ix, 47; xi, 17; xxiv, 38, and remember Ezek. xi, 5, "For I know the things that come into your mind, every one of them." I have often been glad that He knew all that was in me before He ever let me know that He loved me, for if He hadn't known all my possibilities for evil before He started with me He might have been tempted to give me up many a time. But whom He loves He loves to the end (John xiii, 1).

MISS PULLMAN AND THE PRINCE.

Her Engagement Recently Reported and Denied For the Second Time.

Miss Florence Pullman, whose engagement to Prince Leopold von Isenburg-Birstein, cousin of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, was recently reported and denied, is the elder daughter of George M. Pullman, the millionaire palace car builder of Chicago. She is tall and graceful, her hair is black as the raven's wing, and her clear complexion is delicately tinted with the color that youth and health impart to the cheeks. She made her debut in society in 1889 and has since been considered a belle in Chicago and in social circles abroad.

MISS PULLMAN.



PRINCE LEOPOLD.

She is an accomplished pianist and vocalist, speaks French fluently and has received a thorough education both at school and by travel. One of her last trips abroad was under the chaperonage of Mrs. John A. Logan, who has been a devoted friend of the Pullman family for many years. She met the prince in Chicago several years ago, it is said. The prince was then in this country to study the improved methods used in American agriculture that he might apply them upon his return to his estates in Germany. When the prince was in Chicago, he was entertained in royal style by Mr. Pullman, and the young couple met and loved, as the story goes. Just a year ago it was reported that the prince and the heiress were engaged, and the rumor is again current, although Pullman pere has denied its truthfulness.

The full list of the prince's Christian names is Leopold Wolfgang Ernest Marie Ferdinand Charles Michel Antoine Victor Louis Joseph Jean Baptiste Francois, but he does not seem to mind. His shoulders are broad, but he is perfectly willing to share the burden of his name with the Chicago heiress if the reiterated reports of his devotion are true. The prince is the eldest son of Prince Charles of Isenburg-Birstein and the Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria. His estates are said to be near Frankfort-on-the-Main. The prince's father was a warm personal friend of William I and an adviser of Bismarck. He took an active part, it is said, in the elevation of William I to the throne after the Franco-Prussian war.

In the recent report of the engagement of the prince to Miss Pullman it was stated that Miss Pullman's father consented to his daughter's engagement to the prince only on condition that her children shall possess the full rights of succession to the title, dignities and hereditary privileges of the house of Isenburg Birstein.

EACH WOULD BE GOVERNOR.

Culberson of Texas, Evans of South Carolina and Marvil of Delaware.

Charles A. Culberson, who was recently nominated for governor by the Democrats of Texas, is a son of Congressman David B. Culberson, who is now serving his tenth term in the house of representatives. He was born in Dadeville, Ala., about 40 years ago, but has been a resident of Texas nearly all his life. He was educated in the common schools of Jefferson and the high school at Gilmer and in 1870 entered the Virginia Military institute, Lexington, Va., from which he was graduated in 1874.

He chose the law as his vocation and received his legal education in his father's office and in the law department of the University of Virginia. In 1877 he was admitted to the bar of Texas and has since been active in the law and in politics. In 1880 he was elected county attorney of Madison county and is now serving his second term as attorney general of the state.

CHARLES A. CULBERSON,
JOSHUA H. MARVIL, JOHN GARY EVANS.

John Gary Evans, the reform convention's nominee for governor of South Carolina, is the author of the dispensary laws that have recently attracted so much attention. He was born in Cokesbury, S. C., 31 years ago and is the second son of the late General N. G. Evans, "the hero of Ball's Bluff," and his mother was a sister of General M. W. Gary. He was graduated from Union college, Schenectady, N. Y., in 1883, studied law with his uncle, Major W. T. Gary, and was admitted to the bar in 1885. Beginning the practice of his profession in Aiken, he soon established a reputation in legal circles and in 1888 was sent to the state house of representatives. When Irby was elected United States senator, Evans was a strong candidate for speaker of the house, but was defeated. Later he was sent to the state senate.

Joshua H. Marvil, Republican nominee for governor of Delaware, has never been a candidate for office before. He is a native of Sussex county and is 59 years old. He was brought up on a farm and had meager educational advantages. Early in life he became a sailor and later took to boatbuilding. When he was 28 years of age, he started the manufacture of agricultural implements in Laurel. In 1870 the great peach business of Delaware led him to begin the manufacture of baskets and crates, and his plant has grown to such large proportions that its annual output is 2,000,000 fruit baskets. He has amassed a fortune of $250,000 in the business. Before the war he was a Democrat, but Abraham Lincoln's candidacy made him a Republican, and a Republican he has been ever since. He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal church and has the reputation of being a philanthropist.

This From England.

Young Mr. Hopkins went to the World's fair at Chicago, and while there met a charming American young lady, who proved to be his fate. After a brief wooing they were wed, and young Hopkins sent to the old folks at home a glowing description of his wealthy, handsome and accomplished wife. A week or two ago they returned to England, and a few days after old Mr. Hopkins invited a few friends to a quiet supper to meet his "charming daughter-in-law," as he termed the lady. The evening passed off splendidly till supper time, and then we were astounded. The old gentleman asked Mrs. Hopkins, Jr., what she would take for supper, saying: "I am afraid our homely English dishes cannot compare with your American delicacies." "Perhaps not," came the unexpected reply. "But I'll tell you what I'd like, and that is some of that cold cabbage left from dinner. I'm a Nebuchadnezzar for greens."—London Telegraph.

A Genius For Snoring.

Lord Aberdeen tells the following story of himself: He left London at midnight in a sleeping car for the north. In the morning when he was awakened he saw a stranger opposite him.

"Excuse me," said the stranger. "May I ask if you are rich?"

Somewhat surprised his lordship replied that he was tolerably well to do.

"May I ask," continued the stranger, "how rich you are?"

"Well, if it will do you any good to know," was the reply, "I suppose I have several hundred thousand pounds."

"Well," went on the stranger, "if I were as rich as you and snored as loud as you, I should take a whole car, so as not to interrupt the sleep of others."—New York Tribune.

One Advantage of the System.

There is an itinerant printer in the Catskill region who carries a hand press and bag of type around with him and does small jobs for the country folks. The type is all mixed in the bag, and when he is setting a job the process is rather a tedious one. A member of the craft, observing him at work one day, said:

"Don't you find it slow work setting from type stirred around in that way?"

"Ye-es," he drawled, "it is, I admit, rather slow work setting; but, by Jove, you should see me distribute!"—New York Press.

In Wait.

Farmer—James, have you watered the cows this evening?

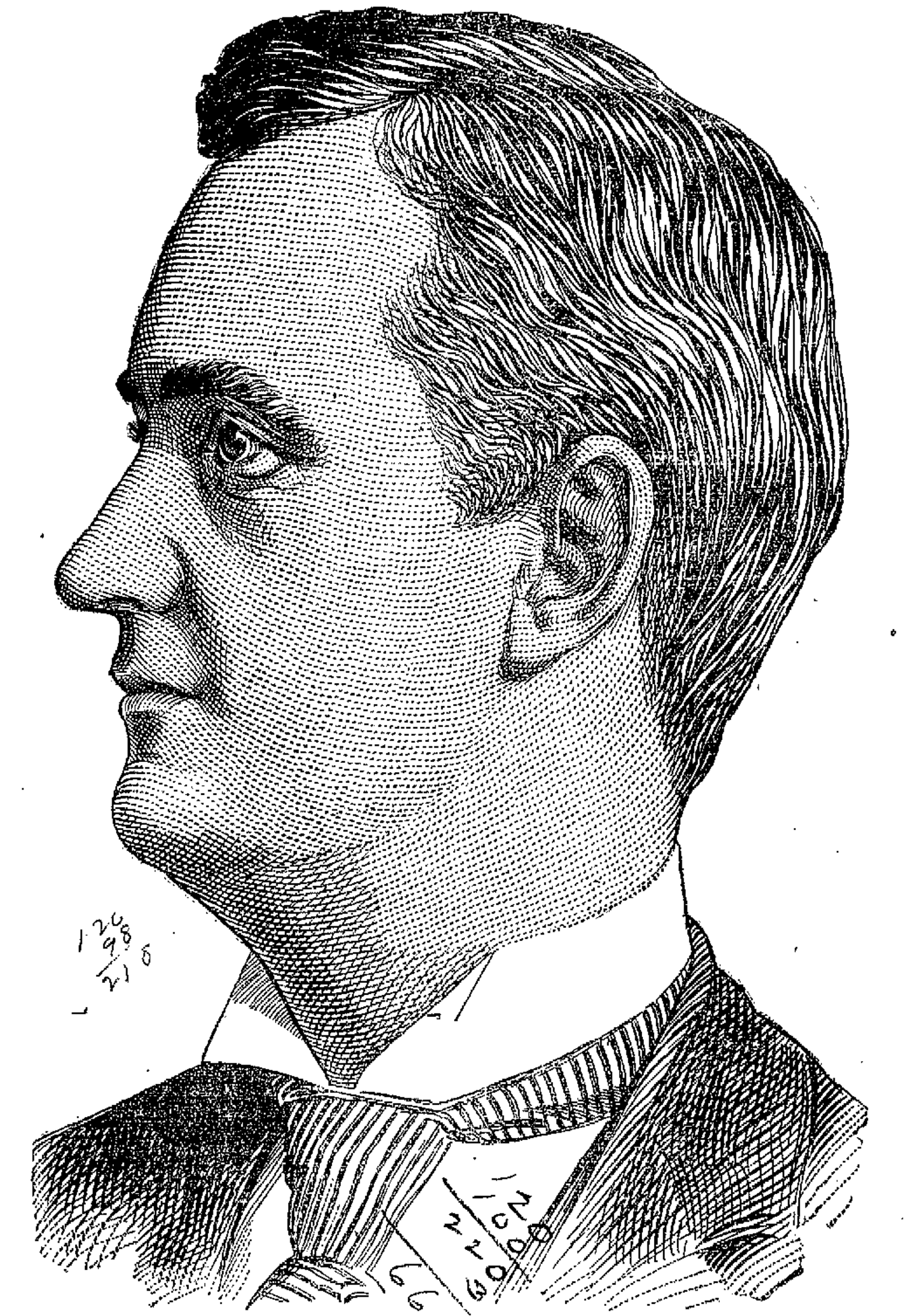
New Man From City—No, sir, not for two days——

"What?"

"I heard you say day before yesterday, sir, that they wouldn't be dry for about six weeks yet, sir."—Plain Dealer.

CARLISLE'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

His Health at Once Improved by Paine's Celery Compound.



Paine's celery compound makes people well!

From the wilds of Maine to the land of golden sunsets, from Canada to the Florida reefs, rich and poor, men and women in high places, and those who serve the country equally as well by being simply good husbands and good wives—all manner of people are being benefitted by Paine's celery compound.

Many in high positions, knowing that their example is likely to be followed, and wishing that their experience may help others, have given their testimonials to the value of this greatest remedy.

Mr. H. W. Van Senden, the private secretary of Hon. John G. Carlisle, secretary of the treasury says:

"I have used several bottles of Paine's celery compound, and its beneficial effects were manifested in a very much improved condition of the system. Those who are overworked will find it a splendid tonic and nerve invigorator."

Mr. James A. Bryan, the city editor of the Paduach (Ky.) Standard, one of the most influential newspapers in that part of the country, writing about a month previous, said:

"I have used several bottles of Paine's celery compound for nervousness and general debility, and the benefits have been marked. I consider it an invaluable remedy for nervousness and exhaustion, the result of confinement, sedentary habits, and long sustained mental and physical exertion. I take pleasure in recommending it to anybody who may be thus afflicted. This statement is made without solicitation and with no other object than to add my testimony to that of others as to the efficacy of what I believe is a meritorious renovator of the human system."

And N. Dilday, one of the publishers of the same paper says: "I was troubled with nervous attacks, coupled with sleeplessness, and tried Paine's celery compound. Two or three bottles convinced me that it is not without merit. I am well pleased with it, and consider it a valuable remedy for nervousness caused by overwork and sedentary habits. I am never without it."

Thousands of testimonials come unasked-for to the proprietors of this remedy, the discovery of which by Dartmouth's greatest professor, Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., is one of the ablest achievements of recent times.

Paine's celery compound furnishes ready, sufficient, appropriate food for nervous tissues all over the body. Its ingredients represent the most fruitful years of Prof. Phelps' practical study of the nervous system in disease.

After taking Paine's celery compound the blood no longer creeps in a thin, sluggish stream, but the arteries gradually become filled with a rich, strong tide of vigorous red blood that reaches and bathes every tiny nerve and muscle fiber in the body.

Headache, Neuralgia, and loss of appetite and strength cannot continue when such healthy arterial blood, full of ruddy, life-giving corpuscles, and capable of quickly repairing the waste of the hard-worked nerve and brain tissues, replaces the thin, pale fluid, full of bad humors and lacking in nutritive value.

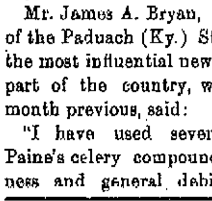
Thousands of men and women whose daily life is making severe draughts on their vitality need Paine's celery compound.

None are too old to be helped by it; none are too young to be at once benefitted. It permanently cures every kind of nervous disease. It quickly brings new materia to the worn out nerve centers, and removes the one cause of the many forms that nervous diseases take. Dyspepsia, sleeplessness, heart disease, rheumatism, melancholy, kidney and liver troubles. As a relief for the debilitating effects of this hot season, nothing can do so much.

AN EX-TELEGRAPHER KNIGHTED.

But Sir William Van Horne Is Now President of the Canadian Pacific.

Queen Victoria recently knighted an ex-telegraph operator of Illinois. He is not a telegraph operator now, but is president and general manager of the Canadian Pacific railway, and his name at the present stage of the game is Sir William Charles Van Horne. Sir William was born of poor but honest parents near Joliet in 1843, and when he was receiving a meager education at a common school and the boys called him Billy and tied knots in his shirt while he was in swimming he and they never dreamed that Queen Victoria would ever say, "Rise up, Sir William," to plain Billy Van Horne.



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.

Equipped with but little education, Van Horne began the struggle of life at 13 years of age as a telegrapher on the Illinois Central railroad. Later he became ticket agent and telegraph operator on the Chicago and Alton, and by hard work and strict attention to business was finally promoted to be superintendent of telegraph. He is very fond of a good beefsteak, and when he was superintendent of the road's dining car service he abolished side dishes and substituted beefsteak. The plan did not work with the general public, and the side dishes, like the cat, came back.

Van Horne continued educating himself by hard study, and his advancement in knowledge kept pace with his rise in the railroad world. He was division superintendent of the Chicago and Alton for three years and then became general superintendent of the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern, a position he held two years. He then began an eight years' service as general manager and president of the Southern Minnesota. After two years' work as general superintendent of the Chicago and Alton and two more in the same capacity with the Milwaukee and St. Paul he became general manager of the Canadian Pacific in 1882 and was promoted to the presidency in 1888.

It was predicted that the Canadian Pacific would prove a financial failure, but under Van Horne's management it has always paid dividends, and his able management caused the queen to knight him. He is an expert geologist, a clever amateur painter and a connoisseur in all matters pertaining to art.

Willing to Come In.

"Will you have some of the Saratoga chips?" said the hostess.

"Well," said the young man from Arizona, "I don't know anything about Saratoga, but I'll play it a few dollars' worth."—Washington Star.

Spoke Before He Thought.

Angelina (to her new betrothed)—Oh, Edwin, there's such a good looking girl just behind you! Do look!

Edwin—Ah, I've no eyes for good looks now, darling!—New York Ledger.

Not Soothing.

"What do you think of Sohkem's liabilities?" asked the anxious creditor.

"Well, as far as I can judge, the principal one is his liability not to pay anything."—Washington Star.

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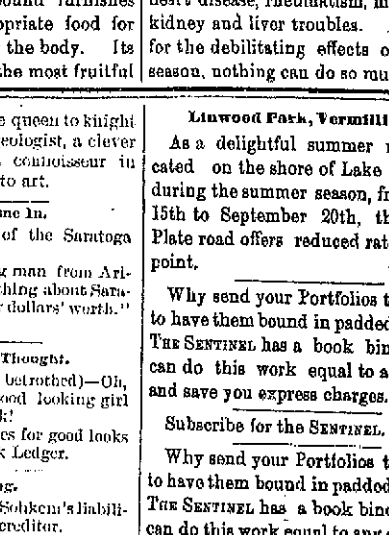

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NYE ON THE DRAMA

SOME EXPERIENCES OF HIS OWN THAT ARE TAKEN FROM REAL LIFE.

Leading Off With the Stage In Wyoming and How It Has Been Elevated, He Goes Gracefully on to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Tells How It Was Once Produced.

[Copyright, 1894, by Edgar W. Nye.]

Bruno Kysockko of East Haddam, Mass., and Eulalia G. Mushannock write to ask if I would mind telling where they can get a good play or two suitable for amateurs, and also whether I have had any experience in amateur theatricals myself, and if I would mind giving some to the public.

The play generally selected by the amateur is apt to be something from Shakespeare or something spectacular and requiring a 200 foot stage. I do not know why, of course, but the more difficult and dangerous the play the more greedily it is gathered in by the amateur.

UNITING BRONCHO SAM TO MLLE. TAH-LE-QUAH-NE-PAH-LU-TAH.

I once knew an amateur company to undertake the "Passion Play," using the home baseball nine for apostles as far as it would go. Local gags were introduced also, and Judas went out on strikes. A novelty was also introduced during the trial scene, a change of venue being asked for on the ground that Pilate was prejudiced.

Regarding my own personal experience with the drama, I cannot do better perhaps than to give you a few notes prepared some years ago for an obscure journal which was not able to pay for same, and hence it is introduced here. I can vouch for the truth of the statements made, which is the great and glaring difference between most of my statements and the average box office statement:

"My first experience with the stage in Wyoming was in the capacity of justice of the peace. I was a justice of the peace there for six long and bloody years. They were troublous times while I sat on the woolsack, and scarcely had I put on my official robes and swept out the office before business began to open up. Hardly had I glanced hurriedly at the statutes—a thing I always regretted afterward, for if you tried to understand Wyoming statutes you were lost—when I was called upon to unite in the holy bonds of wedlock Mr. Broncho Sam of Mandel's Ranch to Mlle. Tah-le-quah-ne-pah-lu-tah—the Flush-of-Dawn-That-Wakens-the-Peewee's-Song.

"Hardly had I taken a brief bath after this and washed away the bridal salute with a slug of Hugo Rohn's Scotch Terrier liquor when I was required by the laws to deal with the drama. Four enthusiasts, it seems, had been for some time seeking to elevate the Black Hills stage, having held it up eight times in seven weeks. In the early dawn Sheriff Boswell and posse had surrounded this camp not far from Laramie City, and when they awoke and arose in their blankets to take a hasty view of the fragrant morning half a dozen of Mr. Winchester's justly celebrated opinion molders looked them in the eye. It was my duty to give these men a preliminary examination. In the language of a rising young 'litterateur' of that time, 'I done so.' It is needless to say that these men are now in a ratproof inclosure where cark and care do not enter and can never annoy them. Since then the elevation of the Wyoming stage has flagged.

"Soon after this occurrence I became attached to a paper, the paper itself being attached in turn to the sheriff. In the paper I expressed my opinions freely, and then if any one attacked me regarding those opinions so expressed I fined him heavily. The more vigorous my policy editorially the more fines I was able to turn in toward the payment of the printers.

"So I had to be more scathing sometimes than I really wanted to be.

"In this paper I advertised everything that the police would allow me to mention. We did not wish to be venal, but we were between the office boy and the deep sea, and so we advertised things which were unworthy at times.

"Among them I ran the ad. of an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' company. I would gladly forget it now if I could, but I cannot. The ghastly remembrance comes back to me now even in my happier moments, and my prosperity is imbittered by the recollection that once I advertised a show in the Rocky mountains which was even more rocky than the dear old dignified hills in which I dwelt.

"Oh, but it was a tenacious show! Its toughness, tenacity and acidity were noticeable even as it got off the train, for Little Eva had written in her face the story of precocious cussedness, and the bloodhounds were droopy, egg sucking, low, vulgar, plebeian dogs from the Denver pound.

"In those days we panted for the drama. We paid $1.25 to $1.50 per seat for shows that now we see for 10, 15 and 25 cents on the Bowery. But this show was bad. Oh, but, gentle reader, it was real bad! It had not been deodorized. It had also escaped the searching gaze of the fool killer and state entomologist.

"Mr. Legree was a coarse man who laid his pie at the Thornburgh House in the palm of his hand at table and fed it in among his whiskers as one would feed an ichthyosaurus. Oh, how low he was! He breathed hard while he ate, and what custard he could not eat he carried away in his beard.

"I have often thought that the poor performance given by this company had much to do with the small house which Mr. Booth had the following autumn. Finally the evening came for the show. I had seared and scarred my soul by giving the company the moral support of the paper, and so at last the time came and quite a good audience. People had faith in me, for they knew I would fine them severely if they did not trust me. So they came even from as far away as Red Buttes, Tie Siding, Owl Creek and Independence Mountain.

"Mr. Marks was evidently suffering from alcoholism, and his bald head was made for the following morning; therefore it did not fit him at night. I always hate the stage bald head anyhow. Possibly it is envy on my part, but the average bald head of the one night stand won't do. It is a little worse than the stage whisker. The thrifty whisker not only grows on the chin, but fades away along the throat and clings lovingly to Adam's apple, but the stage whisker does not do that. It leaves the under jaw exposed to the night air, and the bleak windpipe looks like a poor boy at a frolic. A stage beard looming up over the bare waste of windpipe and the tremulous Adam's apple of a young canvas covered Hamlet fatigues me a great deal and drives me into the open air.

"It is so with the stage baldness, which is apt to wrinkle across the front breadths or drift around to leeward. I do not know what part of the cow is used in making the foundation of the stage bald head, but I judge that it is the first stomach.

"In this instance Mr. Marks was quite full, partly, I suppose, to benumb the pain which he must have naturally felt at being compelled to witness his own acting night after night. So his stage bald head got over one eye and gave him the appearance of a man who has taken a brief siesta under a pile driver. It gave him the low, retreating forehead of the muskellunge, and as he stood there in the full glare of the footlights, a miserable ham enveloped in tripe, I said to him soto voce, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

"Scarcely had the words escaped my lips when a frozen cucumber disarranged his front teeth, which were artificial. Removing them in a mandlin way, he wiped off the cucumber seeds with his pocket handkerchief and resumed them; also his lines. He had the coolness and poise of a frapped clam and the jag of a petit juryman.

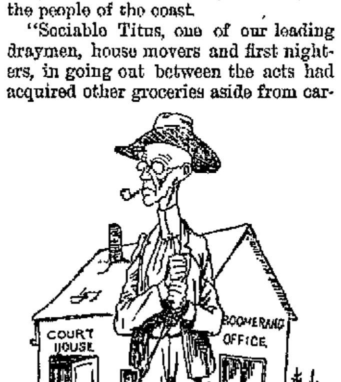
"Little Eva, who was supposed to have just entered upon life's young morn, really had with her a long waisted son with whiskers, who took care of the bloodhounds daytimes and on the stage took other light parts. He got his board and associated mostly with the bloodhounds, rather holding himself aloof from the rest of the company.

"He was a tall, meaty boy, who wore his mother's name, as his father had forgotten to register before he went away.

"Little Eva, therefore, had to make up a good deal, and her voice needed paring down. She was a slight thing and wore her hair down her back, but her 'deathbed had been so d——d drafty at Denver,' so she said, that it had stiffened her knees so's that she was dead sore on the town.

"She told me this the next day in order to excuse her rather stiff death the evening before. Little Eva unfortunately had to die rather late in the play and did not receive the indorsement which she might have received had she done it sooner. By the time that her second lung was gone, and Uncle Tom had almost ripened for the tomb also, the people of Laramie had about decided that if Little Eva could only die of some contagious disease which would also wipe out the entire company it would be a good thing for the people of the coast.

"Sociable Titus, one of our leading draymen, house movers and first nighters, in going out between the acts had acquired other groceries aside from cardamom seeds. So had Billy Bowen and Tom Dayton; also Billy Wilson and Otto Gramm. So when Little Eva began to expire a rather raw double yolker from the Plymouth Rock ranch of Turtle Dove Abbott, on the Little Laramie river, smote Uncle Tom in the eye and trickled down on the pillow.



NYE AND HIS BLOODHOUND.

"He wiped off the handiwork of the hen and went on.

"Mr. Sinclair watched the death of his daughter, holding his broad hat up before his face to keep off the groceries.

"He experienced religion at the deathbed of his child, but people who stood close to him and heard him swear feared that it was not sincere. Uncle Tom wiped off the egg and with it some of the burned cork, so that during the rest of the lay he looked like a black broncho with one calico eye.

"At last Little Eva, having seen some angels who appeared to be about northwest of where I sat, in the gallery, passed away. Mr. Sinclair sobbed in the bedding quite awhile, and Uncle Tom wiped his watch eye copiously. It was a tough scene. All at once a dead rat took Uncle Tom under the butt of the ear and fell with a nauseating thud on the breast of the corpse.

"You should have seen the remains hop out of her auction bed and flee across the stage in her robe de nuit, which she had evidently outgrown a good deal.

"I heard her cursing Uncle Tom afterward for permitting the rat to fall on her, thus knocking out the pathetic and 'toot ong somble' of the play. It was a sore finale indeed.

"The following morning I learned that the company had sought to 'jump the town,' as it was put to me. So I made a bill and sued out a writ of attachment before myself, being a J. P., for the advertising I had done for them.

"The officer seized one bloodhound and a deathbed. I had long wished to endow a bed in the Laramie City hospital, so I had Little Eva's death bed laundered, the omelets removed and sent it to the hospital.

"The bloodhound I kept for several years. I honestly think he tried to reform, but it was not possible. He yearned for the applause of multitudes and the approval of the press. Life in my watermelon patch seemed tame to him, for some nights no one came, and then he would be taciturn all the next day, sometimes biting an Old Subscriber or Veritas or Taxpayer and causing me great trouble in every way.

"Finally his mind began to wander In fancy he was again chasing Eliza and her little one across the frozen stream.

"Then with a fiendish yelp he would bound forward and bite at a mark—a birth mark if he could find one.

"This went on that way for a long time until at last he became unpopular with the public schools, having thinned them out a good deal first and last. So one day, as the October weather began to paint the willows and cottonwoods along the streams and glorify the sumac in the canyons, Othello, my demented bloodhound, got his medicine at the hands of one of my staff named Vox Populi, the calf of whose leg had been severely fluted by my dramatic but ill guided dog.

"He is buried to the eastward of Laramie, on the crest of the first foothills near the grave of Big Steve, who also died by request of many citizens.

"Since then the stage, though not so often upheld by obscure parties as it used to be, is greatly advanced and improved, I think, in the Rocky mountain country."

Another correspondent, who is fooling with the metallic baths and geological beverages at Saratoga, wrote me in July to know what I thought of buying up a lot of Saratoga chips at John Morrissey's old store and waiting for an advance during the racing season. He says that he has seen the Saratoga chip during the racing weeks, when the market was very feverish, and especially the blue and red varieties very high.

It would be well to get a few quarts of these Saratoga chips, no doubt, and if the blue ones could be quietly cornered in early July each year good results might accrue. Do it by all means, Amos, unless some one else is quietly doing the same thing.

It would be just as well, however, to watch the papers meantime and see whether all the senators are in their places at the capitol. Staple groceries, like sugar and Saratoga chips, should be looked after sharply when the senate is loose.

I visited the senate chamber last year and had 39 lead pencils borrowed in one day and never returned. While in Washington eternal vigilance is also the price of the umbrella.

Bill Nye

SHE PLEADED FOR THEIR LIVES.

Now Miss Wright Doubtless Wishes General Ezeta Had Not Spared His Enemies.

General Antonio Ezeta, the fugitive ex-vice president of Salvador, who recently arrived in San Francisco on board the United States warship Bennington, is in his present predicament, it is said, because Miss Ida Dent Wright, an American girl to whom he is engaged, prevailed upon him to spare the lives of men who are now thirsting for his blood. Until very recently General Ezeta and his brother Carlos were in complete control of Salvador. Carlos was president and Antonio vice president.

About a year ago, while Miss Wright was living in Salvador, General Rafael Guiteraz and others started a revolution to overthrow the Ezeta government. Guiteraz and nearly a score of other conspirators were captured and sentenced to death. The day they were sentenced Miss Wright became the betrothed of General Antonio Ezeta and pleaded so hard for the lives of the conspirators that they were set free. Now Ezeta is very sorry he listened to the fair one's pleadings, for Guiteraz is president of Salvador, is in complete control of the country and is endeavoring to have the United States surrender the fugitive vice president, who is charged with murder, arson, robbery, embezzlement and malfeasance in office. If he goes back to Salvador, he will be executed in short order by the men who owe their lives to his sweetheart's pleadings.

MISS WRIGHT. GENERAL EZETA.

Miss Wright is about 20 years of age and a tall, handsome girl of the blond type. She belongs to an old Georgia family and is a very accomplished and intelligent young woman. She was educated in France, speaks French, Spanish, German and Italian fluently, and her soft southern accent is very fascinating. After leaving school about two years ago Miss Wright and her mother, Mrs. Marie Robinson Wright of Atlanta, made a tour of Europe and then visited La Libertad, Salvador, where she met General Ezeta. Both could talk Spanish when they met, and it was not long before the conversation turned to love. Their betrothal followed, and the marriage was to take place in October. When it was announced that General Ezeta had escaped to the Bennington, Miss Wright pleaded with the state department at Washington not to land her lover in Salvador, where he would be put to death. Her plea was successful, and Ezeta was brought to the United States.

A Bank Guarded by Soldiers.

The Bank of Germany, like most other German public buildings, has a military guard to protect it. In a very strongly fortified military fortress at Spandau is kept the great war treasure of the imperial government.

A Good Background.

"Rise in de worl all yoh kin," said Uncle Eben to the young man, "but doan fohgit yoh reppytation. Hit do come in handy foh er parachute."—Washington Star.

IN SCENES OF YOUTH.

TALKING POLITICS, CROPS AND RELIGION IN INDIANA.

Attending a Good Old Fashioned Democratic State Convention—Touching the Chord of Memory—An Implicit Hope—A Great Drought—The "Abundant Most."

[Special Correspondence.]

YEDDO, Ind., Aug. 30.—If there is one good thing more than another, it is an old fashioned rabble rousing Democratic state convention in Indiana such as I have recently enjoyed, and next to the convention is the fun of traveling through the country and hearing the people talk about it. And this is the talking season in the farming districts. County and district conventions of the four parties, county fairs, harvest home festivals, races, stock shows and old settlers' meetings follow each other in rapid succession, and the visiting newspaper man's daily life is a continuous round of cold chicken and homemade pickles, cold ham and biscuit, pound cake, pie and doughnuts, washed down with root beer and nonecircus lemonade.

Enjoyment? The word is inadequate to the fact. It makes me feel young again to sit at the root of a big tree and see the bountiful dinner spread on the top of a log or on the grass, to have it handed around by the ruddy farmers' daughters, to watch the children eat, and to eat and talk politics alternately. It is the same old blessed thing—the talk, I mean—all about the hard times and the late drought, congress and the scarcity of money, the "amazin crop of mast" and the promise for fruit, the new preacher at "Yellow Heaven" church, the last baptizing and the next quarterly meeting. It is so reviving to hear the men talk about hard times just as they did 42 years ago, when I first rode the old brown mare to a Baptist association (no railroad and no Yeddo then) in the deep green woods of this vicinity. The old mare has been in horse heaven these many years, but it thrilled me with an emotion the city boy can never know when an old farmer called me to his wagon with, "Johnnie, I want to show you some of Old Roan's stock."

The Quakers are still here and holding their own. Some 60 years ago about 300 families of that faith came almost in a body from Guilford county, N. C., and others soon followed, among them the father of Hon. Joe Cannon, bringing the future statesman with him. Their peculiar speech is like music in the ears of one familiar with it in childhood, and their greeting by Christian names touches a chord of memory that vibrates to an old, old music. It is: "John, this is Charity Brown, child of that Israel Brown that thee used to play with. Charity, thee remembers James B. This is his boy, John, just come from Washington." The "child" is 80 if she's a day, and the "boy" dates from Van Buren's administration, but it is all the same to the old Quakers, who knew both in infancy. "Friend Hadley, is thy boy up from his fever yet?" "So as to be stirring, Amos."

HON. GEORGE W. COOPER.

The state convention was only an average of its kind, but it was interesting to watch the delegates pouring in—the swarthy Hoosiers from the bottom lands of the Ohio and lower Wabash, the long and lank ruralists from "The Knobs," as the hilly region in the southeast is called, the wildly enthusiastic Democrats from Cooper's district and the more reserved and citified business men of the gas belt. If a well informed man had been brought here in a trance and awakened in the hall, he would have known at a glance that this was Indiana and these were Democrats. A third or more of the delegates were in their shirt sleeves, their coats hanging over the backs of the seats. On the platform only were there full dress and high dignity—district chairmen and convention officials in conventional black, and in the front center as chairman Governor Matthews, looking every inch a man and enjoying his ovation, for this was emphatically his day.

The convention's history need not be repeated, but a few political "straws" must be named, as they appear in the subsequent talk of the country people. The platform was as long as the moral law, and if any odds a little more radical than the national platform of 1892, and the most radical portions were most loudly cheered. Congressman Cooper, though absent, was, with the governor, the hero of the day. The success of his bill for taxing greenbacks has filled the Hoosier Democratic breast with a wild, tumultuous joy. The governor's speech was the feature of the day. It is universally regarded as his platform for a future advance, and in the Democratic mind of this state he is already booked for a United States senator first and after that the Democratic nominee for president. Denunciation of the "conservative" senators was always in order, and the names of Gorman, Brice and Hill were in conversation always joined with some perverted theological term and emphatic reference to the alleged destination of the finally impenitent.

J. H. BEADLE.

PROFESSOR ELY ATTACKED.

Accused of Being a Socialist and of Teaching Utopian and Pernicious Doctrines.

"Utopian, impracticable, pernicious," are the charges made against the doctrines taught students at the University of Wisconsin by Professor Richard T. Ely, dean of the school of economics, political science and history. He is accused of being a socialist, of believing in strikes and boycotts, of urging printers to strike because the state printers of Wisconsin ran a nonunion office, of entertaining a walking delegate at his house during the strike, of threatening to withdraw his printing if the office was not unionized, and of teaching various doctrines that his accusers declare are not what should be incorporated into the mental and moral makeup of students at the university who are instructed by him.

The charges were preferred by O[illegible] E. Wells, state superintendent of public instruction, and led the board of regents of the state to appoint H. W. Chynoweth, a Madison lawyer; John Johnston, a Milwaukee banker, and H. B. Dale, an Oshkosh doctor, a committee to investigate the truth of the allegations against the erudite professor. At the Chautauqua (N. Y.) assembly recently Professor Ely took occasion to refer to what he termed "the rising flood of calumny which has spared not even my conduct in my own home." He declared that he had never spoken to a striking printer in Madison; that he had never entertained a walking delegate, that he had never expressed any opinion about strikes in Madison except to condemn them, and that each of the charges against him was a base and cruel calumny.

PROFESSOR RICHARD T. ELY.

When the investigating committee met, Mr. Wells refused to proceed on the ground that the committee's action in excluding Professor Ely's books made it impossible for him to prove his case. Professor Ely has long been well known as a writer on social and economic topics. He was born in Ripley, N. Y., April 13, 1854. He attended the New York state normal school, was graduated from Columbia college in 1876 and as the holder of the graduate fellowship of letters of that institution, studied at Heidelberg university, Germany, from 1876 to 1879, receiving the degree of Ph. D.

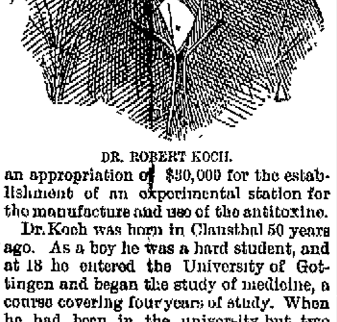
In 1885 he began a long term of service in the chair of political economy at Johns Hopkins university, Baltimore, and for many years was tax commissioner of Maryland. His fame as a writer on political economy soon became widespread, and not long ago the University of Wisconsin called him to his present place on its faculty. He has written half a dozen or more books on political economy and kindred subjects, and his latest work is called "Socialism and Social Reform."

DR. KOCH'S DIPHTHERIA CURE.

The Lymph Closely Resembles That He Used For the Cure of Consumption.

Dr. Robert Koch, the famous German bacteriologist who startled the medical world several years ago by announcing that he had discovered a cure for consumption, believes that he has found a new remedy for the dread disease diphtheria. It is a lymph or antitoxine resembling the celebrated lymph Dr. Koch used in his not wholly successful attempts to cure consumption. Professor Virchow and other eminent German scientists and Dr. Herman M. Biggs, the bacteriologist and pathologist of the New York city health department, have investigated the discovery carefully and are firm believers in its efficacy.

Dr. Biggs considers the lymph an infallible cure for diphtheria if it is applied within 36 hours after the patient is infected with the disease. In Berlin he found between 3,000 and 4,000 well attested cases in which diphtheria had been cured by this new antitoxine. Such proof as that could not be disputed, and Dr. Biggs returned to America enthusiastic over the new Koch discovery. Dr. Cyrus Edson of New York is also an enthusiastic champion of the new Koch lymph. At a recent meeting of the New York board of health he said the lymph cure was an injection of the blood of animals, which killed whatever poison germs of diphtheria were in the system. He was so satisfied of the efficacy of the lymph that he intended to ask from the board of estimate and apportionment an appropriation of $30,000 for the establishment of an experimental station for the manufacture and use of the antitoxine.



DR. ROBERT KOCH.

Dr. Koch was born in Clausthal 50 years ago. As a boy he was a hard student, and at 18 he entered the University of Gottingen and began the study of medicine, a course covering four years of study. When he had been in the university but two years, he won a prize of 80 thalers in gold offered to the students of the university for the best essay. He served throughout the Franco-Prussian war, and later attracted the attention of the medical profession of Germany by his writings on bacteria, and in 1889 was called to Berlin and appointed a member of the board of health.

When the cholera broke out in India, he went there and studied it and discovered that the scourge was due to bacteria. On his return to Berlin he was received like a conqueror, and the reichstag voted him 100,000 marks in recognition of the eminent services which he had rendered to science.

Very Pleasant.

Under the espionage of the gallant and witty cashier a party of ladies were going through the vaults of a big Detroit bank and gazing with awe at the wads of wealth stored therein.

"My," exclaimed one of the party as they came out into the corridor, "how chilly it is!"

"Naturally," smiled the courteous cashier, with a bow, "there's a cool million in there."—Detroit Free Press.

Know the Sex.

First Tramp—Let's wait here till that picnic is over, and then go and get what they leave behind.

Second Tramp (faintly)—My stummick is so empty that cake and candy ud make me sick.

First Tramp—You won't find any of that. What they'll leave will be the roast beef and tongue and chicken and bread and such things. It's a girls' picnic.—Good News.

No Need to Learn.

Teacher—Harry, if a basket of peaches costs $1 and there are 50 peaches in the basket, how much does one peach cost?

Juvenile Pupil—I—I don't know, ma'am. We don't never have to buy peaches at our house. My papa's a baggage man on a 'xpress train.—Chicago Tribune.

THE RULER OF JAPAN

MUTSUHITO, THE PRESENT MIKADO, THE 121ST OF THE IMPERIAL LINE.

He Is of Active Habits and European Tendencies—His Days Are Busy Ones—His Devotion to Sports and to the Affairs of the Empire—Nine Doctors Attend Him.

Mutsuhito, the reigning mikado or emperor of Japan, is the one hundred and twenty-first to succeed Jimmutenno, the first emperor, whose rule began 660 years B. C. Mutsuhito was born at Kioto on Nov. 3, 1850, and is therefore nearly 44 years of age. He succeeded his father on Feb. 3, 1867, when but six months more than 16. He was married to Haruko in 1869 before he was 18 years old, and they have three children—Yoshihito Harunomija, crown prince, and two daughters, Masako Tsunenomuja and Fusako Kanenomija. All these children are now old enough to pronounce their names successfully. The crown prince is about 16.

Mutsuhito is the first mikado whose face has ever been shown to his subjects. Each of his predecessors was kept secluded from the view of every one but the empress and his highest ministers. His sacred feet were never allowed to press the earth, and when he left the palace he entered a closely curtained car drawn by bullocks consecrated to his imperial use. When he died, it was believed that he entered at once into the company of the gods.

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

The present emperor is somewhat taller than the average Japanese. He does not look nearly so imposing in his European garments, which were adopted some years ago, as he would in the old style imperial Japanese robes. His complexion is described by a traveler as being about the color of coffee with plenty of milk, his eyes are of a brilliant black, and his eyebrows have the arch which in Japan is considered indicative of aristocratic breeding. His person is somewhat stooped, and this is believed to have been caused by his retaining the old time Japanese custom of sitting upon the floor during his early years. This has now been long abandoned. He now not only sits on chairs as Europeans and Americans do, but he also takes his meals at table and eats with knife and fork.

It is the ambition of Mutsuhito to adopt whatever he considers best in the ways of western civilized men and to procure the adoption by his people and his government of western methods of living and of doing business so far as is desirable and practicable. He shows himself to his subjects at brief intervals. He sometimes rides horseback on these occasions, and when he does so is accompanied by the imperial guards after the manner of the czar of Russia and the emperor of Germany. Sometimes the mikado drives, and his carriages, which were imported from some European country, were the wonder of all Japan when he got them. He gives a great amount of attention to the affairs of government and also to the conduct of his own personal business matters. These latter are of considerable magnitude, for he is in his own right a very rich man and is allowed a salary of $2,500,000 a year to maintain the imperial establishment. The number of persons included in his household is very large, and it would be interesting, if there were space at command, to speak of it in detail. Among the officials are included nine physicians. The culinary department is considered of great importance, so great indeed that Iwakura, a prince but once removed from the imperial blood, is grand master of the kitchen and the cooks.

Ever since his accession to the throne Mutsuhito has been devoted to the army and navy. He has been in the habit of reviewing the troops several times each year, and his ordinary costume is the uniform of an officer in the Japanese army. During his reign the military forces of the empire have been brought to an exceedingly high grade of efficiency. He is fond of outdoor sports of various sorts, especially hunting, but although he is himself a good all around sportsman he often prefers to watch the others rather than to take part.

It is easy to see that the emperor of Japan must be a busy man. He rises early, has breakfast by himself at 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning, and by 9 o'clock is ready to receive his ministers in his study. Audiences with them last until 12, when he takes lunch. After lunch he reads the Japanese papers of the day and translations of articles referring to Japan from American and European periodicals. When he has finished his reading, he devotes some time to exercise or recreation, and dinner, sometimes with the empress and sometimes alone, follows. He has never had time to learn the European languages, much to his regret.

The empress is about the same age as her husband. Until a few years ago she wore the old Japanese costume, but now she dresses in European style. Both are personally very popular, and the emperor's declaration of war against China has caused one of the greatest outbursts of patriotism the land of the chrysanthemum has ever seen.

MOWBRAY URGES VIOLENCE.

He Tells Anarchists to Learn to Shoot and Then Shoot to Kill.

"Johnny, get your gun," is the advice the English anarchist Charles Wilfred Mowbray is at present giving to each follower of the red flag in America. "Why don't you procure guns and learn to shoot? Then shoot to kill, but if you can't kill don't shoot," is what he is reported to have said at a recent meeting in Newark, N. J. Mowbray is a very intelligent tailor who has been in the anarchy business for about 15 of his 38 years. He is considered a dangerous man in England and has been imprisoned repeatedly on account of his speeches urging violence.

He is the publisher of an English paper called The Commonweal, and he and the editor, D. J. Nicoll, were arrested in 1893 for printing an article advocating the murder of Justice Hawkins, Inspector Mellville and the home secretary. Mowbray's responsibility for the article was not shown, and he was acquitted, but Editor Nicoll went to jail for 18 months. It is said, however, that Mowbray has been imprisoned five times for making violent speeches in England. Not long ago he came to America for the purpose of spreading the propaganda of anarchism and becoming a citizen of the United States, providing he found a good field of labor here.

CHARLES WILFRED MOWBRAY.

The imprisonment of John Most, Emma Goldman and other anarchists for urging violence in New York has led Mowbray to be very conservative thus far in his speeches in the metropolis. In a recent address he counseled his hearers to "place more reliance on mental than on physical dynamite." The abolition of the capitalist, he believes, will greatly improve the condition of labor, and this result can be brought about by a general strike that will completely paralyze all industry and force the capitalists to come to terms and divide with labor the fruits of labor's toil. Governments as they exist today, he says, exist solely to protect the property class against the propertyless class, and as liberty and government are impossible together he believes a system of no government will be finally established by a tremendous upheaval of society. Mowbray is a fluent and eloquent talker, but he and the letter H are total strangers.

ATCHISON'S NEW RECEIVER.

Aldace F. Walker's Successful Career as Soldier, Lawyer and Railroad Manager.

The statement of Expert Accountant Stephen Little that during the past four years the earnings of the Atchison, Topeka and Sante Fe railroad have been overestimated more than $7,000,000 and that the road has entered into pooling and rebate arrangements with other big lines caused a great flurry in railroad circles recently and resulted in the resignation of President and Receiver J. W. Reinhart. Expert Little examined the books of the road at the request of the Atchison protective reorganization committee, and his revelations resulted in the immediate retirement of President Reinhart and the appointment of Aldace F. Walker as receiver of the Atchison property.

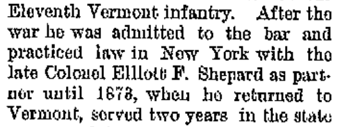
According to Expert Little's report, the officials of the road have not only induced investors to buy the road's stock by misrepresenting its earnings, but they have violated the interstate commerce act by the payment of rebates and by the pooling of traffic with other companies, the main evils the act is designed to prevent. The report also shows that the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific have been systematically violating the law.

ALDACE F. WALKER. JOSEPH W. REINHART.

Aldace F. Walker, the road's new receiver, has long held high rank in the railroad world. He was born in Rutland, Vt., about 52 years ago and is tall and of commanding figure. He was graduated from Middlebury college in 1862 and at once entered the Federal army as a private. He served with gallantry, was severely wounded and left the service a lieutenant colonel of the Eleventh Vermont infantry. After the war he was admitted to the bar and practiced law in New York with the late Colonel Elliott F. Shepard as partner until 1873, when he returned to Vermont, served two years in the state senate and in 1887 was appointed one of the original interstate commerce commissioners at a salary of $7,500.

When the Western Traffic association was formed in 1890, the leading railroad men and bankers of the country made Colonel Walker chairman of the association at the comfortable salary of $25,000 a year. He has since won wide fame as a railroad manager and lawyer.

Where They Stopped.



"Why, Tom, they ain't nothink in his pockets but a Bible an a quarter of a dollar!"

"Put the Bible back, Jim, put it back. The money we kin keep, but do not let us sink so low as to forgit that the book is sacred!"—Life.

And Perhaps to the Encore.

"I'll venture to say that fellow can sing," observed Banks. "Look at that long, muscular throat. Look at that larynx."

"Yes," mused Rivers. "I dare say his Adam's apple is sound to the core."

And from the orchestra came the agonizing strains of the "High School Cadets' March."—Chicago Tribune.

IN THE BERRY PATCH

THOSE WHO PASS ITS BOUNDARIES MUST "DRESS ACCORDIN."

In Some Localities It Is Necessary to Watch Out For Snakes—It Is Not Always the Best Looking Berriers Who Gather Most Fruit.

Ever go blackberrying? No?

Then you have missed one of the most enlivening experiences of life. Everybody who lived in the village called "The Hook" or anywhere in its neighborhood 20 years ago used to go blackberrying at this season of the year, and the descendants of those who lived there then are probably, many of them, picking blackberries at this moment—that is, if you are reading in the daytime and on a weekday—from the thorny bushes that grow in the half cleared, uncultivated tracts to be found on the slopes of the hills east and west of the village and in the narrow shallow valleys beyond the brows of those hills and a mile or two away.

A PARTY OF BERRY PICKERS

"The Hookers," as the inhabitants of that blessed village used to be called, were wont to go to the berry fields in parties, sometimes by families, but oftener in groups of friends. They always used to "dress accordin" when their mission was the gathering of blackberries, and any one who was foolish enough to join a berrying party without being properly attired was certain to be laughed out of court, so to speak. The code of dress for a berrying party was quite as rigid as is that for a social function at Newport or Narragansett.

Not that it was necessary for the men to wear coats and trousers of any particular cut or for the women and girls to study the latest Paris modes. Bless you, no! A party of berry pickers properly dressed for their work would afford the student of extraordinary human attire an opportunity for interesting and profitable contemplation. First of all, ever one, men and women alike, wore high cowhide boots. Naturally in most cases the women borrowed their boots from their husbands, from their fathers or their brothers. Why did they all wear boots? Snakes, for the berry fields in the vicinity of "The Hook" were rocky, and in the interstices between the rocks rattlesnakes and copperheads and perhaps some other varieties of venomous reptiles had their homes. The snakes were not very numerous, according to a "Hooker's" idea of things, but they were highly disagreeable at close quarters. Still a right watchful berry picker need have no reasonable fear, providing he or she wore high boots.

The rule for the remainder of the berry pickers' costume was exceedingly simple. It was to wear your oldest, most worthless, raggedest garments. Accordingly a group of berry pickers presented about as comely an appearance as would a detachment of Coxey's celebrated commonwealers, then unknown to history. Where some of the men and boys got their outlandish old coats and jackets and to what forgotten era of the evolution of dress the garments of the women belonged it would be hard to tell.

It goes without saying that some of the masculine berry pickers who, when attired in their Sunday go to meetings, looked spruce and manly enough presented a very disappointing appearance when rigged out for "berryin." On the other hand, there were stalwart young fellows who seemed to need the uncouth garments that were suited to the berry patch to bring out all their good points. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that not often did any of the older men join the berrying parties.

As to the women, they declared themselves that they looked like "perfect frights" as far as dress went. But who ever knew a pair of bright eyes to be essentially dimmed because they were shaded by a flapping old fashioned gingham sunbonnet, or a lithe, well rounded figure to lose its grace because the feet were incased in boots, the skirts were short and the waist ill fitting? Certainly none of these things happened to "The Hook" beauties when they were dressed out for berrying—that is, if the opinions held by "The Hook" beaux were correct, and they probably were.

OLD SOLOMON SYKES.

Berrying parties from "The Hook" used to leave the village by daybreak, if they could, and get to the brow of the hill in time to see the sun rise, not that very many "Hookers" cared much about seeing the god of day when he first peeped over the edge of the beautiful rolling landscape that lay spread out about the little village, though there were a few whose eyes used to light up at sight of the beautiful colors used by Sol used in painting the clouds. But it had grown to be a sort of superstition there that whose going berrying was not enterprising enough to be well on the way to the fields by sunrise was not likely to be rewarded by a good day's picking, and it did not matter one whit to those who held to this idea that occasionally those who reached the field last filled their pails first.

There were several kinds of berry pickers among the "Hookers" of other days. Some there were who picked berries as they performed their regular work, for the sake of getting everything in sight. These individuals were not all of them stalwart among the young men nor star eyed and cherry lipped among the young women. Indeed truth compels me to say that the best berriers were usually the plainest looking ones. They seemed to have a sort of instinctive knowledge of just where the biggest clumps of the most productive bushes were to be found, and their fingers seemed to be so constructed that they could pick berries with at least five times the speed attainable by their companions. It was not at all uncommon, for instance, for ugly old Solomon Sykes, about the only gray headed man who used to go berrying, to fill all the pails and baskets he had brought with him and all he could borrow from lazier, less enthusiastic pickers before noon. Then he would lie around on the rocks in the sun, chewing tobacco and guying those who had frittered away the early part of the day and whose pails and baskets were only partly filled.

There was another expert at picking berries whose fame had been spread abroad through all the neighboring towns. If the good old soul—she was a good old soul, despite her acrid words and her vinegar visage—is still alive, she is no doubt today filling a 16 quart tin pail while the pretty young girls of the same party are bothered to find enough berries to cover the bottoms of their little baskets. She was Matilda Ann Stoughton, a single woman of 50 when I knew her—"single by the mercy of heaven," she used to say; "a sour old maid," some of her neighbors said. They changed their opinions of her the year that diphtheria visited the village, and "Tildy Ann" developed into the kindest, most untiring, most efficient nurse in the entire settlement. After that she gradually became to be known as "Aunt Matilda" by everybody in "The Hook," and to be treated by every one, too, with a consideration and a homely courtesy that were almost tender. After that, too, she was herself far less angular in her manners, less bitter in her conversation and less exacting in her judgment of her neighbors.

THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE VILLAGE.

But I am straying from the subject. The reader should not imagine for a moment that the two of whom I have spoken were the only expert berriers. There were many such, and one of them was the prettiest girl in the village. Whoever would pay court to her at berrying time must pick berries, too, and pick them fast, and it thus fell out that several of the village beaux became exceedingly nimble fingered. There were those who said that her pail was filled more times than those of the other girls because of the help she had from these young men. This coming to her ears one year she became extremely indignant and insisted on being accompanied only by a number of her female friends, leaving her male admirers disconsolate. Right well did she then exemplify her right to the title of "champion berry picker of The Hook." There was a romance in the berry field that year. I have forgotten the details, but she was its heroine, and two of the village young men figured prominently therein. A berry picking contest between these boys was also a feature, but whether she was the prize won by the victor I have forgotten. I remember clearly that the match was carried on with great formality and in the presence of a number of judges.

While those who went out to pick berries were diligently filling the receptacles with the luscious sloe black fruit of the bushes the housewives of the village were enveloped in the cares of preserving and pickling and canning and "doing up" berries generally, and great was the excitement thereof and heavy were the village grocers' sales of sugar. Nor were blackberries the only ones gathered near "The Hook." When I began to write I intended to say something about huckleberries and raspberries and a great variety of other berries; but, see, I have not half finished with blackberrying yet, and the space is all used.

I. D. MARSHALL.

Heat Ten Miles Above Ground.

Additional evidence on the subject of the supposed heat from the sun's rays is furnished by an experiment recently reported in France. A balloon with registering instruments was sent up a distance of 10 miles above the earth's surface, where the temperature registered was found to be 104 degrees F.

A Study In Wrinkles.

When George Rignold was playing "Henry V," a friend visited him in his dressing room and remarked a large and handsome photograph of Wordsworth hanging on the wall. Said the friend, "I see you are an admirer of Wordsworth."

"Who's Wordsworth?" queried the actor.

"Why, that's his picture—Wordsworth, the poet."

"Is that old file a poet? I got him for a study of wrinkles."—London Answers.

The Face.

"Why do they always say kiss and make up?"

"That's the reasonable way. Nobody would want to kiss after having made up and run the risk of having to do it all over again."—Detroit Tribune.

Talent Well Applied.

"Miss Economy will make some fellow a good wife."

"What makes you think so?"

"She can make up and wear 5 cent goods so that it looks like it cost $1 a yard."—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Evening Sentinel.
SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1894

ATTITUDE OF JAPAN.

CONCILIATORY IN DIPLOMACY, BUT STERN IN WAR.

Interview With the Chancellor of the Japanese Consulate In New York—Fighting For the Independence and Civilization of Korea—A History Not Generally Known.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—Given a slight but compact figure, elastic and graceful in every movement, always faultlessly attired, with hands and feet dainty, a manner suggestive of high breeding, a voice musical and low, eyes indicative of quick intelligence, gentle traits of character so often found among educated orientals, and you have an offhand description of the chancellor of the Japanese consulate in New York, Hon. Kumasabro Tanabe. Associated with him is the Japanese consul, Hon. H. Hashiguchi. To these two bright representatives of their country has been intrusted the conduct of commercial affairs in this particular portion of the United States, which, in the event of a continued war with China, may soon assume unusual importance. Both speak English and French fluently, and none can be more courteous than they are in communicating to members of the press all proper information of public interest.

CHANCELLOR TANABE.

No New Thing.

"Troubles with Korea," said Mr. Tanabe recently in commenting upon the situation, "are not a new thing in our country, and China has generally been a participant. Friendly relations between the three countries ceased as long ago as 1587, and as a penalty for hostile acts Hideyoshi, the Japanese commander in chief, who, by the way, was the son of a humble foot soldier, demanded tribute. This being refused, an immense army, consisting of 130,000 men and accompanied by a fleet aggregating 9,000 officers and sailors, invaded Korea, and moving rapidly overcame all resistance.

"Meanwhile the emperor of China had dispatched a large force to succor the Koreans. These also met with defeat, but a second Chinese army followed, and the war on both sides was prosecuted with great vigor until, the plague having broken out in the Japanese camps and supplies becoming exhausted, proposals of peace were made by a Chinese envoy, and Hideyoshi dictated certain articles as a basis of treaty. They were not accepted, however, and Hideyoshi prepared to attack China, and in the event of conquest to transfer the capital of Japan to that country.

"The war continued, with varying success, until 1593, a period of six years, when, the Chinese being routed on both land and seas, Hideyoshi, then lying at the point of death, issued orders for the recall of the Japanese armies from Korea. A few years later Korea sent an envoy to Japan carrying gifts and suing for peace. The overtures were favorably received, and amicable relations were established between the two countries."

Japan's Policy.

In the course of the conversation the writer remarked to the chancellor that, "inasmuch as China and Japan are so similarly situated in the east, they ought naturally to give support to each other rather than resort to the arbitrament of arms."

"That has certainly been the policy of Japan," was the reply, "since upon a union of friendship and confidence depends much of their advancement in the path of enlightenment and that mutual prosperity upon which depends the development of all other nations in the far east. And this feeling has repeatedly found expression by our high officials, even in the presence of the most provoking circumstances.

"For instance, throughout the period of nearly 300 years following the war I have described, known as the Tokugawa period, it had been customary for Korea on each occasion of a coronation to send an embassador for the purpose of confirming the friendly relations between the two states. Soon after the restoration in Japan, in 1867, the government dispatched an envoy to Korea to convey intelligence of the fact and to renew expressions of amity. The Koreans, however, refused to recognize the envoy or accept his message, owing ostensibly to the fact that the term 'great empire of Japan' was employed in the imperial letter. Despite this treatment, at a later date the Japanese sent home certain Koreans who had been shipwrecked and took the opportunity of renewing expressions of friendship by the mouths of the officials who escorted the castaways. Korea received the shipwrecked sailors, but declined to receive the officials. In consequence of this insulting conduct retaliation was insisted upon, but happily, owing to the existence of a strong peace party in the cabinet, war for the time was averted.

Korea's Independence Recognized.

"In August, 1875, a Japanese man-of-war en route to China and carrying a Japanese plenipotentiary stopped at Chemulpo for fuel and water, but her boats were fired on by the Koreans, and two of her men were wounded. Thereupon the crew of the vessel attacked and burned the Korean fortress. Subsequently Korea sent a letter of apology, and a treaty was concluded in which the independence of Korea was recognized by Japan. It was also agreed that each country should be represented at the court of the other.

"Korea now began to make progress in civilization. A military school was established in which Japanese instructors were employed, her young men were sent to Japan to be educated, and her local administration improved. These reforms, however led to further difficulties, being distasteful to the conservatives. The troops attacked the palace, and the Japanese minister, with the women and children of the legation, was forced to take refuge on an English man-of-war and return to Nagasaki. Reparation was at once demanded and accorded, but China and Japan now both stationed troops in the Korean capital, and two parties were formed in the peninsular kingdom, one sympathizing with Japanese and the other with Chinese methods, between which strained relations have since existed. The present war is an indirect result.

China's Desire For Control.

"In December, 1884, the parties came to blows, the king asked protection from the Japanese, the king's mother was seized by the Chinese, the king subsequently rejoined his mother, and the residence of the Japanese legation was mobbed and set on fire. Once more reparation was demanded, but affairs between China and Japan had become so serious as to require the personal intervention of embassadors extraordinary. Japan was represented by Count Ito, her chief minister of state, and China by Li Hung Chang, the viceroy whose name has long been familiar as her leading statesman and soldier.

"In the convention that followed it was agreed that China and Japan should withdraw their troops from Korea; that neither power should thereafter send a force thither without giving previous notice to the other, and that the Chinese soldiers who had taken part in the attack on the Japanese should be punished. Friendly relations were thus established between the two empires, and these might have continued but for a renewal of the old disturbances and the evident determination of China to exercise chief control over the Hermit Kingdom. This Japan will never permit as long as she is able to occupy her place as the vanguard of eastern civilization. All we ask is that Korea shall be let alone.

"I wish you to bear in mind," said Mr. Tanabe in conclusion, "that in thus referring to past history I speak only as a Japanese citizen and not as an official. The facts are part of the annals of my country."

F. G. DE FONTAINE.

SWIMMING FOR WOMEN.

Isabella Proctor Says Fright Is the Cause of Most Cases of Drowning.

[Special Correspondence.]

ATLANTIC CITY, Aug. 30.—Of all the outdoor amusements in which a woman can indulge swimming is probably the most important. Not only does it bring nearly all the muscles of the body into play and increase the expansive power of the lungs, but possession of the accomplishment frequently decides the question of life and death. While it is rather difficult to learn a good stroke without the aid of a master unless the beginner is a child, a few lessons from a competent teacher are enough to give the pupil a sufficient knowledge of the correct motion to allow her to perfect herself alone.

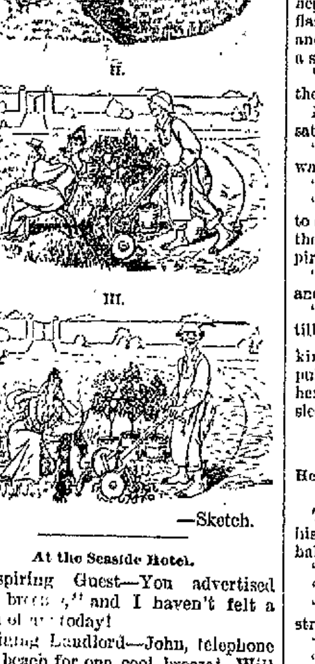
The ability to swim a long distance without giving out is of great value and is seldom possessed by women, who can swim 10 or 15 feet very well, but then collapse as hopelessly as if they could not swim at all. It is a good plan to swim parallel with the shore in shallow water, and when tired attempt to turn over on the back and float without letting the feet touch the bottom. The power of changing from swimming to floating, and vice versa, is important in deep water, as it gives the swimmer a chance to rest and then resume her progress when she has taken breath. The turning is accomplished by taking the stroke on one side only and straightening out the body as it rolls over. Treading water is most easily learned by slipping into it from swimming. The pupil should swim out a foot or two beyond her depth, gradually shorten and lower the arm stroke and let the feet sink and the leg stroke become alternate. At first the head will sink to the lips, but it will not go under unless confidence is lost and the stroke becomes rapid and confused. After a little the head and shoulders will rise above the surface, but as this practice is rather exhausting it is safer to swim back into shallow water before becoming tired. For the side stroke, which is very rapid and graceful, turn the body slightly, holding the head in a horizontal position, and take a slow up and down stroke with the lower arm, while the upper one is straightened to make a long sweep from the shoulder almost to the feet. The feet may be moved together or alternately. If the pupil wishes to learn to carry another person, she should practice with some one who can swim and can therefore be trusted not to be seized with panic at the first failure. Always begin to practice this in shallow water to avoid the chance of accident.

It is nearly always fright that drowns even nonswimmers, for nature has arranged it so that whatever position the living body occupies in the water, except flat on the face, the breathing apparatus remains above the surface unless forced under by violent and unskillful movement. It is possible to float quite safely with the knees doubled up under the chin and the arms wrapped around them, or with the feet bent back under the body and the hands grasping the toes.

Finally remember that splashing and noisy swimming are the sure signs of the tyro. Breathe through the nostrils, take a slow stroke, keep the hands under water and aim to move as silently as a fish.

ISABELLA PROCTOR.

A Tragedy of the Lawn In Three Acts.



—Sketch.

At the Seaside Hotel.

Perspiring Guest—You advertised "cool breezes," and I haven't felt a breath of any today!

Obliging Landlord—John, telephone to the beach for one cool breeze! Will you have it sent up to your room?—Atlanta Constitution.

Small Profits.

"How is business, Mr. Architect?"

"Wretched! And what makes it worse is that we have to use more expensive building material, because it sometimes takes two or three years to sell a house."—Fliegende Blatter.

Not Proved.

"I never saw a man more thoughtful of his wife's happiness than Miggs."

"Mercy! I thought he spent a good deal of his time at home."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SHE HAD A WARNING.

MRS. GALLUP DECLARED THAT HER TIME HAD COME.

And Waking Up Her Silent Partner In the Night She Endeavors to Impress Him With the Fact, but He Doesn't Impress For a Cent.

[Copyright, 1894, by Charles B. Lewis.]

"Samuel Gallup, git up!"

The hour was midnight, and Mr. Gallup was sleeping soundly when Mrs. Gallup's elbow struck his ribs.

"Samuel Gallup, do you hear me?"

He sat up in bed, and it was fair to presume he heard her. Indeed he sleepily demanded to know what was wanted.

"Git up'n light the lamp and dress yourself," she replied, "for I hain't over an hour to live! Samuel, I've had a warnin, and my time is at hand! I'd ruther it had come by daylight, so that I could hev bid the nayburs goodby, but I'm not goin to complain. Folks that die in the night are thought jest as much of, I s'pose, and I've bin ready to die at any hour fur these last 15 years."

Mr. Gallup shoved one foot out of bed, drew it slowly back again, and his head fell on the pillow.

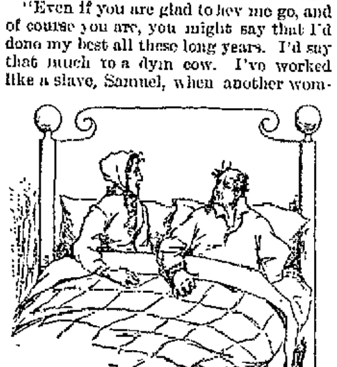
"Yes, I've had warnin!" sobbed Mrs. Gallup as she gathered up a liberal supply of sheet to wipe her weeping eyes with. "I was sleepin as sound as I ever did in my hull life when a noise woke me up. I thought it was the smokehouse door bangin in the wind, but while I was wonderin if I'd better wake you up I heard a voice from out by the beehives call out 'Mrs. Gallup, the time has come fur your sufferin speerit to soar away and be at rest!' I thought I was mistaken at fust, but that voice repeated them very words over three times. It's the warnin, Samuel—the warnin that Mrs. Gray said would surely come to me when my time was at hand."

"Might have bin the hogs movin around in the pen," sleepily suggested Mr. Gallup.

"H-o-g-s!" gasped Mrs. Gallup as she raised up on her elbow. "Don't you s'pose I know the difference between the grunt of a hog and the voice of a speerit sent to tell me my hour has come? Samuel, I see how it is. Ruther than to go to five minits' trubble, you are willin to let me die in the dark. Very well. I did want to expire with father's tintype in one hand and mother's in the other, but they won't lay it up ag'in me if I don't. The Fullers are no hands to lay up grudges ag'in anybody. Samuel, hev you got anything to say to me afore I go?"

He hadn't. The reason he hadn't was because he had fallen asleep again. She sobbed for a minute, pulled up the bed quilt to wipe her nose on and continued:

"Even if you are glad to hev me go, and of course you are, you might say that I'd done my best all these long years. I'd say that much to a dyin cow. I've worked like a slave, Samuel, when another woman would hev bin playin on the pianer and gaddin around in society, and I've practiced economy where another woman would hev flashed out in silks and diamonds. I've made all my own soft soap, all my rag carpets and done all my sewin and knittin, and we've allus had dried apples when the nayburs was out. You might hev married a wuss wife, Samuel Gallup—a fur wuss wife!"



"GIT UP'N LIGHT THE LAMP."

If she hadn't been so overcome with emotion she might have discovered that Mr. Gallup was snoring, but as it was she choked down her feelings after two or three minutes to go on:

"Yes, Samuel, I'm expirin with a clear conscience. I've slaved and niggered and saved like a true wife orter, and mebbe I shouldn't expect a word of praise fur it. You needn't say anything onless it comes from the heart. I hope your next wife will do as well, but of course she won't. It won't be a week before she'll hev a hole through the bottom of that new wash dish and the nose knocked off the teakittle. She'll want new cane seat cheers, a new ingrain carpet, and she may jaw around till you put a bell on the front door. If you do put a bell there for a second wife, Samuel, I won't git out of my grave and come on the steps and ring it and skeer you both half to death. Some wives would, but I'm a Fuller, and the Fullers never haunt anybody after they die. They jest lay right in their graves and behave in a respectable manner. What day d'ye think you'll hev the funeral, Samuel?"

Samuel didn't say. He couldn't say unless he talked in his sleep. At the thought of a funeral Mrs. Gallup's tears started afresh, and she had to hunt for more sheet to use for a handkerchief.

"If I die tonight, you could have the funeral on Wednesday," she said, after awhile, "but don't put yourself out. It don't make any perticklar difference to a Fuller what day in the week they are buried on. I've spoken to Mrs. White, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Bebee, and each one of 'em will lend you seven cheers. With the eight we got that ought to seat all who come to the house. Shall you git a reg'lar weed fur your hat, Samuel, or jest pin on a piece of black cambric? I s'pose you could save 50 cents by gittin cambric, and your second wife would hev more money to squander. How many wagons and buggies d'ye think will turn out, Samuel, purvided it's a pleasant day?"

She was waiting for a reply, when she heard him snore. Her tears dried up in a flash, dig went her elbow into his side, and there wasn't the slightest suspicion of a sob in her voice as she exclaimed:

"Samuel Gallup, you wake up, or it'll be the worse for you!"

Mr. Gallup groaned and grunted and sat up.

"Samuel, do you know that I've got my warnin?" she solemnly asked.

"No!"

"Well, I hev, and I don't expect to live to see daylight. Will you git up'n light the lamp and hold my hand while I expire?"

"No," replied Mr. Gallup as he fell back and resumed the interrupted snore.

"Then, warnin or no warnin, I'll live till mornin and just as much longer as I kin!" exclaimed Mrs. Gallup, and after a pull or two at her red nose and a dig at her eyes she turned over and went to sleep.

ENCOURAGING A TRAMP.

He Helped Him Out All He Could Without Any Rash Promises.

The village squire and I were talking at his gate when along came a tramp who halted to inquire:

"Is this Squire Watson, may I ask?"

"Yes, sir."

"You own some vacant lots up the street?"

"Yes."

"I should like the privilege of entering upon the grounds and eating as much grass as I wanted."

"I couldn't grant it," replied the squire. "Grass is going to be a light crop this year, and I expect to have to buy more or less hay."

"Have you any old cans or bottles in the back yard you'll give me to gnaw on till I strike something better?"

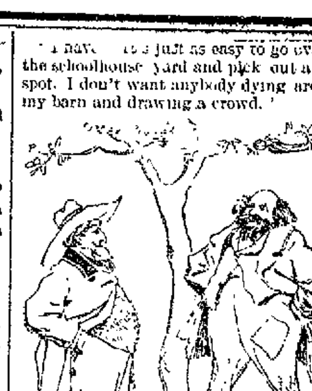
"No, I haven't. I'd like to oblige, but I really can't spare anything of the sort."

"I might pick up some barrel hoops or plow points."

"No, I shouldn't want you to. It's hard times, and I can't spare anything."

"Squire," continued the tramp, "have you any objections to my being found dead in your alley tomorrow morning?"

"I have [illegible] it's just as easy to go over to the schoolhouse yard and pick out a soft spot. I don't want anybody dying around my barn and drawing a crowd."



"CAN'T YOU USE A RAIL FENCE?"

"How about the weeds along the fence here?"

"I'd rather you wouldn't disturb 'em."

The tramp looked up and down the street and seemed to be greatly disappointed, but after a moment he brightened up a little and asked:

"Suppose I come along here next January, squire, will you allow me to fill up on snow out of your yard?"

"I couldn't promise," replied the squire after a moment's thought—"couldn't promise you might. If it happened to be six or eight feet deep and you didn't want too much, I might accommodate, but I shouldn't want to bind myself. I don't want to give my promise and then break it."

"Well, you'll at least allow me to scratch my back on one of these shade trees?" queried the man.

"Does your back need it?"

"Very much."

"Can't you use a rail fence?"

"I can't."

"Well, go ahead, but be careful about rubbing off the bark or shaking the top to disturb the roots."

The tramp rubbed for a minute or two and then lifted his hat and walked off, and the squire turned to me with:

"Seems like a decentish sort of feller, and I'm glad it lay in my power to encourage him to go ahead and make something of himself in this world!"

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Little Vacation In Which the Editor Faces a Grizzly.

AN EDITORIAL OUTING.—We must beg the indulgence of our readers this week for issuing THE KICKER two days late, and for the woeful lack of editorial and local matters. Last Saturday we had an invitation to join a party of campers on Bill Williams' mountain, and our family doctor looked at our editorial tongue and advised us to accept. We found the party pleasantly located at an altitude of 9,784 feet above the sea. There were five gentlemen from Cincinnati, a poet from St. Louis and an artist from Chicago. On the morning of the second day we set out to show the artist a grand cliff which he proposed to transfer to canvas, and the poet went along in hopes to catch a happy inspiration. The three of us had nearly reached the cliff when we suddenly encountered a grizzly bear who was out for business. The surprise was mutual, but the pleasure seemed to be all on one side. The artist disappeared among the rocks to the right and the poet among the brush to the left, and for 60 seconds we were left facing old Ephriam with a dim consciousness that something was about to happen.

THE BEAR WAS LOOKING AT US.

For the benefit of such of our readers as haven't studied natural history, we will state that the grizzly bear is an animal about the size of a Queen Anne cottage and appears to have a veranda built all around him to improve his style of architecture. He differs from an elephant in having teeth about a foot long, and no one hearing his claws rattling on the rocks could mistake him for a buffalo bull. Way back, before Christopher Columbus discovered America, something happened to make the grizzly bear mad at all mankind, and this feeling has descended down to the latest edition. That bear not only got his dander up inside of 10 seconds, but it wasn't half a minute before he had fully made up his mind that we were his mutton. When he moved for us, we moved for a tree. We beat him by a few seconds. We never had any particular business dealings with a grizzly bear before, but it struck us that we couldn't move too rapidly nor climb too high. When we recovered consciousness, we were seated on the limb of a tree 20 feet above the earth, and the bear was looking up at us with an expression of curiosity and disappointment. At some stage of the game he may have run across an Arizona editor who had failed in business and committed suicide, but we don't believe he had ever seen a live one before. He had counted on a sure thing and got left, and for some minutes his chagrin was plainly apparent. We supposed, as a matter of course, that after realizing the situation the critter would start off with an ambition to pick up the artist or the poet, but he wanted editorial meat and was willing to wait for it. It was 10 o'clock in the morning when he treed us. We were there at high noon, at sundown, at daybreak next morning. The bear staid right by us, and we staid right by the bear. There was but little romance in the situation for us, and we couldn't say that the bear appeared to take solid comfort. We had never seen anything in natural history about a man up a tree in Arizona and a grizzly waiting for him to drop into a red mouthed cavern ornamented with ivory spikes and could only give a rough guess as to how long the situation would continue to be strained. We were somewhat troubled with insomnia, but so was the bear, and this latter fact was something of a consolation. We had to keep awake to maintain our hold on the limb, and he had to do the same thing so as not to miss us in case we came off the perch.

About midnight a large and well kept mountain lion discovered our situation and came down on us with many pleasant anticipations, and we almost felt sorry for him when he made out the true state of affairs. The grizzly selfishly refused to whack up on the "find," and after squandering an hour of his valuable time the lion went off toward camp to see if he couldn't pick up something good on his own account. We couldn't go to the gentlemen in camp, and they searched in the wrong direction to locate us. After we had been perched in the tree 26 hours, most of the time looking the bear full in the face, we began to notice a change of expression. An hour later he closed his jaws, gave us a long, lingering look of contempt and ambled off to strike something which couldn't climb. The gentlemen were profuse in their apologies when we reached camp, but we tarried only long enough to put the saddle on our mule. We were in a hurry to see the doctor who had discovered from the fur on our tongue that unless we put in two full weeks on the mountain we would be liable to a fatal stroke of apoplexy. We rode straight to his office, but from a window he had seen us as we came over the hill two miles away and could not be found. Up to date we have been unable to realize that we are on the ground, and every two or three minutes we instinctively reach out for something and feel our hair stand on end. We shall be all right in a day or two, however, and the next issue of THE KICKER will be up to the usual standard in all respects.

She Finally Went.

At a crossroad I encountered an old man seated in an ancient vehicle drawn by an ox, and as he came up he gave me a nod and queried:

"Say, now, but did you meet a tin peddler back there on the road?"

"Yes, I met one about three miles back," I replied.

"Did he hev a woman on the seat with him?"

"He did."

"Drivin purty fast?"

"Yes."

"Woman appear to be happy?"

"Well, they were talking and laughing and seemed to be in pretty good spirits."

"Waal, I guess I'll turn around and go home. Nice weather, ain't it?"

"Very nice."

"Business seems to be pickin up a leetle?"

"Yes."

He went on talking about the crops, politics and other things and might not have said another word about the woman and the peddler had I not observed:

"You didn't set out to overhaul that couple, did you?"

"Waal, I sorter set out, but gin it up when I got along here. She's my wife, and fur the last 30 years she's bin declarin she'd run away with a tin peddler. She's finally gone. I'd a teeth druther it would hev bin a patent churn man or a lightnin rod feller, but mebbe it'll turn out all right, and she'll git into high society and be dreffully happy. Did you say that the taterbugs was perticklarly bad up your way this year?"

M. QUAD.

A LETTER FROM MOTHER.

Never to Be Finished by the One Who Received It.

It lacks a quarter of an hour of midnight as the relief guard goes tramping down through the woods to relieve posts 9, 10 and 11 along the creek. Those have been "danger posts" for the last three nights. The enemy's pickets are scarcely a hundred rods away, and guerrillas and bushwhackers have been skulking on the narrow strip of neutral ground between. The relief is halted, the countersign taken and posts 9 and 10 relieved. Post No. 11 is taken by a beardless boy, who was following the plow on his father's farm only four months ago. The sergeant looks at him in a doubtful way and then out into the darkness beyond. Then he turns and whispers:

"Watch! Listen! Fire if you suspect that any one is creeping upon you. Above all, don't fall asleep. To be found asleep on post in the face of the enemy means court martial and death!"

The recruit knew that it was a "danger post," and for the first 10 minutes after being left alone his heart beat faster and his breath came with an effort as he peered into the darkness and listened. Then the babble of the brook at his feet began to reassure him and bring back his nerve. The waters of a stream flowing over rocks and pebbles and lapping at the banks give out soothing and peaceful sounds. You can imagine they are voices; that you hear songs and words and merry laughter. There is no hint of war and its horrors, of fierce faced men creeping over the earth like Indians to stab in the darkness.

Somewhere out there in the forest is a raccoon moving about. Now and then he chatters, as if pleased at some discovery. The recruit laughs as he hears the chatter. That sound is a familiar one to him. Off to the right he hears a hop, hop, hop on the dead leaves. It is a rabbit moving about, perhaps disturbed from her sleep by the tramp of the relief guard half an hour ago. Now and then a firefly comes sailing along in its erratic way, and in the branches of the very tree against which he leans a sleepless squirrel is changing its quarters and crying "Chit! chit!" at being disturbed at such an hour.

It is peace in the camp, peace in the forest, peace along the banks of the babbling brook. Tomorrow 10,000 men may grapple in these woods and the waters of the creek run red with their blood, but tonight all men sleep and dream of home—all but the pickets, who must stand and count the minutes of darkness away. The recruit had received a letter from home that evening. He had read it twice over at his campfire, but he goes over the words and lines again in his mind. It is the handwriting of the dear old mother—a cramped hand, a word wrongly spelled here and there, and the ink none of the best, but a letter to be carried about and reread for days and days.

"Let's see!" muses the soldier as he sits down to rest his tired limbs. "Father is cutting the corn I helped to plant—wheat all thrashed—hay a good crop—Uncle William was over and staid two days—brother Ben has trapped a woodchuck—sister Nell is"——

What is it? The soldier had caught himself nodding. No, it couldn't be! He was wide awake. He had passed a single minute in reverie, in a waking dream of home—nothing more. He remembered the sergeant's warning. No fear of his going to sleep after such a caution as that. It wasn't forbidden to sit down and lean against a tree. He could listen and watch as well as if standing up.

"Let's see? Sister Nell has passed examination as a teacher—the Taylors have sold their farm and are going west—the Henderson boys talk of enlisting—lightning struck the big elm tree across the road and nearly scared us to death"—and so on and so forth. It was a mother's letter to her boy far away, and she tried to mention everything that might be of interest to him. In his mind's eye the soldier had a picture of the dear old farm—the buildings—the orchard—the cider mill—the——

And he slept. Sleep stole upon him like a shadow. The raccoon chattered in a shrill voice, as if sounding an alarm, but the picket on post No. 11 heard no sound. The rabbit came hopping through the brush to the creek and drank of its waters, but no movement alarmed it. A quarter of an hour went by. Then the bushwhacker who had been creeping nearer and nearer, pausing every foot or two to locate the picket, made him out through the gloom. There was no sound to be heard 10 feet away—no deathcry—no musket shot. At 2 o'clock the relief guard came again. There was no challenge—no one to be relieved. There was a corpse at the foot of the tree, and when the sergeant had flashed the light of his lantern upon it he turned and said:

"He was asleep on his post in the face of the enemy, but there will be no report—no court martial!"

M. QUAD.

What Gives the Color to Beeswax?

An apiarian of note says, concerning this question in Gleanings In Bee Culture:

"Who of us hasn't wondered what it is that gives the bright yellow color to beeswax? Wax is generally considered white when first produced in little scales. Cowan says it is always tinted, the color coming from the pollen consumed. But what makes it get yellower in the hive? A German writer says that, like the young of nearly all animals, the young bee on first emptying its bowels discharges feces of intense yellow, and this colors the comb. White comb confined in the center of a colony, but inclosed in wire cloth, remains white.

Too Few at Best.

First Shark—I have just eaten a man off the beach in front of the hotel.

Second Shark—I shouldn't think you'd have the nerve to look the girls in the face again as long as you live.—Detroit Tribune.

Open to Conviction.

Foreman—You say in this editorial that the colonel is "a born liar." Isn't that rather severe?

Editor—Yes; change it to "professional."—Atlanta Constitution.

LIVE STOCK

THE HORSE.

Map, Names and Classification of His Various Parts.

Each year there are new people who want to learn the names applied to the various regions of a horse's anatomy. New men go into the horse business, and young people on farms arrive at the age when they want to learn all about domestic animals. For these we reproduce here the classification made by Dr. E. A. A. Grange, veterinarian of the Michigan agricultural college experiment station:

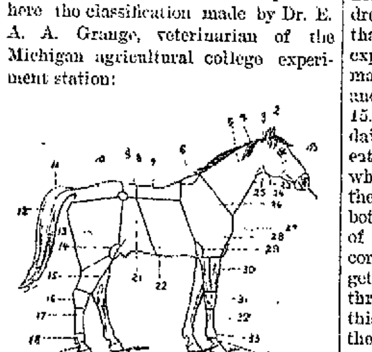


FIG. I—REGIONS OF THE HORSE.

1. Muzzle. 1½. Cheek. 2. Crest of occiput. 3. Poll. 4. Crest of the neck. 5. Neck. 6. Withers. 7. Back. 8. Loins. 9. Point of hip. 10. Croup. 11. Dock and tail. 12. Point of quarter. 13. Haunch or upper thigh. 14. Stifle. 15. Gaskin or lower thigh. 16. Hock. 17. Shank. 18. Fetlock joint. 19. Hind pastern. 20. Hind foot. 21. Abdomen and flank. 22. Chest. 23. Jugular gutter. 24. Jowl. 25. Throat. 26. Shoulder. 27. Point of shoulder. 28. Arm (from point of shoulder to elbow). 29. Elbow. 30. Forearm. 31. Knee. 32. Front canon. 33. Front fetlock. 34. Front pastern. 35. Front foot. 36. Front coronet.

Dr. Grange says that when a horse is blind "the ever restless ear will be thrown first in one direction, then in another." This veterinarian's experience leads him to attach less importance to the expression of the equine eye than is generally ascribed to it:

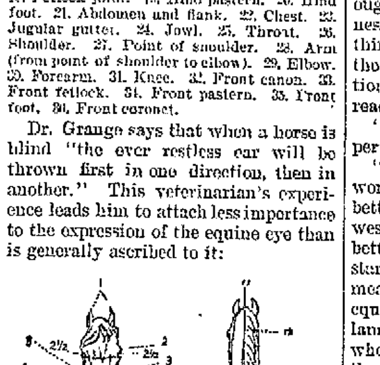


FIG. II—REGIONS OF THE HORSE.

1. Ears. 2. Forehead. 2½. 2½. Outside points of the forehead. 3. 3. Face. 4. 4. Points of hips from the front. 4½. 4½. Nostrils. 5. Muzzle. 6. 6. Points of shoulders. 7. 7. Muscles forming breast or bosom. 8. Forearm. 9. Coronet. 10. Wall of the foot. 11. Crest of the occiput. 12. Crest of the neck. 13. Points of the hips from behind. 14. 14. Croup from behind. 15. 15. Haunch or upper thigh. 16. 16. Gaskin or lower thigh.

A horse with a long back looks well in harness, but would be quite ungainly looking under the saddle. For a saddle horse one with short back, strong loins and the faintest possible dip to his back is preferred—not enough of a dip to make him hollow backed, but just a slight depression below the straight edge. For the draft horse a short, broad, straight back is best. Shallow chested horses are apt to have heaves. The straight shouldered horse is best for heavy slow draft; for saddle or trotting select the oblique shouldered one. "Dark horses are able to do just as much work on the farm or the road without showing fatigue as lighter colored ones."

Sheep Gadfly.

The sheep gadfly (Œstrus ovis), the parent of "grub in the head," is quite small and is very difficult to catch when it is flying about among the sheep. The presence of this fly may be suspected when the sheep and lambs are seen to huddle together, thrust their noses into the earth or beneath each other and stamp about with their fore feet, now and again running a few yards, as if to escape.

These flies are ever on the alert to secure an opportunity to deposit larvæ in the sheep's nostrils. There are at least two erroneous opinions which have become quite firmly established in the minds of farmers. One is that the fly deposits eggs in the nostrils; but, as noticed above, the gadfly is viviparous, giving birth to its young alive, in this instance as larvæ. The other false idea is that the larvæ, after ascending the nostril, attack the brain itself. When the larvæ obtain a lodgment in the rim of the nostril, they gradually work their way upward into the head. They are usually found to be present in greatest numbers in the frontal sinuses.

There are three natural and simple preventives which are helpful: Plenty of dust for the sheep to lie and stamp in; tall grass to graze in, which has a tendency to brush off and frighten away the fly, and dark, cool sheds, where the sheep can be folded during the heat of the day and again liberated after sunset.—Herbert W. Mumford in American Agriculturist.

Stock on the Farm.

It pays to keep stock on the farm, even when the price is very low. Animals can always be disposed of at prices that pay for cost of feed and labor spent on them. One of the best reasons for keeping live stock, however, is that with it the farm steadily grows richer and produces larger corps. An exchange says, speaking of this subject, "The farmer who sells a ton of wheat worth, say, $20 to $25, sells $7.75 worth of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, while the farmer who sells a ton of sheep worth $80 to $100 sells only $9.45 of fertility."

A LIVE STOCK FARM.

Here Is One New England Farmer Who Is Really Making Money.

In an interview with a correspondent of The Rural New Yorker Mr. Charles E. Lyman of Middlesex county, Conn., says:

"I endeavor so to manage that each year finds the farm, as a whole, more fertile than before. For strictly cash crops I grow potatoes and timothy hay, but in the rotation clover hay is grown, and also large quantites of corn for ensilage, which constitutes the principal coarse feed for the lambs. Much of the corn would yield 100 bushels per acre if husked.

"I have about 1,700 lambs, which were bought in Buffalo last November, costing, delivered here, about 4¼ cents per pound. I house them all under one roof. They are divided into flocks of 100 to 400 each. The larger number seem to do as well together as the smaller. I keep rock salt by them always, of which during the winter they consume 1,500 to 2,000 pounds. As you see, they have running spring water by them. When at pasture, sheep drink very little water, as they feed when the grass is wet with dew, but confined and fed as we feed them they drink much water. As soon as the lambs are brought into winter quarters they are sheared, for experience has taught that they do better without their fleeces than with them. Everything is so arranged that in the coldest weather they do not suffer from the cold.

"I avoid the wrinkled Merinos, as they do not make first class mutton and are not good feeders. I like the best grade Shropshire and Hampshire Down, but as I am not able to get all I want of these I buy medium wooled lambs of other crosses of 60 or 70 pounds weight.

"I have not lost over 15 lambs from the lot. I estimate a loss of 1 per cent in bringing them from Buffalo. I calculate a gain of two pounds a week per head. There is a lamb there that will dress 50 pounds now. There is another that will do as well. I do not, however, expect to begin to put them on the market before the middle of February, and the last will be gone before May 15. The men are giving them their daily feed of clover hay—what they will eat up clean. Come this way and see what comprises the principal part of their daily ration. Here in this pile is a bottom layer of ensilage, then a layer of equal parts of bran, pea meal and corn, which are mixed thoroughly together and fed two parts of grain and three parts of ensilage by weight. Of this I give a light feed, and by the time they have been fed around the first are ready for more. This operation is repeated night and morning. No more is fed than will be eaten clean.

"I have been at the point of despair in feeding ensilage to them, but I was determined to learn how, and now I think I have learned how to feed it to the best advantage. I have made a thorough study of how to manage this business successfully, and it has cost something, but I have learned how to keep the lambs in a healthy, thriving condition upon a heavy grain ration until ready for the butchers."

"How much grain are you feeding per day?"

"About 2,700 pounds. I expect to work up to 3,000 daily. My lambs are better than any that come from the west. Butchers say that they cut up better. They are kept growing from start to finish, and their feed makes meat of the very best quality—nearly equal to genuine spring lamb. All my lambs are sold to wholesale butchers, who have worked up a good market for them as 'Lyman's lambs,' and they bring several cents per pound more than ordinary lambs.

"There are about 7,000 pounds of wool in that pile. I do not expect any severe shrinkage in price permanently on account of tariff reduction, but I can keep it awhile if the price is too low temporarily to tempt me to sell. Come and see our silo. Here are stored 800 tons of ensilage, which is fed to all the stock except the horses. I would not know how to do without it. In fact, I could not do without it in my management of the farm, for it affords the bulk of coarseness of the heavy feeding. It allows me to sell timothy hay and buy the cheaper grains. Timothy hay is nearly worthless to feed lambs."

Live Stock Points.

Not everybody is aware that there is in the southwest an admirable breed of horses known as draft Morgans. One breeder in Missouri makes quite a specialty of them. A number of years ago some man whose name we do not know decided to commence breeding the spirited Morgan blood for size. He selected the tallest members of the family he could find and bred them. The work was continued until a distinct family called draft Morgans has been produced. They average well with large ordinary horses and have all the intelligence, docility and spirit of the true Morgan stock. They will pull till they drop dead. They are quite large enough for coach horses, and some fashionable drivers in the south make a great dash with them harnessed to tallyho coaches. These splendid horses ought to be spread all over. They are not so fast as the swiftest of the small Morgans, but they are fast enough and have the Morgan everlasting "go" in them.

Begin now and fatten your old hens for market.

Horse lovers everywhere will regret that young John A. Logan has been obliged to sell out his famous Oriole stud. He was an enthusiast in improving the horse stock of this country, and we cannot have too many of these. But the hard times caught the gallant general's son just in the wrong place.

A genius who has tried oiling harness with cod liver oil to keep rats and mice from gnawing it says the thing works to a charm.

Don't forget to save ground for sowing rye to make late fall and early spring pasture.

How to Prevent Fading of Cotton Stockings.

In a general way it may be said that salt and celerity are the best helps to save colors.

Few fancy colors in cotton will bear more than one or two washings without growing dingy. Ammonia in the wash water will help to brighten some reds. There is, however, so much variation in the dyestuffs and the dyeing that no certain rule is possible. Sugar of lead water and black pepper tea are held by some good laundresses sovereign for any colored cottons.

Shake your stockings free of dirt and dust, wash them in plenty of fresh, clean suds, rinse well and dry quickly while wrong side out. Iron while slightly damp, folding the stockings carefully along the back seam and pressing the iron forward.

Wet very dirty socks, as those of a workingman or small boy, with kerosene oil. Let them lie half an hour; then scald with boiling water, to which ammonia or washing soda has been added, till it feels slick to the touch. Stir the socks rapidly round and round in it with a wooden paddle, fish them out in a minute or two and wash as you do the rest. You will be simply amazed to see how much dirt they have lost. Remember not to let them stand too long.

A Hot Stoke Hole.

The usual temperature in the furnace room of the cruiser Minneapolis, where the fires are fed, when all the boilers are in use, is 105 degrees, which, however, is not surprising when you consider the enormous surface of the boilers, which is equal to an acre of ground, and the size of the furnaces which furnish 1,280 square feet of blazing coal. The men cool themselves with salt water from a spouting hose and drink oatmeal water while they are at work.

Nerve Tonic
Blood Builder
DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE
Send for descriptive pamphlet.
50c. per box.
6 for $2.50.
DR. WILLIAMS' MEDICINE CO.,
Schenectady, N.Y. and Brockville, Ont.

GOULDS IN SOCIETY.

THEIR KNOCKINGS AT THE ENGLISH GATE HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL.

George Became a Yachtsman to This End and Likes It So Well That He Will Live Part of the Time In England After This. Society and Money.

Information now comes to the United States that George Jay Gould will in future reside a part of each year in England.

It is not surprising that the young millionaire has decided to partially follow Mr. Astor's example in expatriating himself. He has never been welcomed by what is called society in New York; but, though his boat has been able to win very few races against the crack British yachts, his own race for British social recognition has been quite successful.

The standards of society are arbitrary and different in every land. Birth alone is supposed to unlock its portals in Austria. Birth or money is spoken of as essential in London, and it has been said that a golden key will always open the doors in America. This last is not wholly correct. Money is a necessary part of the equipment of one who would live a society life anywhere, for the observances of such a life require the expenditure of much cash, but there have been many knockings upon the panels in New York by hands bulging with coin, to whom there has been no welcoming response. George Gould's father never attempted social distinction, but it is understood that one of the reasons was that he knew it could not be secured. His career as a winner of wealth was of such a character as to cause many tender spots, sure to break out into open sores whenever he should seek to be considered fit for society's smiles.

MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD.
JAY. KINGDON.

James Gordon Bennett, the elder, strove long and fiercely, but without avail, to enter society after his newspaper had won his millions. The Vanderbilt family got in not more than a dozen years ago, and their entrance cost them a pretty penny. A. T. Stewart was barred out. Among living celebrities Charles A. Dana, brilliant, brainy and rich, has no social standing in the city that supports his paper so well. Theodore Havemeyer, the sugar man, is of the elect, but his brother Henry O. is excluded. Harry Le Grand Cannon, the artist, comparatively poor, is in. Collis P. Huntington, with all his millions, is out.

But to return to the Goulds. It is stated that George had no need to go to London to secure the stamp of social approval, that the wounds inflicted years ago by the father in his financial rise have so far healed that the only thing necessary for the son to have done in order to have obliterated them from the memory of society was to give a few expensive entertainments in New York. His invitations, it was claimed, would have been accepted by every one, and the expense of such a course, though considerable, would have been much less than has been that of his yachting campaign in English waters. Evidently Mr. Gould, though shy of paying heavy taxes, concluded that, when it came to buying a stamp of social standing, it was worth while to get the best article in the market. Once it was known, he reasoned, that the obese little man who is heir to the British throne had approved, no one in New York would declare the mark a spurious one.

It does not make your thorny path to social recognition any smoother in London beyond introductions to a few of the clubs that you are well received in New York, but if you present yourself in New York with even the appearance of being used to London society the way is open, as witness the great number of grooms and waiting women who have imposed themselves as lords and ladies upon the credulous society folk of Manhattan Island in years past. George Gould's beautiful actress wife, then, may expect that when she returns to New York the cards of the most exclusive of that city's society matrons will be "left" upon her. It will be a huge joke if she shall decline to return the calls.

The Goulds have certainly received all the recognition they could well care for in England. They have been entertained by many others besides the Prince of Wales, and the newspapers have followed society's lead in saying pleasant things about them. In return for these journalistic courtesies the Goulds themselves have been good to English newspaper folk, as witness their giving out not only new photographs of themselves, but also of their four children—Masters Jay, Kingdon and Vivian, the baby, and little Miss Marjorie. They never gave out the children's pictures on this side the water, and the printed pictures of Mrs. Gould have heretofore all been from photographs taken when she was Edith Kingdon, actress.

M. I. DEXTER.

VIVIAN. MARJORIE.
JAY. KINGDON.

How to Prevent Sickness Caused by Motion on Land or Sea.

Seasickness, as it is always termed, is caused by a rolling about of the inner parts of the body—the vital parts and intestines—a shaking or disturbance. Now, a simple remedy for that dreadful malady is to get a couple of sheets of ordinary foolscap paper and place them over your breast and stomach, binding them on with a wide bandage of cloth, linen preferably, long enough to go quite around the body, all this, of course, under all clothing. This has been tried with good results by many.

How Sketching Should Be Done.

Begin by "blocking in" the whole figure, indicating the place and shape of the most marked shadows. Go over this, correct the outline and seize hold at once of the leading lines and prominent characteristics of form and posture. Next proceed to put in boldly the masses of shadows and darks, gradually working up from the most strongly marked to those of lesser importance. In sketching the face note its size and shape as compared with the rest of the head, and putting in the features look for those marked points which give individuality. Notice the angle between eyes and mouth and be careful about shaping the shadows under eyes, nose and lips. Notice the slants or directions of the various lines. In drawing feet note the prospective slant of the plane upon which the figure stands, placing the foot accordingly, so that firmness and stability be suggested. Aim at simplicity. Try to suggest what you see with as few lines as possible.

GIVEN UP ALL HOPE
Eczema, Turning to Blood Poison, Treated by Specialists Seven Months without One Particle of Success.
BODY RUNNING SORES.
Condition Terrible. Life a Burden. Tried CUTICURA. In Three Days Attends to Business. Cure Permanent.
In the spring of 1891 I took that dreadful skin disease, Eczema, which turned into blood poison. I consulted the best known specialists in this city. They treated me for seven months but I never derived a particle of good from any of them. They had given it up as a hopeless cure. I was covered with sores from head to foot, I had running sores all over me, some of them as large as a box of your CUTICURA. It cost me hundreds of dollars with these so-called specialists. My condition was terrible, life was almost a burden to me. I could not eat, drink, or sleep. I was unable to walk and had given myself up as dead. I tried all medicines imaginable, until a friend who had got relief advised me to try CUTICURA REMEDIES. I sent out and got them, and when I took the first dose of your CUTICURA RESOLVENT I felt a little better, with three boxes of your most valuable CUTICURA and one bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT I was a new man. In three days I was up walking around and attending to my business, and it is the CUTICURA and CUTICURA RESOLVENT that saved me from the jaws of death. This is two years ago. I wanted to see if it had been driven out of my system, and I can say I have never had any trouble since for two years.
GEO. F. BRIGHT,
265 Penn. Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston.
☞ "How to Cure Skin Diseases," mailed free.
PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.
Nervous Muscular Weakness
Instantly relieved by a Cuticura Plaster, because it vitalizes the nerve forces and hence cures nervous pains, weakness, and numbness.

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MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY.
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NOW RUN SOLID BETWEEN
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THE OLD RELIABLE ROUTE via
HANNIBAL
IS STILL CONTINUED WITH
WAGNER SLEEPERS
and CHAIR CARS
—FROM—
CHICAGO
TO ALL PRINCIPAL POINTS IN
TEXAS.

SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs and Injections. They cure in 48 hours the same diseases without any inconvenience. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
MIDY

How to Exercise a Piano.

A piano should, as a rule, not be used more than two hours a day to keep it in the best condition. More than this slowly saps the instrument of its best energy. Another thing is that a piano must be allowed to breathe. The fashion of smothering a piano in heavy draperies is as bad as putting it close against a wall. It should be placed a few inches from a wall. Never leave it open in damp weather, but always leave it open on clear, dry days, protected from dust. Keep a chamois skin over the keys when not in use.

"Trust Those Who Have Tried."
Catarrh caused hoarseness and difficulty in speaking. I also to a great extent lost hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm dropping of mucus has ceased, voice and hearing have greatly improved.—J. W. Davidson, Att'y at Law, Monmouth, Ill.
I used Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh and have received great benefit. I believe it a safe and certain cure. Very pleasant to take.—Wm. Frazer, Rochester, N. Y.
Price of Cream Balm is fifty cents.

Hard Times Brilliancy.

Bride (disconsolately)—Half my wedding presents are cheap plated things.

Mother—Never mind, my dear. No one will suspect it. I have hired two detectives to make themselves conspicuous watching them.—New York Weekly.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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EVERLASTING REST.

Rev. Dr. Talmage On the Rest Beyond the Grave.

If There is No Rest on Earth There is Rest in Heaven—The Glorious Consolation for Those Treading God's Pathway.

The following sermon is the selection of Rev T DeWitt Talmage for publication this week. The subject is "Everlasting Rest," being based on the text;

> Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest. —Micah ii, 10.

This was the drum-beat of a prophet who wanted to arouse his people from their oppressed and sinful condition; but it may just as properly be uttered now as then. Bells, by long exposure and much ringing, lose their clearness of tone; but the rousing bell of the Gospel strikes in as clear a tone as when it first rang on the air.

As far as I can see, your great want and mine is rest. From the time we enter life, a great many vexations and annoyances take after us. We may have our holidays, and our seasons of recreation and quiet, but where is the man come to mid-life who has found entire rest? The fact is that God did not make this world to rest in. A ship might as well go down off Cape Hatteras to find smooth water as a man in this world to find quiet. From the way that God has strewn the thorns, and hung the clouds, and sharpened the tusks; from the colds that distress us, and the heats that smite us, and the pleurisies that stab us, and the fevers that consume us, I know that He did not make this world as a place to loiter in. God does every thing successfully; and this world would be a very different world if it were intended for us to lounge in. It does right well for a few hours. Indeed, it is magnificent! Nothing but infinite wisdom and goodness could have mixed this beverage of water, or hung up these brackets of stars, or trained these voices of rill, and bird, and ocean—so that God has but to lift his hand, and the whole world breaks forth into orchestra. But, after all, it is only the splendors of a king's highway, over which we are to march on to eternal conquests.

You and I have seen men who tried to rest here. They builded themselves great stores. They gathered around them the patronage of merchant princes. The voice of their bid shook the money markets. They had stock in the most successful railroads, and in "safety deposits" great rolls of government securities. They had emblazoned carriages, high-mettled steeds, footmen, places that confounded lords and senators who sat at their table, tapestry on which floated the richest designs of foreign looms, splendor of canvas on the wall, exquisiteness of music rising among pedestals of bronze, and dropping, soft as light, on snow of sculpture. Here let them rest. Put back the embroidered curtain, and shake up the pillow of down. Turn out the lights! It is eleven o'clock at midnight. Let slumber drop upon the eyelids and the air float through the half-opened lattice drowsy with midsummer perfume. Stand back, all care, anxiety and trouble! But no! they will not stand back. They rattle the lattice. They look under the canopy. With rough touch they startle his pulse. They cry out at twelve o'clock at night, "Awake, man! How can you sleep when things are so uncertain? What about those stocks? Hark to the tap of that fire bell; it is your district! How if you should die soon? Awake, man! Think of it! Who will get your property when you are gone? What will they do with it? Wake up! Riches sometimes take wings. How if you should get poor? Wake up!" Rising on one elbow the man of fortune looks out into the darkness of the room and wipes the dampness from his forehead, and says: "Alas! For all this scene of wealth and magnificence—no rest!"

I passed down a street of a city with a merchant. He knew all the finest houses on the street. He said: "There is something the matter in all these houses. In that one it is conjugal infelicity. In that one, a dissipated son. In that, a dissolute father. In that, an idiot child. In that, the prospect of bankruptcy." This world's wealth can give no permanent satisfaction. This is not your rest.

You and I have seen men try in another direction. A man says: "If I could only rise to such and such a place of renown; if I could gain that office; if I could only get the stand and have my sentiments met with one good round of hand-clapping applause; if I could only write a book that would live, or make a speech that would thrill, or do an action that would resound!" The tide turns in his favor. His name is on ten thousand lips. He is bowed to, and sought after, and advanced. Men drink his health at great dinners. At his fiery words the multitudes huzza! From galleries of beauty they throw garlands. From housetops, as he passes in long procession, they shake out the national standards. Here let him rest. It is eleven o'clock at night. On pillow stuffed with nation's praise let him lie down. Hush! all disturbant voices. In his dream let there be a hoisted throne, and across it march a coronation. Hush! Hush! "Wake up!" says a rough voice. "Political sentiment is changing. How if you should lose this place of honor? Wake up! The morning papers are to be full of denunciation. Harken to the execrations of those who once caressed you. By to-morrow night there will be multitudes sneering at the words which last night you expected would be universally admired. How can you sleep when everything depends upon the next turn of the tragedy? Up, man! Off of this pillow!" The man, with head yet hot from his last oration, starts up suddenly, looks out upon the night, but sees nothing except the flowers that lie on his stand, or the scroll from which he read his speech, or the books from which he quoted his authorities, and goes to his desk to finish his neglected correspondence, or to pen an indignant line to some reporter, or sketch the plan for a public defense against the assaults of the people. Happy when he got his first lawyer's brief; exultant when he triumphed over his first political rival; yet sitting on the very top of all that this world offers of praise, he exclaims: "No rest! no rest!"

The very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world said of the great Webster: "What a statesman! What wonderful exposition of the constitution! A man fit for any position!" That same world said, after awhile: "Down with him! He is an office-seeker. He is a sot. He is a libertine. Away with him!" And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield. Jeffrey thought if he could only be judge that would be the making of him; got to be judge, and cursed the day in which he was born. Alexander wanted to submerge the world with his greatness; submerged it, and then drank himself to death because he could not stand the trouble. Burns thought he would give everything if he could win the favor of courts and princes; won it, and amid the shouts of a great entertainment, when poets, and orators, and duchesses were adoring his genius, wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he dwelt when he wrote of the

> "Daisy, wee modest, crimson-tipped flower.

Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power; made it tremble, then died; his entire military achievements dwindling down to a pair of military boots which he insisted on having on his feet when dying. At Versailles I saw a picture of Napoleon in his triumphs. I went into another room and saw a bust of Napoleon as he appeared at St. Helena; but oh, what grief and anguish in the face of the latter! The first was Napoleon in triumph, the last was Napoleon with his heart broken. How they laughed and cried when silver-tongued Sheridan, in the midway of prosperity, harangued the people of Britain, and how they howled at and execrated him, when, outside of the room where his corpse lay, his creditors tried to get his miserable bones and sell them!

This world for rest? "Aha!" cry the waters, "no rest here—we plunge to the sea." "Aha!" cry the mountains, "no rest here—we crumble to the plain." "Aha!" cry the towers, "no rest here—we follow Babylon, and Thebes, and Nineveh into the dust." No rest for the flowers: they fade. No rest for the stars; they die. No rest for man; he must work, toil, suffer and slave.

Now, for what have I said all this? Just to prepare you for the text: "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest." I am going to make you a grand offer. Some of you remember when gold was discovered in California, large companies were made up and started off to get their fortune. To-day I want to make up a party for the land of gold. I hold in my hand a deed from the Proprietor of the estate, in which He offers to all who will join the company ten thousand shares of infinite value, in a city whose streets are gold, whose harps are gold, whose crowns are gold. You have read of the crusaders—how that many thousands of them went off to conquer the Holy Sepulcher. I ask you to join a grander crusade—not for the purpose of conquering the sepulcher of a dead Christ, but for the purpose of reaching the throne of a living Jesus. When an army is to be made up, the recruiting officer examines the volunteers; he tests their eyesight; he sounds their lungs; he measures their stature; they must be just right, or they are rejected. But there shall be no partiality in making up this army of Christ. Whatever your moral or physical stature, whatever your dissipations, whatever your crimes, whatever your weaknesses, I have a commision from the Lord Almighty to make up this regiment of redeemed souls, and I cry: "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest." Many of you have lately joined this company, and my desire is that you may all join it. Why not? You know in your own hearts' experience that what I have said about this world is true—that it is no place to rest in. There are hundreds here weary—oh, how weary—weary with sin; weary with trouble; weary with bereavement. Some of you have been pierced through and through. You carry the scars of a thousand conflicts, in which you have bled at every pore; and you sigh: "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!" You have taken the cup of this world's pleasures and drunk it to the dregs, and still the thirst claws at your tongue, and the fever strikes to your brain. You have chased pleasure through every valley, by every stream, amid every brightness, and under every shadow; but just at the moment when you were all ready to put your hand upon the rosy, laughing sylph of the wood, she turned upon you with the glare of a fiend and the eye of a satyr, her locks adders, and her breath the chill damp of a grave. Out of Jesus Christ not rest. No voice to silence the storm. No light to kindle the darkness. No dry dock to repair the split bulwark.

Thank God, I can tell you something better. If there is no rest on earth, there is rest in Heaven. Oh, ye who are worn out with work, your hands calloused, your backs bent, your eyes half put out, your fingers worn with the needle that in this world you may never lay down; ye discouraged ones, who have been waging a hand-to-hand fight for bread; ye to whom the night brings little rest and the morning more drudgery—oh, ye of the weary hand, and of the weary side, and the weary foot, hear me talk about rest!

Look at that company of enthroned ones. Look at their hands; look at their feet; look at their eyes. It can not be that those bright ones ever toiled? Yes! yes! These packed Chinese tea boxes, and through missionary instruction escaped into glory. These sweltered on southern plantations, and one night, after the cotton picking, went up as white as if they had never been black. Those died of overtoil in the Lowell carpet factories, and these in Manchester mills; those helped build the pyramids, and those broke away from work on the day Christ was hounded out of Jerusalem. No more towers to build; Heaven is done. No more garments to weave; the robes are finished. No more harvests to raise; the garners are full. Oh, sons and daughters of toil! arise ye and depart, for that is your rest.

Scovill McCallum, a boy of my Sunday school, while dying, said to his mother: "Don't cry, but sing—sing

> There is rest for the weary,
> There is rest for the weary,"

then, putting his wasted hands over his heart, said: "There is rest for me."

But there are some of you who want to hear about the land where they never have any heartbreaks and no graves are dug. Where are your father and mother? The most of you are orphans. I look around, and where I see one man who has parents living I see ten who are orphans. Where are your children? Where I see one family circle that is unbroken I see three or four that have been desolated. One lamb gone out of its fold; one flower plucked from that garland; one golden link broke from that chain; here a bright light put out, and there another, and yonder another. With such griefs, how are you to rest? Will there ever be a power that can attune that silent voice, or kindle the luster of that closed eye, or put spring and dance into the little foot? When we bank up the dust over the dead, is the sod never to be broken? Is the cemetery to hear no sound but the tire of the hearse wheel, or the tap of the bell at the gate as the long procession comes in with their awful burdens of grief. Is the bottom of the grave gravel, and the top dust? No! no! no! The tomb is only a place where we wrap our robes about us for a pleasant nap on our way home. The swellings of Jordan will wash off the dust of the way. From the top of the grave we catch a glimpse of the towers glinted with the sun that never sets.

Oh, ye whose locks are wet with the dews of the night of grief; ye whose hearts are heavy because those well-known footsteps sound no more at the doorway, yonder is your rest! There is David triumphant, but once he bemoaned Absalom. There is Abraham enthroned; but once he wept for Sarah. There is Paul exultant; but once he sat with his feet in the stocks. There is Payson radiant with immortal health; but on earth he was always sick. No toil, no tears, no partings, no strife, no agonizing cough, to-night. No storm to ruffle the crystal sea. No alarm to strike from the cathedral towers. No dirge throbbing from seraphic harps. No tremor in the everlasting song, but rest—perfect rest—unending rest.

Into that rest how many of our loved ones have gone! The little children have been gathered up into the bosom of Christ. One of them went out of the arms of a widowed mother, following its father, who died a few weeks before. In this last moment it seemed to see the departed father, for it said, looking upward with brightened countenance: "Papa, take me up!"

Others put down the work of mid-life feeling they could hardly be spared from the office or store, or shop, for a day, but are to be spared from it forever. Your mother went. Having lived a life of Christian consistency here, ever busy with kindness for her children, her heart full of that meek and quiet spirit that is in the sight of God of great price, suddenly her countenance was transfigured, and the gate was opened, and she took her place amid that cloud of witnesses that hover about the throne!

Glorious consolation! They are not dead. You can not make me believe they are dead. They have only moved on. With more love than that with which they regard us on earth, they watch us from their high place, and their voices cheer us in our struggle for the sky. Hail, spirits blessed now that ye have passed the floods and won the crown! With weary feet we press up the shining way, until in everlasting reunion we shall meet again. Oh! won't it be grand when, our conflicts done and our partings over, we shall clasp hands and cry out: "This is Heaven!"

BEING PATIENT.

A Temper of the Soul, Manifesting Itself in a Willingness for Careful Preparation and a Waiting for Orderly Unfolding of Results.

The virtue of patience is commonly held to denote the equanimity with which one bears disappointment. It is supposed to be elicited by hardships, trials and reverses. But these are only a few of the conditions in which this quality reveals itself. In its essence patience is a temper of the soul which is willing to wait for the orderly unfolding of results without attempting to hasten or force their processes.

For instance, it is as truly a mark of patience to be willing to undertake the pains and cost of a thorough preparation for a life work as it is to bear a bereavement without complaint. Young men, on every hand, see ministers, lawyers, physicians, and other professional men whose work is supposed to require peculiar discipline, rushing into their careers with a smattering of real knowledge and discipline. The temptation is strong for them to do likewise. But one who, in spite of this temptation, subjects himself to thorough discipline in academy and college and professional school, in order that he may address himself intelligently and skillfully to his life task, is manifesting patience of a high order. We have often been surprised to hear those who profess to have received special Christian graces defend their course in taking "short cuts" into the ministry, when by a little grit and effort it was possible for them to obtain a thorough equipment. They appeared to forget that their haste and overweening desire to achieve immediate results were not a good comment up the success in acquiring the grace of patience.

Our moralists are constantly warning us against the peril of seeking to be suddenly rich. What they urge us to guard against is impatience with the slow, laborious methods of acquisition. But why limit this warning? Ministers, college professors, lawyers and physicians need it quite as much as business men. They are all tempted to achieve results by a "spurt;" to strain and tax themselves to gain by a dash what should naturally be the product of the years of careful and faithful toil. Indeed, we are not sure, but these men need this warning quite as much as business men. The "short-cut" temptation appears to be to many of them quite overpowering. The result is seen in the fact that, despite all the colleges are doing, the average level of professional capacity is not rising. The ministry still remains the best educated of the professions: but the ranks of lawyers and physicians are crowded with men who have had no thorough mental discipline.

At this season it is worth while also for some of us to remember that we may manifest quite as much of this virtue by taking a vacation as by preserving our serenity under a reverse. There is many a man who is called in these weeks to drop his task, and betake himself form store or shop or office to the fields. He thinks he can not do it, that he may miss some advantage or lose a little money, and not get on quite so fast if he takes the needed rest. But what does patience mean except the willingness to take things naturally, the ability to look ahead and see that in the long run worn nerves and shattered health are a worse loss than a few weeks of time?—Boston Watchman.

Trifling With Reputation.

We never can be too careful of character, but it is easy to be too careful of our reputations. "When I gave up all I had to God's service," says Wesley, "did I keep back my reputation?" Yet many a true Christian is over-sensitive as to what people say of him, or think of him, and wastes on the guarding of this bauble time and strength which were given him for worthier uses. We serve a Master who "made Himself of no reputation." And those who share His singleness of purpose to do the will of God will never show an excessive solicitude about the opinions men have of them. In the long run, it is only God's thought of us which counts for anything. The more real that thought is to us in its tenderness and its fairness, the less we shall occupy ourselves with the noisy and shallow judgments of them.—S. S. Times.

—It does not follow from the circumstance of a Christian being blessed with large means that good ends are thereby to be subserved. Back of the ability to do, and better than it, is the disposition to do. Readiness of hand must accompany fullness of hand or the world is none the better for Christian wealth.

—A woman who has practiced dentistry for some time says: "Once in awhile there are some disagreeable features, but not often. On the contrary, the work becomes very fascinating and interesting. It does not require a great deal of strength to pull teeth. More can be done by skill and knowing how."

—Beef Essence: Cut up in small pieces one pound lean beef, place in a covered saucepan with one-half pint of cold water by the side of the fire for four or five hours; then allow it to simmer gently for two hours. Skim and serve.—Housekeeper.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

"ROCK OF AGES."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"
Sang the lady, soft and low,
And the melancholy flow
Of her voice so sweet and clear,
Rose upon the evening air
With that sweet and solemn prayer:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Yet she sang as oft she had
When her thoughtless heart was glad,
Sang because she felt alone,
Sang because her soul had grown
Weary with the tedious day—
Sang to while the hours away:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Where the trembling starlight falls
On her mansion's stately walls,
On the chill and echoing street
Where the lights and shadows meet—
There the lady's voice was heard,
As the breath of Night was stirred
With that music floating free,
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

Wandering, houseless, through the night
Praying for the morning light—
Pale and haggard, wan and weak,
With the death-hue on her cheek,
Went a woman—one whose life
Had been wrecked in sin and strife,
One of whom in one far land
Wrote the Master on the sand!
And her soul, by Sorrow wrung,
Heard the lady as she sung
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

On the marble steps she knelt,
And her soul that instant felt
Mercy's healing touch as there
Quivering moved her lips in prayer!
And the God she had forgot
Smiled upon her lonely lot
Heard her as she murmured oft,
With an accent sweet and soft:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Little knew the lady fair
As she sang so sweetly there,
That her voice had reached a soul
Which had lived in sin's control!
Little knew when she was done
That a lost and erring one
Heard her as she breathed that strain
And returned to God again!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

UNHAPPY PEOPLE.

A Discontented Lot Who Try To Impede the Progress Made by Others.

In the improved definitions of our times we speak of "pessimists" rather than grumblers. It is a term that takes better with ears polite and is much more grateful to those who complain of everything that is and prophesy only evil of all that will be. A man who would be indignant at being called a "grumbler" will accept without disfavor the name of pessimist. Nevertheless, most pessimists, are, after all, only chronic grumblers.

Pessimists, as they prefer to be called, are grumblers, are a very ancient stock. They, probably, were evolved with the beginning of the human race, and they have never failed of succession through all its generations. Pharoh had his plagues, dire and dreadful; but if Moses escaped them in Egypt, he found enough plagues after he left to weary his spirit. The people were perpetually "murmuring." In other words, they were always grumbling and pessimistic in spirit. Down through the ages the same discontent, complaining, moaning spirit has shown itself. David had to combat it and other ancient worthies suffered frequent annoyance from it. Discontent and despair constantly weakened the Lord's hosts. Under the New Testament dispensation there have always been people with a keen vision for discouragement and possessed of a ceaseless disposition to complain. Our Lord had to rebuke men for their little faith. Paul has to write: "Do all things without murmurings or questionings." and James tells us of "murmurers and complainers."

The bane of many households is found in grumblers—forever murmuring over what they have and unhappy for what they have not. But it is the grumblers, murmurers, and pessimists in the churches that especially awaken our aversion and call for rebuke. There are people whose vocation seems to be to complain of their fellow-members. They can always find a lack of brotherly or sisterly love. Everyone around is cold and distant. The pride and self-importance of their fellow-members is a perpetual eyesore to them. There are others whose function of grumbling is bemoaning the inconsistencies of their fellow-members. In their keen perception of the defects of their brethren they find the best evidence of their own religion. Other grumblers, especially if a contribution is asked of them, expect a church to be carried on without expense, and any applicant for money is a grievous infliction. Some find a constant annoyance in any forward movement by their brethren. They are forever crying out: "Go slow!" and would be better pleased if they could put the brakes on all progress.

Now, it need hardly be said that the grumbler and pessimist sees everything with regard to the church as on the down-grade, and rapidly tending to destruction. The pastor is constantly criticised and censured. His prayers are stereotyped and cold. His sermons never feed his hearers. He visits too little. He shows favoritism among his people. Just now, he is blamed for taking a vacation, and direful prophecies are uttered as to the consequences of his leaving his church and home. Some people are naturally splenetic. Their lives are one prolonged grumble. With them the disposition has been cherished when it might have been repressed. Yet, if such would carefully investigate themselves, they would be convicted of their sin and folly. Such Christians only need to see themselves as they truly are to see things very differently. If we will only look for the best in all with whom we meet, exercise charity and large-heartedness, we shall find far less reason for grumbling and pessimistic railing.—Christian Inquirer.

WHAT A MAN IS.

Faith the True and Essential Basis of Character.

A common mistake with the unreflecting is to confound character with mere reputation. The two are no more the same than is a mask identical with its wearer. Character never can be a mask, but reputation may be. A man's character is what he is; his reputation what he appears to be. An honest and upright man may have a reputation which is a true mirror of his character, and so may a thoroughly depraved and debauched man. This is where extremes meet. But in too many cases the reputation is one thing and the character another. Even some professing Christians are open to this accusation. The man who is conspicuous by his piety on Sundays, and by his oppression of those with whom he has business dealings during the week, is an example of this type. So is the man who cultivates a reputation for benevolence by large donations to public charities, and compensates himself by extorting from his employes an excessive amount of labor in return for a pittance barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Men are deceived by a man's reputation: God looks into the heart and knows the man as he is.

Character is inalienable; it is not a mere thing in possession to be cast off at pleasure like a suit of clothes; nor a well-developed body or agreeable disposition, for while these are manifestations of character they may be transient.

What is the basis of character?—Faith, for a man is what he believes. This faith is not simply an intellectual exercise, it is a positive conviction of truth, and reliance thereon. Faith is not judgment, for judgment is an intellectual process and all intellectual processes admit of uncertainty, while faith admits of none. A child, before it has learned to reason, has faith in its mother. This is the faith which the true Christian has in his Heavenly Father and this is the faith, this unquestioning reliance, which is elemental in the formation of character. For what a man believes that he does. A man who has implicit faith in God comports himself according to God's commands and thus develops a God-like character. No need of a mask there. The worldling has no faith and no character. He has no fixed purpose, he believes in nothing, save shadows. He may have a reputation, but it is a sham, and will vanish before investigation like specters before a search light.

Faith is essential to character. Unbounded and implicit faith in anything will develop some character, good or bad, in any man. It may be faith in himself and his own possibilities. Propeled by such conviction, he may become, perchance, a Napoleon. It may be faith in the rectitude of a cause which will raise him to the rank of a William of Orange or of an Abraham Lincoln. Or, greater than all, it may be faith in God, a faith so great that his memory, like that of Paul, of Luther and an innumerable throng of others, will remain a living testimony to the truth through all ages.

Character is the force that storms adversity, overcomes difficulty and impresses the personality of the man upon his fellows, and the foundation of all character is faith.—Young Men's Era.

BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

How a Godly Man Views the End of His Earthly Existence.

If there is one thing especially of which many people can not possibly believe that, under any circumstances, it would seem beautiful, I suppose it must mean death. That must always be dreadful. Men seldom see any misery in life so great as to outweigh the misery of leaving it. But yet it comes to all of us that He who made death made it, like all things else, to be beautiful in His time. When a life has lived its days but in happiness, grown old with constantly accumulating joys, and then, at last, before decay has touched it, or the ground grows soft under its feet, the door opens, and it enters into the new youth of eternity; when a young man has tried his powers here, and dedicated them to God, and then is called to the full use of their perfected strength in the very presence of the God whom he has loved; when a man has lived for his brethren, and the time comes that his life can not help them any longer, but his death can put life into dead truths, and send enthusiasm into fainting hearts, when death comes as a rest to a man who is tired with a long fight, or as victory to a man who leaves his enemies baffled behind him on the shores of time—in all these times, is not death beautiful? "Nothing in all his life became this man like leaving it," they said of one who died.—Phillips Brooks.

A Christian Feeling.

Bishop Brooks truely says: "Not by mere moods may I know whether I am living the life of God, but only by knowing that God is using me to help others."

How many there are who seek to settle the question whether they are Christians or not by consulting their feelings! If they can not discern any particular hostility toward God, and do not feel hateful toward members of the church to which they belong, they conclude that they must be pretty fair Christians, whereas they may be very destitute of the life of God. The truth is, a personal possession of the life of God will constrain one to help others—to help them out of pure love for their best good without hope of fee or reward. There will be a positive yearning to do this. It will not necessarily take the shape of leaving one's own duties and neglecting home obligations; but it will manifest itself in a thousand little opportunities of freehanded assistance where neighborly help is needed, where kind words may be fitly spoken, where expressions of timely sympathy may find sweet lodging places. If God really lives in us we will show it by living in other lives.—Rev. C. H. Wetherbe.

RAM'S HORN WISDOM.

Epigrammatic Sayings Well Worth a Second Thought.

The devil probably loves a stingy man.

Happiness is never found by running after it.

Truth always lives in a house that is built on a rock.

Every good woman is a constant reminder that God lives.

Trials may frighten, but they can not hurt a child of God.

God's laws are never kept until they are written in the heart.

Every crown that comes from the hand of man has thorns in it.

The fact that enemies are loved is proof that Christ has been on earth.

It is when the devil looks least like a devil that he is most dangerous.

When you go to church to pray for a revival don't wear shoes that squeak.

A disinterested act of kindness is something the carnal mind can not explain.

The sermons that do the most to save the world are not preached in pulpits.

Nobody is ever awakened by the preaching of a man who is himself half asleep.

Hunger and thirst after righteousness is sure evidence that the face is toward God.

Some people are always blaming God for the troubles they bring upon themselves.

One reason why people make crooked paths is because they keep looking back.

The principal work of unbelief is to make a foundation of sand look like solid rock.

It is seldom that a man with a big income is ever persecuted for righteousness' sake.

Whenever the world comes face to face with unselfish love it has to stop and think.

The only thing that gives us standing, from where angels look, is likeness to Christ.

No matter how dark things look, if God is leading we are on the way to something bright.

When men fulfill the law of Christ they do not need any other law to make them do right.

Some very good people can never see any harm in sin while it can wear good clothes and ride in a coach.

There is no sin so little, but that if it had the right of way and time enough, it would wreck the universe.

The kind of giving upon which God promises a blessing is the giving that is willing to give some of its own blood.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

WRECKED BY DRINK.

The Sad Story of a Mother's Heart Broken by a Wayward Son.

In the late fifties, amid the mountains of north Georgia, in the comfortable home of a well-to-do farmer, was a young man just past his majority. He was a splendid physical specimen, warm natured as the glow of a southern sun, tender as a brave man ever is. His general lovableness won countless friends. Little children found in him a comrade and a hero. Personal friendship with Christ seemed to be the one thing lacking to round a character so naturally attuned to the highest.

He studied law in the neighboring town, was admitted to the bar. The mother waited and hoped. But the atmosphere of "good-fellowship" around him, his own warmth of nature, the prevailing intemperance of the times—alas! there were no "crusaders" then to raise a voice of protest "heard round the world"—all these were cultivating tastes and habits that made the mother anxious.

The California gold fever had reached even his quiet community, and that Mecca of youth and pluck and enterprise drew him with the irresistible force that to us, of a later generation, fills all that time and the western Eldorado with romance. So, one day, the mother's wayward, yet loving boy, said good-by to his friends, with hope high in his heart and ringing in his voice; took a farewell look at the fields where he had plowed and sowed and reaped with a farmer boy's hardy strength; wrung the brother's hands, kissed the sisters a tender good-by, and heard the last word of counsel from the great-hearted father. On the mother's pale cheeks and trembling lips, as he kissed them, his hot tears fell like rain. He saw the unspeakable sorrow in those eyes, felt it in her clinging arms. But "wilful lad will have his way, and the wind no man can hold." Would he not come back in a few years rich, and they should all 'live happy ever after?'

The four years of the civil war made a great silence between him and his home. The war over, the letters frequent at first, in a clear, bold hand, gladdening the mother's misty eyes, became few and unsatisfactory. A fortune of thousands and thousands was made several times with the quickness and readiness of their peculiar conditions—made easily, lost easily—recklessness became the order of life. Glimpses of the old tender, lovable nature were given. Preachers returning from missionary tours out there told of his successes, his losses, his popularity, his carelessness of life. The mother wept and loved and prayed and waited.

Fifteen years passed, twenty, twenty-five. The father died, the sisters married; the brothers scattered; the old home was broken up. To the younger members of the family the absent brother became almost unreal

> Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
> Down at the far end of an avenue—
> Going we know not where.

The letters now had almost ceased, poor fellow! The last one the aged mother carried in her old-fashioned leather pocket-book. It was an irregular scrawl, barely legible; lines so wavering that they crossed one another. She could never find a word of blame—it was all love and hope and prayer with her. Sometimes when her grandchildren gathered about her she would tell them of their uncle's frolicsome childhood and boyhood, his bright sallies of wit, his daring escapades, his tender, chivalric love to everything weak and defenseless. When they asked: "Do you think he will ever come back to see us, grandma?" the sigh that gave an answer made them feel that they must not talk any more, but must run away and leave her by herself—poor grandmother! How that son would have wept to see her old, sad face! How tenderly he would have kissed the dear, wrinkled hands that were never idle.

There came a silence of three or four years. Then one summer day, to a young nephew bearing the same name, came a letter postmarked Sacramento. Inclosed was a letter the child had written over a year ago to the distant, never-seen uncle, and a long clipping from a Sacramento newspaper stating that at the hospital in that city on a certain date, that mother's boy, now himself a middle aged man, nearing fifty, had, in an attack of delirium tremens, cut his throat! The child's letter, carried for many months in the poor wanderer's pocket, the last feeble link between him and home and hope, was the only clue to the address of his family. The paper bore testimony to his success at fortune-making only to lose again, his noble possibilities, and the traits that won him admiration and esteem. Can anyone ever know a mother's thoughts as she pillows her head at night, not to sleep—but that her heart may break in the silence of darkness where none but God can know! There was no complaining—she knew in whom she had believed. The day after she heard it found the blessed old saint in her place in God's house while the minister talked of the power of prayer. I believe she somehow felt that her prayers for nearly fifty years could not remain unheard. God knows.

But the tired body with the weight and wear of eighty-three years which, she had tried to make last until she could see her boy again in the flesh, and could read in his face and life "the victory that overcometh the world," the weary body failed rapidly, and soon the lifelong heartbreak was ended. But oh, the pity of it, and the *uselessness* of it, this pitiless slaughter of its sons by permit of a nation that pretends to *guarantee* "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" to every creature under its flag.—Emily M. Allen in Union Signal.

A WONDERFUL MESSAGE.

The Fruitfulness of a Warning Word Against the Deadly Cup.

They had been introduced, of course, but he spoke to her first dinner.

"May I pour you a little wine?" he asked.

"Thank you," she said simply, "a little. I drink only claret."

"You don't care for sweet wines?"

"I don't think I really care for any wine, but this is what we drink at home. You did not pour any for yourself," she added a moment after.

He smiled.

"It would be for the first time in my life if I had."

"How strange!" She looked at him point blank with a pair of clear and very kind blue eyes. "Have you scruples? Do you think it wrong?"

"Well"—he drew a long breath—"hardly. Yet, for me it would be wrong."

The color deepened on her cheek a little. He saw her check back a word from her lips, and the shadow that swept over her face was sweeter than any brightness. But he could not appropriate her unmerited sympathy.

"No—no," he declared, laughing slightly. "It is not at all a temptation to me. I have never known the taste of any sort of liquor. I think I have a great advantage against fate in this, and I mean to keep it."

"Then you are afraid, after all."

"Sometimes we recognize danger, though we may not fear it."

"If it be danger you must fear it. You do or you would not take precautions."

He looked down and met her earnest glance. She was forgetting her dinner.

"If you were not afraid," she went on impulsively, "wine would seem to you as harmless as water. It is because you have a fear that you will not touch it."

He was at a loss just here. It was difficult to match her candor without a touch of seeming discourtesy.

"Suppose I drink to your better courage," she said. A roguish dimple showed itself. "The deadly cup has no terror for me."

He raised his crystal goblet and drank to her in sparkling water, saying gently:

"But of my cup no one need be afraid."

There was a pause. She had not lifted the wine to her lips. A servant came to remove the course and someone spoke to her across the table. When he could claim her attention again he was ready with a bright remark about the beauty of some roses in a vase near them.

"Yes—so pretty—pretty," she said, vaguely, and then with purpose in her tone. "We had not exhausted our topic, I think. May I ask—is it your conviction that liquor should not be used in any form?"

"You are unmerciful," he deprecated. "Think how ungrateful it would seem to object to anything among such surroundings."

"Never mind about being complimentary," she replied, gravely. "I am trying to reflect—to decide. I have never before given one serious thought to this question of temperance. The people I live among—and they are all upright, intelligent and refined—regard a moderate use of liquor as almost indispensable. Surely you must admit that there are thousands and thousands who are not in any way injured by its use?"

"I know," he said quickly, "but there are millions and millions—the jails will tell you—the hospitals——"

He stopped abruptly.

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, "yes. But why not take the good and avoid the evil? We need not become drunkards because we use liquor."

He met the appeal of her earnest eyes with a look as earnest.

"Since you desire it," he answered steadily, "let me say one word, and then, I think, I will say no more. If you never touch liquor, you not only need not, you can not become a drunkard. But, if once it cross your lips, the first step is made."

There was a long silence between them. The rest of the guests went on talking gayly. Presently she spoke, but so low that he had to bend his ear to listen.

"You have given me a wonderful message," she said. She set aside her glass of wine and in the simple act he knew there was consecration.—N. Y. Advertiser.

A NOBLE SON.

The Story Told by a Man Who Used to Keep a Drink-Shop.

Several years ago my brother was in Springfield one cheerless day, with about half an hour on his hands before train time. Strolling along near the depot, he noticed a tidy restaurant, and went in for lunch. A bright boy came to take his order, and as soon as he brought it sat down to his lessons. A respectable man, evidently the proprietor, was seated near the fire with a disabled foot propped up in a chair. When my brother had finished his meal, he approached him, saying:

"You have a bright boy to wait on your customers."

"Yes, indeed," said the man with parental pride, "I couldn't hire so good a boy as that; he is my son, and was the means of my opening this place instead of keeping a drink-shop which was the way I got my living for some years; and I'll tell you how it was. He came from school one day heavy-hearted, and when I asked him what was the matter he began to cry, but couldn't speak. After I had urged him, he said that in recess some of the boys asked each other what their father did. One said his father was a plumber; another, that he was a carpenter, and when they came to my boy, who said his father kept a saloon, one of them said that it was the meanest kind of business, and I could see they all felt the same way. That made me feel awfully ashamed: so, father, if you will only give up the saloon I'll do anything I can to help you. With that he threw his arms around my neck, and, sobbing, begged me to give it up. Well, the end of it was I sold out. I don't make so much money as I did selling liquors, but it goes farther, and we have a happy home; my wife can help along, because decent people come here for their meals, but before I did not like to have her around, there was so much low talk. My boy has been as good as his word. I couldn't ask for a better son."

My brother thanked the man for his confidence, and after giving his hearty approval went his way.—Julia Billings, in the Little Christian.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

A STATEMENT was recently made in the German Reichstag that there are eleven thousand persons in hospitals in Germany who are suffering with delirium tremens.

THE slave trade has been to Africa a great evil, but the evils of the rum trade are far worse.—Rev. James Johnson, Missionary in Africa.

IN 1893 one in seventeen deaths which occurred in Switzerland were ascribed to drinking habits (including women and children).

IN the city of Fort Worth, Tex., fifteen hundred arrests of women were made in the last year, nine-tenths of the number, at least, for drunkenness.

THE Canadian Temperance league recently presented a gold medal to the pupil in the public schools of Toronto who passed the best examination in the study of temperance and physiology.

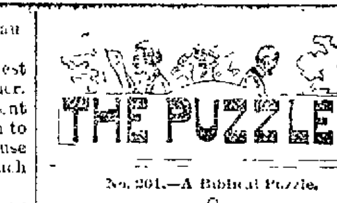
THE Massachusetts legislature adopted an investigation law, giving the state bureau of statistics five thousand dollars with which to conduct an investigation of the relation of the liquor traffic to crime, pauperism and insanity.

DO you ask me to give up what to me is a lawful gratification because another man is a drunkard? Yes, if you do not need the total-abstinence pledge for yourself sign it for the sake of those who are weak and need help.—John B. Gough.

THE native kings are petitioning the government to stop the liquor traffic. It is ruining their people. One king says, if they continue, it will cause him to leave his country and go where the white man's rum can not reach his people.—Hon B. Bowrer, United States Consul at Sierra Leone.

—Countess Alesio, of Turin, who has lately celebrated her one-hundredth birthday, accompanied her husband through all the horror of the Moscow campaign while she was a bride of eighteen. Her faculties are still in excellent condition, and her health permits her to spend several hours a day in piano practice.

—"Hark, the glad sound" is regarded as the masterpiece of Philip Doddridge. It was written by him to be sung at the close of a Christmas service in 1735.



No. 201.—A Biblical Puzzle.

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      O
    o O o
  o o O o o
o o o O o o o
o o o O o o o
  o o O o o
    o O o
      O
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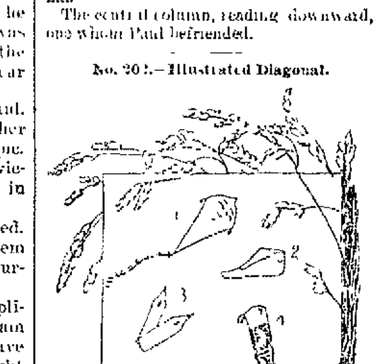
1 A letter in Ezra. 2 A nephew of Abraham. 3 An apostle. 4 A country on the route to which was an Ishmaelite city. 5 A high priest's servant. 6 A prophet. 7. A city where God appeared to one of the patriarchs. 8. A letter in Suzannah.

The central column, reading downward, one whom Paul befriended.

No. 202.—Illustrated Diagonal.



All the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right hand letter) will spell the name of a famous German writer, who during the 80 years of his life is said to have never traveled more than seven miles from his native city.—St. Nicholas.

No. 203.—A Charade.

My first, [illegible] worn by a man.
My second, an animal, guess if you can;
My third is something we all like to take.
Can you out of these a philosopher make?

No. 204.—The Lover's Task.

I am constrained to plant a grove
To please the lady that I love
This ample grove is to compose
Nineteen trees in nine straight rows.
Five trees in each row I must place,
Or I shall never see her face.

No. 205.—Double Acrostic.

Notel. Before. To utter reproach. To dazzle. The colored circle around the pupil of the eye. Approaches. To confound. Low. Scum of metals.

My primals and finals, read downward, name a noted Frenchman.

No. 206.—Word Squares.

A small vessel. One time. A measure of land. An English river.

To go quickly. A continent. A small brook. A story.

To lose color. A tree. A toy. Fish.

No. 207.—Central Acrostic.

x x X x x
x x X x x
x x X x x
x x X x x
x x X x x
x x X x x
x x X x x

1. A river of Italy. 2. An Athenian philosopher. 3. A river of Gaul, rising at the foot of Mount Jura. 4. A country of Africa. 5. A Greek who was the first king of Laconia in Peloponnesus. 6. A Roman goddess. 7. A celebrated Athenian commander who fought against the Spartans. The centrals spell the name of an ancient city.

No. 208.—Beheadings.

Behead to petition and leave a loud noise.
Behead to ravage and leave a period of time.
Behead to read and leave a stratagem.
Behead to point out and leave a musical sound.
Behead to infect and leave a quiet state.
Behead to escape privately and leave a leap.
Behead to descend and leave a beacon.

A Good Card Trick.

Take any number of cards and deal them face upward upon the table, noting in your own mind the first card dealt. Ask any number of persons each to note a card and to remember at what number it falls. When you have dealt all cards, you first look in your hand, take them up again without disturbing their order and turn them face downward. Invite the company to take any number they choose of the remaining cards, such number being unknown to you, and place them either above or below the cards you have dealt. Allow the cards to be cut, not shuffled, as many times as the audience may please. Now, for the first time, ask each person for the number of his card, and on being informed deal the cards again, turning them face upward. When the original first card appears, count silently on from this, as number one, to the number mentioned, at which the chosen card will again appear. Should all of the cards be dealt out without reaching the required number, turn the cards over again and continue from the top of the pack until the number is reached.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 191.—Numerical Enigma: "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

No. 192.—A Fishpond: 1. Halibut (haul I butt). 2. Her-ring. 3. Pike. 4. Lamprey. 5. Haddock. 6. Carp. 7. Perch. 8. Pout. 9. Sucker (succor).

No. 193.—Transpositions: Warred, warder, drawer, reward.

No. 194.—Charade: Rail-road.

No. 195.—Pictorial Acrostic: F-lag. I-gloos. B-ear. R-eindeer. E-skimo. S-ledge.

No. 196.—Riddle. Lead pencil.

No. 197.—Progressive Enigma: Aix-la-Chapelle.

No. 198.—A Poultry Problem: Twelve turkeys, 13 geese, 75 chickens.

No. 199.—Checkered Square:

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O U T P O S T
U   A   R   A
T A B B I E D
P   B   N   P
O R I N O C O
S   E   C   L
T A D P O L E
```

No. 200.—Hidden Creatures: 1. Bee. 2. Moth. 3. Wasp. 4. Slug. 5. Snail.

ONE DRUMMER'S MISTAKE.

He Took the Wrong Traveling Bag and Didn't Find It Out Until Too Late.

The small traveling bag is used for a good many purposes nowadays. Office girls carry them, typewriter girls use them, and women who sell books disguise their real business with them. The latest use to which they have been put is for marketing. The idea is said to have been originated by a young married woman who wanted to go to market, but who wouldn't be seen coming therefrom with her arms full of packages or a basket in her hand.

At last she hit upon the idea of the traveling bag. That would do first rate. It looked business-like. It was far better than a clumsy basket. The idea was approved by other young wives, and now when young women are seen in the street in the evening carrying traveling bags they are probably headed for the market.

One of these neat, prudish young wives lives in an up town flat. She is the right kind of a woman, for she helps her husband by driving close bargains on meat, vegetables and provisions generally. She enjoys marketing and has one of the popular russet leather bags in which to carry home her purchases.

This little woman has a brother who is a commercial traveler, and most of his time is spent on the road. The other evening the young wife returned from a marketing trip and placed her traveling bag on the dining room table while she went to remove her hat and gloves.

Suddenly there was the sound of steps outside the door, and a moment later a strong shake was given it, and a hearty voice outside said:

"Let me in, Lou. I've got just three minutes to spare."

It was her brother. She hadn't seen him for months. She threw the door open. The brother rushed in, put his traveling bag down on the table and wrapped his sister in his arms.

"I leave for Buffalo tonight, Lou," he said. "I was going by on my way to the train, and I thought I'd drop in to get a look at you."

Three minutes were spent in lively conversation. Then with a "Goodby, Lou! Give my regards to the old man," the traveling brother picked up a traveling bag and ran down stairs.

He reached Buffalo that night, and when he went to his room to retire he opened the traveling bag to get a nightshirt. But he didn't find it. What he did find were three tomatoes, a small head of cabbage, an eggplant, a box of baking powder, two boiled crabs, a bunch of celery, lettuce, four lamb chops and a small package in which were samples of dress goods. The traveling bag belonged to his sister.—New York Herald.

"How old is your mother, Bobby?"

"I don't know sir, but she must be pretty old. Why, she was married before I was born."—New York World.

Fruit House Prices for 1894.

There has been many changes and reverses the past year in politics, as well as in business affairs. The lessons taught ought to be of much value in the future. If it be true, the recinding of the Sherman act is a blessing to the country. Then the fewer we have of such blessings the better. If the country is to keep on growing half millionaires and half paupers, then we are in as much danger as when Lincoln made the declaration that we cannot exist as a nation half slave and half free.

There has been great depreciation in many goods, none more so than on sugar. It is so low now that you can purchase a barrel at about the same price as 100 lbs a few years ago. The Sugar "Barons" are uneasy that congress will take steps to break up their trust, hence the stocks have taken a tumble and the sugar went with it. The reduction is equal to 1½c in the last two months.

Crushed and Powdered, 5½c.
Standard Granulated, 5¼c.
Coffee A. 5c.
Extra C, 3¾c.

Of course it cannot be expected these unprecedented low prices can long continue, hence would recommend liberal purchases now. There is no possibility of going lower. So with

TEAS.

They are unusually low. When you can purchase a pound of Good Tea at the same price as a pound of Coffee, it is natural the Tea will be preferred, for one pound of tea will go as far as two pounds of coffee, and in consequence is much more economical. Our Tea Trade is growing continually. We sell them at a small profit, this we can afford to do, for we purchase in large lots direct from the importers, and resell direct to our customers, thereby saving to our customers the intermediate profits of the jobber and speculator, which is at least 10c to 15c per pound.

Young Hyson, extra good, 20c.
Young Hyson, choice, 30c; best 50c.
Imperial, extra choice, 30c; best, 50c.
Gunpowder, extra, 30c; best 50c.
Uncolored Japan, 20c, 30c, best 50c.
English Breakfast, 30c; best 50c.
Oolong, extra Black Tea, 30c; best, 50c;
Tea Dust, 15c lb.

The 30c tea is good; in fact, we sell double the amount of this to any other. Our best 50c is high flavor—choice goods and no better in market.

COFFEE.

The coffee market has been controlled some by speculation, but mostly by the war in Brazil—in consequence of the war which is still going on, the supplies from Brazil are very uncertain, and not likely to be a settled market until the war ceases. The quotations are very firm and no decline looked for.

Rio Coffee, green, 20c; best, 21c.
All package coffees, 25c.
Rio Coffee, roasted, best, 24c.
Mocha, green, 30c; roasted, 35c.
Old Government Java, 27c; roasted, 32c.

Canned Goods, Fruits and Vegetables.

Standard Tomatoes, 3 lb can, 10c.
California Green Gages, 15c.
3 lb Pie Peaches, 9c.
3 lb Baltimore Peaches, 15c.
California 3-lb. Peaches, 20c.
California Apricots, 17c.

Machine Oils and Castor Oils.

Castor Oil down to 80c. per gal.
Fish Oil, 60c gal.
Golden Machine Oil, 30c gal.
Black Machine Oil, 20c gal.
Neatsfoot Oil, 70c gal.
Linseed Oil, boiled, 70c gal.

Syrups and Molasses.

New Orleans Molasses, 20c; best 40c gal.
Sorghum, extra nice, from Kentucky, 40c.
Golden Drips, 30c, best 40c gal.
Vermont Maple Syrup, 80c gal.

Raisins, Currants and Citrons.

These goods are exceedingly low. In fact, never in the history of the trade have they been so low. In place of being luxuries, they are so cheap they have become of every day use.

California Raisins, 5c per lb.
California London Layers, 10c.
Citron, Leghorn, extra nice, 15c lb.
California Muscatels, 8c.
Zantee Currants, No. 1, 4c lb.
Warsaw Blackberries 10c qt.

The 5c California Raisins are nice and fresh, all the difference not so large as the others.

Tobacco and Cigars.

Horse Shoe Plug, 43c lb.
Tico Plug, 23 lb.
Mail Pouch Smoking, 35c lb.
Cigars from 40c to $1.25 box.
C.C., $1.25 box.
J. T. Plug, 35c lb.
Durham Smoking, 45c lb.
Sweet Conqueror Smoking, 18c lb.
Harvest Gem, 40c box.
Royal Seal, 65c box.
All good smokers.
A B C Plug 25c plug.
Briar Smoking, 35c lb.
Crowing Hen, 50c box.
Sport, 90c box.

Wines and Liquors for Medical Purposes Only.

We handle nothing but Pure Domestic Wines—no Foreign goods.
Kelly Island Catawba, best goods, 80c gal.
California Angelica, very fine $1.25 gal.
Kentucky Bourbon, $1.25 gal.
Bourbon Extra, two years old, $1.40 and $1.75.
Gin and Catawba Brandy, $1.75 gal.
Scotch Ale, London and Dublin Porter, 20c bottle.
Port Wine from Kelly Island, $1.25 gal.
California, Muscatel, best, $1.25 gal.
Alcohol, full proof and pure, $2.50 gal.
Old 76, $2.50 gal.
Wine in Bottles, 30 and 40c bottle.
One-Year-Old Rye, $1.00 gal.

You Will Save 20c on the Dollar by Trading at

FORT WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE.

GOOD DETECTIVE WORK

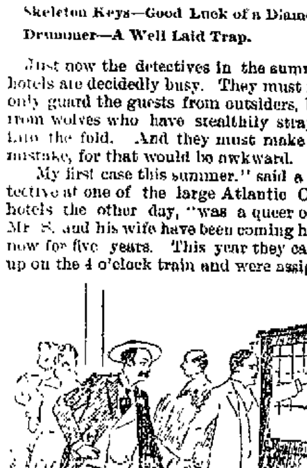
Guarding Unsuspecting Lodgers at Summer Hotels.

INGENUITY OF CUNNING THIEVES.

An Occupation That Requires Coolness and Judgment—Uses of Wigs, Spectacles and Skeleton Keys—Good Luck of a Diamond Drummer—A Well Laid Trap.

"Just now the detectives in the summer hotels are decidedly busy. They must not only guard the guests from outsiders, but from wolves who have stealthily strayed into the fold. And they must make no mistake, for that would be awkward.

My first case this summer," said a detective at one of the large Atlantic City hotels the other day, "was a queer one. Mr. S. and his wife have been coming here now for five years. This year they came up on the 4 o'clock train and were assigned to room No. 26, their old quarters. At 6 o'clock they came down stairs, left their room key in the office and went into the dining room.


"GIVE ME NO. 26."

"At 6 o'clock we change desk clerks, and this year we have a new man on duty from 6 o'clock to 12. He had never seen Mr. and Mrs. S. About 10 minutes after he came on duty a man stepped up to the desk and said, 'Give me No. 26,' adding pleasantly, 'You see, we have the same old room.'

"The clerk handed out the key and went back to his books.

"Ten minutes later the man returned, threw the key on the desk, gave the clerk a cigar and walked out.

"Now, Mr. and Mrs. S., after dinner, sat on the piazza awhile, listening to the music, and it was fully 10 o'clock when Mrs. S. went to the desk, asked for her key and went with her husband to their room. A minute after we were startled by the news of a burglary, and Mr. S., frantic with excitement, rushed down to tell us that all Mrs. S.'s jewels, her laces and valuable keepsakes of all kinds were gone, while trunks, gowns and satchels were torn in the hasty ransacking.

"I went to their room and found it all true, but who and where was the thief? 'I have not spoken to anybody in the place,' said Mr. S., 'except a man I met on the train, to whom I gave my card. I asked him to call and told him I should be in the room I had had for five years.'

"This was a good clew, and, with the description given by the clerk of the man who had asked for the key, I telegraphed all over the country. I was answered by other hotel detectives looking for the same man, and in a week we had our sleek bird landed in town, where he will remain for a year at least.

A Panel Jewel Thief.

"You know that hotel rooms mostly all lead into one another. When only one room is wanted, the door is locked between and a bureau placed against it. This was the case with Miss Varick's room. The dresser almost hid the door.

"One afternoon Miss Varick locked her door, took off her jewels, which were very handsome, and laying them upon the dresser with some other pieces which she intended to wear that night sat down in an easy chair by the window to read. The day was hot, and Miss Varick thought after that she might have dozed off. Anyway she awoke with a start, looked around the room, saw everything was all right, and was about to settle herself for another nap when she happened to glance at the dresser, only to find it empty of all her jewels. Not a ring even was left. She got up and stared at its marble top. It was as blank as a sheet.

"In the next room were two gentlemen, old men and very dignified. They left the afternoon of the robbery. As I afterward found, they left within five minutes after it was committed. I went to their room and searched the door, but there was nothing to show it had been unlocked. The big hook that held it was on Miss Varick's side of the door. Yet through that door seemed to me the only reasonable way of accounting for the robbery. The men had left very hastily.

"As I searched the door for the hundredth time I noticed that the paint around one of the panels was scratched. Picking at the fretwork around the panel, I lifted it out easily, and the panel I pulled toward me by inserting a nail in an old nail-hole.

PUSHED THE MIRROR FORWARD.

"'Now,' said I to Miss Varick, 'seat yourself where you were on that afternoon and keep your eyes upon the dresser.'

"Very quietly I slipped into the next room, took out the panel, pushed the mirror of the dresser forward and removed a pincushion from the top. Miss Varick sat watching me, with eyes wide open. 'The very sound that woke me that afternoon,' she exclaimed. 'It was the swinging of the mirror!'

"After that things were easy. We caught the thieves in Boston, but not until we learned to know them without the wigs and spectacles which changed them from well known crooks to respectable middle aged citizens.

A Diamond Drummer's Luck.

"A diamond drummer came up from the city to sell diamonds to the local stores. At dinner he got acquainted with one of our guests, an old patron, who has been coming here for years, and who is also very rich.

"After dinner they went to drive to the roadhouse, where they met two unescorted ladies, and all had dinner together. At dinner the drummer drank too much. He became very communicative and imparted the fact to all that he had $50,000 worth of diamonds in his inside pocket. 'I ought to have left them at the hotel,' said he, adding, 'I have never carried a pistol in my life.'

"Well, the drummer got so much under the influence of the champagne that he would not go home, declaring that he would stay at the roadhouse with more congenial company. In vain our old patron, Mr. Lambard, urged him. Return home he would not. And after an argument that rose almost to blows the drummer sank back in a drunken stupor, from which he could not be roused.

"Mr. Lumbard, after many efforts, all unsuccessful, started home, but not until he had reached into the drummer's vest pocket and got the packet of diamonds, which were in a long, slim chamois case. Next morning early Mr. Lumbard read his mail, scanned a telegram and announced that he must go home, saying: 'I may not return this season, as I am going north and maybe to Europe upon an unexpected journey. I will pay my bill now. Call the stage.'

"Within two hours after his departure the drummer came back to the hotel white with fright and now thoroughly sober. 'Where is that man?' he cried. 'Where is my dinner companion? He has robbed me of my package of diamonds!'

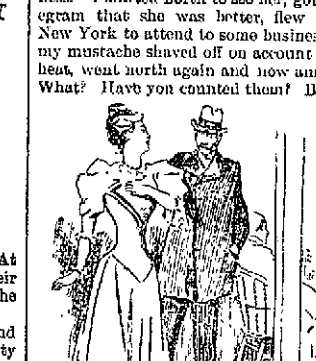
"Although the start had been a short one, the search for Mr. Lumbard was very long. He had apparently gone north, but must have either got over the Canada border or have redoubled his steps south. An outgoing Atlantic steamer could have been taken by him before noon, or he might be in disguise almost watching our operations.

"One day, after a month's search, I met the drummer, who had never left the house. 'I believe,' said I, 'that Lumbard is right in this very town, and we shall see.'

"'Right you are!' exclaimed a hearty voice, and with a slap on the shoulder Lumbard wheeled me about and clasped my hand. In a second the warrant was upon him.

"'What's this for?' he exclaimed, laughing. 'This is a good joke? What? Accused of robbing—diamonds? What? What?'

"Then as light came upon him he said: 'Why, those diamonds, the ones I took from the drunken drummer, are in your safe. I put them there that night. Next morning came word of my mother's illness. I started north to see her, got a telegram that she was better, flew off to New York to attend to some business, got my mustache shaved off on account of the heat, went north again and now am here. What? Have you counted them? Be sure they're all right. They wouldn't have been if I hadn't taken them away from him that night.'


"I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU."

A Cool Thief.

"This was one of the most serious hotel cases I have ever had, because a woman's fair name and fame were in question.

"I had noticed for some weeks that Mr. Blank was paying devoted attention to Mrs. Beech, although that lady's husband came up to the hotel twice a week and she was surrounded by five little children. She was evidently flirting with Mr. Blank, and that it was not quite open I believed from the reputation which I knew Mr. Blank to bear in the southern city from which he hailed.

"One day there came a letter from a fellow detective, telling me of a jewel robbery two weeks since that had baffled his efforts, and a day later, by a system we detectives have, came another letter from another detective, telling of a similar robbery. The jewels had disappeared at social functions, dinners, balls and concerts.

"I searched Mr. Blank's room during dinner and found nothing at all. That night Mrs. Beech appeared with a chatelaine watch precisely like the one described in a letter in my pocket.

"I did not wait a minute. Calling a hallboy, I said to him, stepping up behind Mr. Blank, so he could hear me: 'If you see Mr. Blank, tell him a gentleman from the Avergne hotel, on the seashore, is here and wants to see him. Go look for him now.'

"When I turned, Mr. Blank was gone, as I suspected he would be, and half an hour later I had the pleasure of learning at the desk that he had left for home and would not return. It was now plain sailing.

"'I would like to see you a minute,' said I later that night, tapping Mrs. Beech upon the shoulder. 'I have a message from Mr. Blank.'

"Smiling, she followed me into the reception room. But her smile soon faded.

"'Here is a warrant for your arrest,' said I, 'as being the receiver of stolen goods. I have a description of the articles. Will you give them to me now? Or shall I serve the warrant?'

"'For God's sake'—she began.

"'Give me the jewels, then,' I said. 'I will go to your room with you while you collect them. No. Mr. Blank is not here. He has left. He told me he had given you the stolen articles. He took them from the seashore places he has visited. He said I could get them from you. He described the articles, the rings, the bracelets'——

"Half carrying the almost fainting Mrs. Beech, I went to her room and got the things. Two days later I had the reward jingling in my pocket, and I felt that the end justified the means as long as it cured Mrs. Beech of her folly, as it certainly did, for she devoted herself to her children the rest of the summer. Mr. Blank was arrested later and is now in jail. If he ever sees Mrs. Beech again, they will discover the trap I laid for them."

A Youthful Giant.

A boy of gigantic proportions such as have never before been equaled by similar objects of curiosity is being exhibited in Berlin. His name is Carl Ullrich, and he was born in September, 1880. His father is a man of small stature, and his mother and their seven other offspring show no unusual proportions. Up to his third year Charles grew normally. From that time on he took a spurt toward an unusually rapid development. He is now nearly 6 feet tall and weighs 330 pounds. His head measures in circumference 37 inches. Hands and feet are enormously developed, the middle finger of each hand being in diameter the size of a silver dollar.

THE BIG BOY.

Professor Virchow, who has closely examined this juvenile monstrosity, states that all the bodily organs perform their functions normally, and that in all probability the giant youngster will surpass all giant men when he reaches his majority. Carl was a bright and active pupil at school and converses intelligently with his audience, although he has been in the museum but a very short time. He is today one of the attractions for which every proprietor of a museum makes a lively bid.

Irish Arts and Crafts.

An Irish arts and crafts society has just been formed in Dublin for the purpose of stimulating the industries of Ireland and attempting to raise the craftsmen to a higher artistic level.

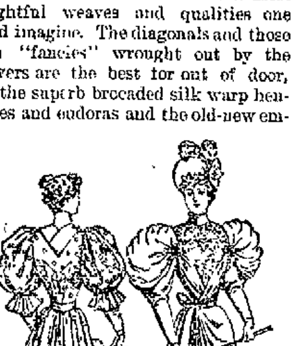
FOR NEW FALL GOWNS

OLIVE HARPER SAYS WORDS FAIL TO DESCRIBE THEM.

Dark Rich Colors and Handsome Weaves. Black Figured Wool Goods—New Fancies In Hosiery—Black Flannel Underwear. A Handsome New Cape.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—There are times when the English language fails to meet all the requirements, and that is when one wants to describe the flowers in a garden, the babies in the park and the new goods produced for fall and winter, or, in fact, for any new season. The prevailing colors are dark and rich, with so many new devices and designs in black that I shall try to mention but a few, and they are the new cheviots with all the richest and most delightful weaves and qualities one could imagine. The diagonals and those with "fancies" wrought out by the weavers are the best for out of door, and the superb brocaded silk warp henriettes and eudoras and the old-new empress cloth make the most beautiful visiting and church gowns. They bear the stamp of refinement about them. There are wonderful brocades of these goods, the most in small and curious patterns, but some of them have the persian palm leaf design. Such will be used for elegant wraps and be lined with fur or quilted cotton. Empress cloth and ribbed goods are seen in quantities in black, and I may here mention that all the daintiest and prettiest designs in the woolens are reproduced in the silks, not in black only, but in a multitude of colors.

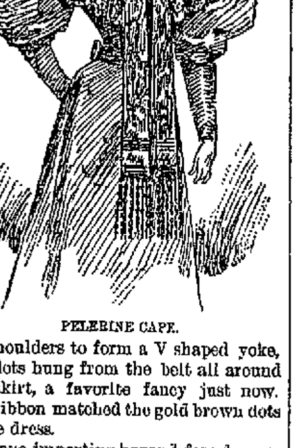

NEW FALL GOWNS.

The cravanettes, which resemble the finest serge or cheviot and are entirely waterproof, are shown in a variety of colors hitherto undreamed of. I cannot imagine how such a delicate and beautiful fabric could have been waterproofed without destroying its beauty as a dress material, but there it is. There is also a very pretty new stuff called marcellette, which is shown only in gray and black. It is brocaded and is lovely when folded so as to show all the lights it holds. The palm leaf and cockleshell seem to be the favorite designs for this. It is all wool, black and gray, with a few white and a few all black threads showing in spots.

The line of black figured wools is the finest of any ever presented and shows that black is expected to take the lead this season, but there are many very rich and pleasing stuffs in wool fancies of two tones. These have somewhat of an armure weave and show the two colors in iridescent gleams. Covert cloths in all the light tans, biscuits and all shades of brown will be much used for tailor gowns. These dresses are very stylish when well made and quite as dowdy when not. There is the usual line of cheviots, serges and plain mixtures, and also broadcloth in quite heavy weight. This last is produced in the greatest variety of color. Some of the light cheviots have tufts and dots of other colors.

Hosiery will all be of solid color this season. No more plaids nor nightmares nor flower gardens. The finest may be ribbed and openworked, also embroidered. Black flannel underwear for ladies will doubtless become a fad as well as the silken vests for those who prefer silk to wool next the body.

There was one very pretty gown for a young lady, made of a pale blue dotted silk, which had a novel arrangement of ribbon as trimming. It was plaited in the back above the belt and laid across the shoulders to form a V shaped yoke, and flots hung from the belt all around the skirt, a favorite fancy just now. The ribbon matched the gold brown dots in the dress.


PELERINE CAPE.

In one importing house I found something so stylish and useful that I present it. It was a stiff pelerine cape of white moire, bordered with black lace and two flat bands of black moire. The two tabs ended with a fringe of jet beads. This can be made in any material or color easily, and it can be worn with any gown indoors or out.

OLIVE HARPER.

A CENTER FOR REST.

Junius Henri Browne Among the Cape Cod Folk.

[Special Correspondence.]

QUISSETT, Mass., Aug. 30.—This hamlet, small as it is, is more than a century old and primarily bore the aboriginal name, Quiquamquisset. This would seem to be a kind of Latin-Indian name, though there is nothing Latin in it. After awhile it became Quamquissett, finally Quissett, and so remains, having a score of scattering houses, several shops, four pianos and a postoffice.

It is on Cape Cod, in Barnstable county, and is in a way the center of a widely dispersed populous summer colony, whose members have little knowledge of and almost no communication with one another. They usually stay far into October. It is situated within two miles or so of both Falmouth village and Wood's Holl and is some three miles from Falmouth Heights, a summering settlement of people from Boston and vicinity, who largely constitute the scattering community hereabout, with a number of New Yorkers to be found everywhere.

Many of the cottages in this district, to call it such, are handsome and costly, with fine, well kept grounds. Falmouth proper and Wood's Holl are ancient villages, owing their origin to the hardy whalers and mariners who were the first settlers of these New England coasts. The Cape Cod villages have not, like so many of the large Massachusetts towns, introduced manufactures to keep themselves alive, but the summer boarder, having introduced himself as a substitute, has served the same end. The whole length of the cape has within 12 or 15 years been invaded by summerers, most of whom board at hotels or what have been farmhouses, while the remainder occupy cottages of their own erection.

The Old Colony railroad, which has long run to Provincetown, has been effective in changing the character of the native population by modernizing it. The natives are still singular and primitive from the social center standpoint and are interesting on that account. They are pure Anglo-Americans, and like all people who are isolated and who associate exclusively with their own kind are individual, unconventional. I like them. They are shrewd, thrifty, but not remarkable for enterprise or financial accumulation, which circumstances do not favor, nor would they be if it did. The greed of money, charged often on the inhabitants of large cities, is in nowise shared by them. They are willing to earn money unless it is too much trouble, and they enjoy a leisurely sort of activity, a species of busy idleness, peculiar to this peninsula. They are indifferent and unimpressible, and showy folk from Boston or New York cannot awake their admiration or surprise by any kind of display or lavishness.

Their independence is complete. They are without reverence for king or kaiser, magnate or millionaire. Of humor they have a fund of the dry, quaint order, representative of this section, especially of this neck of land, that is congenital and unconscious. They are of sturdy stock and preserve their sturdiness unimpaired. The spirit of the old Norsemen is in them. They are quiet, reticent, courageous, daring and omniscient of the sea. They will perform a most heroic act without suspecting that it is beyond the ordinary and will brave death or offer to sacrifice life in the line of duty with expression unchanged, no superfluous syllable escaping their lips. They are Americans of Americans and should make us proud of our new old race.

Quissett, with its immediate neighborhood, is on the east side of Buzzard's bay, has a small, deep harbor to the west adjacent to a strip of land on which are a simple inn and a few cottages, skirted by the bay. Around the hamlet on high land overlooking the harbor are a number of cottages, whose inmates rarely visit the temporary dwellers on the other side of the harbor, nor do these visit those, so sufficient in the main are the summerers hereabout to themselves. The bay is separated from Vineyard sound only by the Elizabeth islands (Naushon, Pasque, Mashawend, Cuttyhunk and others), lying to the southwest, and the sound opens at either end to the Atlantic.

Thus Quissett, nearly surrounded by water, has breezes from the harbor, the bay, the sound and the open sea, from every point of the compass. Unlike most seaside places, it is environed with greenness and trees, having what would be called in the west rolling prairie, much resembling moors, as well as knobs, headlands and no little diversified scenery, splashed here and there with fresh water ponds and lakes. The place is scarcely known save in the neighborhood.

John M. Forbes, the Boston millionaire, owns Naushon and several contiguous islands connected by bridges and has his summer home there. So do his sons, Colonel William Forbes, whose wife is the elder daughter of the late Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Malcolm Forbes, owner of the famous yachts Mayflower, Volunteer and Puritan, often seen in these waters. The paternal Forbes is past 80, still hale and hearty and sails to many ports, domestic and foreign, in his superb steam yacht, the Wild Duck. He has used his vast fortune discreetly and generously and deserves the esteem and affection in which he is held by his wide circle of friends. On the other side of the bay are Nonquit, Mattapoisett, Marion, and on this side Buzzard's Bay, Monument Beach, Onset Bay, Gray Gables and other summer places. These abound throughout the vicinity.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

At the Brussels monetary conference it was developed that at present there is no less than $10,000,000 of counterfeit silver money in circulation in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Spain and Portugal.

Important.

An absentminded landlord called on a tenant to condole with him on the death of a valuable cow. The cause of its decease had been enveloped in mystery, and while explaining it the landlord, though a kind and sympathizing person, went off into the clouds. The last words of the narrative were, "And can you believe it, my lord, when we opened her we found she had been choked by a large turnip that was sticking in her gullet." Here the landlord woke up and in congratulatory tones of voice observed, "Ah, yes, and so you got your turnip?"—Argonaut.

Generous.

The new hired girl had a sweet face. She was not pretty, but interesting. Brown curls clustered upon her broad, low forehead, and there was a kindly light in her deep eyes.

"I might say," she observed, "that I have very conservative ideas as to the way a servant should be treated. I am very modest in my demands."

They sat breathless.

"All I ask," she continued, "is to be treated like one of the family."

They were too much overcome to speak.—Detroit Tribune.

Wrung From His Soul.

"Oh, come off!"

It was the appealing, horrorstruck, heartbroken outcry of a strong man in agony.

Mr. Kujones had seen his daughter Laura for the first time riding her bicycle in red bloomers.—Chicago Tribune.

How to Remove the Smell of Paint.

The simplest remedy is to open doors and windows and let in plenty of fresh air, but in many houses and in flats the air thus brought in is not enough. Large vessels of fresh water put in each room will soon be found to have a sort of film settled on the top and should then be changed, thus carrying much of the smell.

How to Make Pineapple Cream.

Beat half a pint of sweet cream until it is stiff. Peel and chop a pineapple and the juice of a lemon and two-thirds of a cup of powdered sugar. Dissolve an ounce of isinglass in a little hot water and mix all lightly together and pour into a mold. When wanted, turn it carefully on the dish in which it is served.

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

CAUSED BY THE WRECK OF AN AUSTRIAN BARK OFF BARNEGAT.

Two Lifeboats Upset on the Shoals—Brave Life Savers and Luckless Sailors Lost In the Surf—True Tales From the Life Savers' Logbooks.

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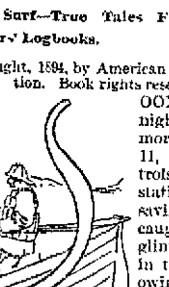


SOON after midnight on the morning of Feb 11, 1886, the patrols of Barnegat station of the life saving service caught occasional glimpses of flashes in the offing, but owing to the darkness and a dense fog they could not make out whether the effects were caused by lightning or the burning of signals by a passing vessel. When the patrols reported what they had seen to their comrades of the crew at the breakfast table at 5 o'clock, the circumstance was the sole topic of conversation, and after a hurried meal the keeper and his assistant went out on the beach and kept a sharp watch seaward until daylight. The first rays of dawn revealed on the southerly edge of Barnegat shoals the rigging of a vessel whose condition could not be made out through the dense fog. The men hurried back, and while the surfmen were getting the lifeboat to the beach Keeper Ridgeway telephoned to Keeper Grimm of Loveladies' island, the station south of Barnegat, asking for men. As the tide was low and favorable for a surfboat, the keeper concluded not to wait for help, and at 20 minutes of 6 the launch was made in a new boat of the most improved model. Keeper Ridgeway took the steering oar in his own hands, and six picked men, the most expert rowers in the crew, handled the paddles. The sea ran high before the gale, heavy breakers tumbling over the shoals and forming a powerful current along the shore, but the boat got off in a sheltered spot, and all went well until she reached the first line of breakers. There the sea was furious beyond anything the men had experienced in years. The boat in mounting the ridges sometimes stood almost perpendicular, and a feather's weight at the right point could have sent it toppling over backward. The rudder became a plaything of the seas, and the stout keeper was frequently lifted and tossed about as he clung to the steering oar. The sea steadily increased in violence as the tide arose, but by almost superhuman efforts the rowers put the boat within 50 yards of the wreck, which could now be made out through the shifting fog. She was a bark settled deeply in the sand, the waves riding completely over her decks and the hull showing every appearance of breaking up. No sign of life appeared upon the bark, and one of her boats was gone from the davits; hence it was plain that the shipwrecked crew had abandoned the luckless craft, whatever their fate subsequently.

Although there was no prospect of saving life from the wreck, Keeper Ridgeway gave orders to his oarsmen to make it if for no other reason than to get a breathing spell for themselves before attempting to battle with the surf on the return trip. But the men were already too exhausted to make headway against that formidable sea. There was no recourse but to get back to shore, yet how to do that was a problem almost as difficult as going ahead. Ridgeway decided that the boat could only be handled by keeping her head to sea, and in order to do that she must back toward the beach. Running before that terrible sea would be extremely hazardous, and, in fact, the boat would be as unmanageable in the driving surf as a log, and quite as unsafe for the men on board. Backing the boat proved slow work, as she shipped volumes of water, keeping one oarsman busy all the time with the baling bucket. Finally the keeper saw that the plan was hopeless. The boat could not live through the breakers on the shore edge of the shoals, and warning his comrades he awaited an opportunity to slew the craft around. The feat was accomplished without accident, and the oarsmen united in a strong pull for shore. Before the next run of breakers overtook them after the turn, they made 150 yards; then, holding the boat in check until the danger was past, they made another dash of 100 yards. The brave surfmen had made half the distance back between the wreck and the shore. Their comrades of the Barnegat station and also the crew of Loveladies' island, who had come up at the call of Keeper Ridgeway, stood upon the beach watching with anxious but hopeful hearts the desperate struggle in the surf. The new lifeboat was on trial, with seven gallant souls in her keeping, and the worst place of all had yet to be passed, a ridge of continuous breakers, which could not be avoided. The only way was for the surfmen to hold the boat against the mountainous waves and let them sweep past. To attempt to ride their crests would be madness. Equally hazardous, as it proved, was the method adopted, for at last, when the brave little band were pulling for dear life to outstrip a towering wave combing the sea behind them, it lifted a hollow crest close astern, to which the boat could not possibly rise, and in an instant came down with a crash, rolling the slender obstruction over and over in the savage, roaring surf. The men were cast out in all directions. One of them, Samuel F. Perrine, floated away in the breakers limp and lifeless, stunned probably by the shock of the huge wave. The rest of the crew struck out for shore, for they saw the boat whirling about in the sea like a log plunging through a rapids. All of them wore cork life belts, but the seas ran so high and with fury so great that they were tumbled about and half of the time submerged in spite of their struggles to keep their heads out of water. Ridgeway and Surfman Thompson first made shore, but it cost a struggle of half an hour to do it, and they were carried a mile down the shore from where the boat upset, so fiercely did the lateral current run between the shoal and the beach. Again and again they had attempted to land and were once almost on shore when the undertow carried them out again. Surfmen Reeves and Inman drifted still farther south and were hauled out of the water barely alive by the men of the crews who had witnessed the horrible catastrophe from shore, powerless to aid the victims. Surfman John Soper, Keeper Ridgeway's first assistant and an excellent swimmer, battled heroically with the surf and reached the swift lateral current in good condition, but when within 50 yards of shore an eddy carried him to sea again. After another hopeless struggle the watchers on shore saw his head sink forward, and from that moment he made no further effort, and when dragged from the surf the spark of life had fled. The remaining member of the crew and the oldest man in the party, Solomon Soper, lost consciousness soon after the boat capsized and was dead when taken from the water. The surfboat drifted ashore a mile below the accident, with three of her bottom planks split and other signs of damage in the terrible sea, the force of which may be judged from the fact that at 9 o'clock that day, within 14 hours of the time she struck, not a vestige of the stranded bark remained on the shoals.

WATCHING THE RETURN.

Meanwhile what fate had come upon the crew shipwrecked in that frightful midnight darkness, fog and storm? The vessel was the Kraljevica, bound from Marseilles to New York and carrying a crew of 14 men, captain included. At midnight she was running with all sail set before the northeast gale, keeping watch out for Barnegat light. But the impenetrable fog veiled the brilliancy of that beacon as well as the cliffs and bar, and without warning the bark struck Barnegat shoals with such force as to crush the ribs and planking of her hull. The sailors knew at once that the ship was doomed, for the water came surging and boiling up between decks, and the creaking and straining of masts and spars, with the grinding of the broken hull upon the shoal, announced to the terrified crew that her destruction would be swift and complete. The longboat was lowered, and into it the men climbed without waiting to secure a single valuable beyond what was on their persons. The captain started to go below and get some money from his locker, but he found the cabin floor broken up and a yawning vat, filled with rushing waters, stretching underneath the hatchway. All of the men took to the boat, leaving a flashlight burning on deck, the signal whose faint rays attracted the attention of the Barnegat patrol. The water being moderate, the boat was allowed to drift until daylight, the wind and current carrying her toward the shore. She had drifted nine miles from the wreck. As soon as the shore was sighted the boat was headed for the beach, and all went well until she encountered the breakers of the bar. There she was suddenly caught in cross currents and rapidly twirled over and over half a dozen times. During the commotion eight of the sailors struck out for the shore and were speedily drowned. The captain and five of the men managed to cling to the capsized boat, but could not right her, and after a desperate battle with the surf and undertow of more than two hours gained the beach, almost dead from exhaustion. At the same hour the survivors of the crews on Barnegat beach were dragging from the surf the lifeless forms of the three brave, true men who had offered their lives uselessly, though gallantly, in the cause of humanity.

THE SHIP'S BOAT.

By a singular freak of fortune the tidings of the wrecked Austrians did not reach the chain of life saving stations along the beach until 24 hours after the tragedies of the surfboat and lifeboat on the separate stretches of the coast. The Austrians who got ashore saw no sign of patrol or stations and roamed among the sand hills until they stumbled upon a hunter's cabin, where they found provisions and other supplies, and after cooking some food lay down to dry their clothing by the fire and fell into a heavy sleep. Meanwhile the dashing waves obliterated their footsteps on the sand, and the beach patrols passed up and down, little suspecting that means of solving the mystery of the wreck which had caused the calamity at Barnegat lay so close at hand. The body of one of the Austrian sailors had been found south of Barnegat, and it was supposed that the entire crew had perished. But about noon on the 12th the six Austrians started out from the cabin, and striking the beaten track of the life saving patrol followed it to a station, where they were welcomed and the news of their remarkable escape telephoned up and down the coast.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Too Fat to Walk.

Sitting as a profession would seem a novelty, but that is the profession followed by a man in Indianapolis. His name is Harry Jennings. He weighs 360 pounds, and his good nature is in proportion to his superabundance of flesh. So fat is he that walking is almost out of the question, but he manages to go from place to place where he serves at his profession. He has several customers. They are men who conduct offices, but who employ no clerks, and in order to keep their offices open while they go to lunch or other meals employ Jennings to occupy a chair and attend to business which may "drop in" during their absence. One of these offices has a telephone, and Jennings takes a seat at the telephone, where he will not have to stir during the hour he is on duty. His great pleasure is to sit in a reverse position in a chair, with his chin resting on the back. He will sit this way for hours without hardly moving. He draws a pension for obesity.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Cold and Warm Water.

Cold water is the salvation of the complexion. It strengthens the skin by stimulating circulation and renders it almost proof against chaps and eruptions. When the skin needs cleaning, warm water is absolutely necessary.—New York World.

How Pointed Shoes Injure the Feet.

The fashion of wearing pointed toes in boots and shoes has caused a very painful curvature of the toes, from which many people are at this moment suffering. The great toe is bent in and pushes one or more of the smaller toes out of position, raising them on one joint in a form which the doctors call "hammer toes." Surgeons have provided for this an apparatus which is to be worn all night, and if possible during leisure in the daytime.

This consists of a splint resembling a sandal, which fits along the base of the foot and is provided with tapes passed under and over the toes, so as to bend down the joint that has become raised. The cure is almost a painless one, and if persevered in may avert the operation of cutting the tendons underneath the toe.

Rare Postage Stamps.

The question, "Which are the rarest postage stamps in existence?" is one that it is difficult to answer, says Golden Days. One authority—a German philatelic journal—gives the following list: Mauritius postoffice 1 pence, $4,000; Mauritius postoffice 2 pence, $3,000; Sandwich islands, first issue, 2 cents, $1,200; British Guiana, 1856, 1 cent carmine, $725; British Guiana, 1850, 2 cents rose, $500.

Another philatelic paper claims the following is nearer correct, basing its claim upon the actual number of each stamp which is known to exist: British Guiana, 1856, 1 cent carmine; Sandwich Islands, first issue, 2 cents; British Guiana, 1850, 2 cents rose; Mauritius postoffice, 1 pence; Mauritius postoffice, 2 pence.

The History of the Cent.

The first American cent was "struck off" and put in circulation just 101 years ago, in 1793. Previous to that date several "pattern pieces" had been made, but they were experiments only and were never put in circulation. The so called "Washington cents," which existed previous to the date above given, were not issued by the government and were therefore only medals. The cent of 1793 was very similar to the large copper cents of later date, with the exception that the face of "Liberty" was turned to the right, and the legend "One Cent" was inclosed in a chain of 13 links.—St. Louis Republic.

Very Little Left.

A Kensington woman who suffers from kleptomania says she has taken about everything for it.—Tit-Bits.

Not Strange.

She—My father says this wine has been in the cellar 20 years.

He—I don't wonder.—New York Sun.

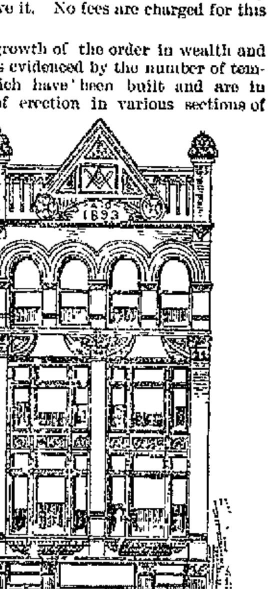
SECRET·SOCIETIES

MASONIC.

Peculiar Customs In the Land of Dikes. Masonic Temple, Wheeling.

Masonry in Holland has its striking peculiarities. For instance, the worshipful master, once elected, generally retains office till his death. The officers of the lodge are elected for periods of from one to three years, as the bylaws determine, and they may be re-elected. A Fellow Craft cannot apply for the Master Mason's degree, which is only given after a resolution of the Master Masons of his lodge at such times as they consider him worthy to receive it. No fees are charged for this degree.

The growth of the order in wealth and power is evidenced by the number of temples which have been built and are in course of erection in various sections of the country. There are in West Virginia about 5,000 Masons, and Wheeling contains a goodly percentage of them. The beautiful temple reared by the brethren there speaks well for the order in that city.


MASONIC TEMPLE, WHEELING.

Gnostic writers state that when the Rosicrucians were driven by persecution out of Germany they reappeared in England as Freemasons.

It is harder for the old Masons to unlearn than it is for the new ones to learn.

Masonic bodies, as a rule, are too kindly considerate in their treatment of spurious and clandestine organizations.

Old St. John's lodge of Melrose, Scotland, is said to have existed since 1535. There are records of it as far back as 1635.

Paul Revere, whose famous ride in 1770 is made the subject of song and story, was past master of King Solomon lodge of Charlestown, and afterward grand master of Massachusetts in 1795-6-7.

Freemasonry demands merit and proficiency which, with its rewards, are the strongest incentives for education.

To the influence of Masonry and the dissemination of its principles may be attributed many of the advanced ideas of today.

In Missouri a Mason who abandons his family and fails to furnish the necessaries of life is guilty of a Masonic offense.

The degrees of the blue lodge are termed symbolic degrees, of the chapter capitular degrees and of the commandery templar degrees.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

A Division of the Uniform Rank Loses Its Charter—Spear Points.

Illinois division, No. 9, uniform rank, Knights of Pythias, has been deprived of its charter by Brigadier General Barclay of Springfield. This division was instituted within a year and had about 330 members. The consequence of the loss of the charter is that all the members will be hereafter ineligible to membership in any other division of the uniform rank in the United States. They are absolutely debarred from the uniform rank, but not from the order altogether. The offense was holding a picnic on Sunday and allowing liquors to be sold, both of which acts are violations of Pythian law. The disfranchised division will appeal to the Illinois grand lodge.

The supreme lodge Knights of Pythias has been incorporated by special act of congress.

The following decision has been made by the grand chancellor of Indiana: One engaged in delivering beer for a brewery to customers is engaged in the retail sale of intoxicating liquors and is ineligible to membership in the order.

The Ohio Pythian home has nearly 20 residents, and applications coming in from all parts of the state.

The shortage in cash of the supreme lodge of $69,476, caused by the failure of Robinson & Co., bankers, of Wilmington, Del., has been settled by the payment of $50,000 by the bondsmen of S. J. Willey, ex-S. M. of E., this being the amount of his bond.

UNITED WORKMEN.

Praise For the Grand Medical Examiners. Chips From the Shop.

Supreme Medical Examiner Richardson bestows this meed of praise on the grand examiners: "A study of the reports of the several grand medical examiners of the various jurisdictions shows that there is a keen oversight of our medical matters all along the line. The percentage of rejections shows that they have been on the alert and performed their duty fearlessly. Out of 54,083 applications 3,824 have been rejected."

The order is very strong in the northern, eastern and most of the western states.

The percentage of net increase on average membership for the entire order in 1893 was 5.93.

The order is now paying out over $700,000 per month to beneficiaries.

The supreme lodge granted charters to all grand lodges of the Degree of Honor instituted during the recess.

Knights and Ladies of Honor.

The prize banner for the largest net gain of relief fund members was again won by Orient lodge of Beachmont.

On June 1 the order had 66,980 relief fund members and 9,585 social members.

New York had 9 deaths and Illinois 10 on the August assessment call.

ODD FELLOWS.

Trouble In Kansas Over the Orphans' Home. Lodge Jottings.

The Orphans' home difficulty in Kansas is proving disastrous to the order. During the past few weeks the grand master has found it necessary to suspend 40 subordinate lodges for insubordination in resisting the payment of the $1.50 per capita tax for the support and maintenance of the De Boissiere Orphans' home. The membership of these lodges aggregates over 3,000 members, and they are cut off from all rights and privileges of the order not only in the subordinate lodges, but in the encampment, canton and Rebekah lodges as well.

Ohio has 62,000 members and has but 78 representatives in its grand lodge.

A member is due to be charged with dues from the time of his initiation.

The grand sire has honored Illinois by placing our distinguished brother, J. O. Humphrey of Springfield, as a member of the committee on appeals for the S. G. L.

An exchange truly says that the noble grand should be one of the best posted parliamentarians in the lodgeroom.

To Odd Fellows' wives it may be urged that they see that their husbands' dues to the lodge are kept paid.

The startling statement is made that 21 past grand representatives have died since Memorial day. Such excessive mortality is unusual.

Foolish Woman!
You can't spare the time to measure your Pearline? Well, that helps us, but it's lucky for you that an overdose of Pearline does no harm. It's only extravagance. Beware of a dose of the imitations.
You can get just as good work with enough Pearline as with too much. Use it as it ought to be used, and don't waste it, and you can't think that it's expensive. To get the best results from Pearline, use it just as directed. You'll save more of everything than with anything else. If your grocer sends you an imitation, return it, please. 388 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Texas has 105 lodges, with 7,478 members. The receipts for 1893 amounted to $102,749.75.

Concordia Rebekah lodge of New York reports its assets as aggregating $3,827.57.

Odd Fellowship, drawing its inspiration from holy writ, rejoices in the fact that of all historic friendships none surpasses that of Christ.

The grand lodge of Oregon has appropriated $500 to enable the grand master to make official visits to the lodges.

A member of a lodge may not vote on any question relating to the fiscal affairs of his lodge in which he has a direct personal interest.

It is not lawful to allow the regalia of the order to be used in public in the performance of a drama on the stage, even though the drama shall be intended to illustrate the principles of Odd Fellowship.

The grand lodge of Arkansas voted $300 to the president of the Rebekah state convention for railroad fare for one year.

Every brother is an Odd Fellow for what he is, and not what he has.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

The Order Was Never In a Better Condition—Notes and Gossip.

The Royal Arcanum never was in better condition than it is today. It has on hand plenty of money with which to pay all claims as fast as they mature. Its claims are paid immediately upon presentation when the proofs are correct, as they have been for 17 years.—Supreme Regent Hazzard.

The cost of $3,000 protection in the Royal Arcanum is considerably less than the same protection costs in the best managed old line company.

Agassiz council, North Cambridge, Mass., has compiled a neat card for its members, giving scale of assessment rates and other interesting information.

The form of application was amended at the seventh annual session of the supreme council, but the present form is legal until Oct. 1, 1894. After that date only the new form will be legal.

Jake Marx, Esq., of Ozark council, No. 418, Springfield, Mo., has been appointed deputy grand regent for the three new councils recently instituted in southwest Missouri.

Samuel H. Rice joined Mound City council, St. Louis, July 7 and died of typhoid fever July 21. His family received $3,000.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

How a Lodge Increased Its Membership. Here and There.

Prospect lodge, No. 2,193, New York, increased its membership over 73 per cent in the first quarter of this year by giving entertainments to which the families and friends of the members were invited. After awakening interest in the order an offer was made to take in new members free for a limited period, and the result was a large increase and a reduction of the average age from 50 to 42 years.

Three assessments were called in August.

By a recent fire in Hudson, Mass., Hudson lodge lost everything except one ritual, a past dictator's badge, the treasurer's book and the seal of the lodge.

The supreme lodge Knights of Honor has no control over the matter of sick benefits, except as provided by section 5, article 7, of the constitution governing subordinate lodges.

Should the office of grand reporter become vacant, the grand dictator alone, during the recess of the grand lodge, is vested with the power to appoint to fill the vacancy.

Red Men.

Sustain your new chiefs with your encouragement. Do not pick flaws. Do not be one that knows it all. In other words, be fraternal and forbearing.

The great sun's council fire of the great council of Rhode Island was kindled in the hunting grounds of Providence Aug. 14. The council was well attended.

The Association of Tribes, composed of representatives of the various tribes of the Improved Order of Red Men in the city of New York, held a big picnic, including games and an Indian encampment, recently. There are 2,700 Red Men in New York city.

American Legion of Honor.

Initiations in New York state have been at the rate of 125 a month this summer.

George Gray Barnard, who took the grand prize in the French salon of 1894 for portrait painting, has been initiated into Good Will council, No. 717, Brooklyn.

During the year ending June 30, 1894, there were 1,944 initiations in the councils in New York state. The number of initiations during the same period in the entire order was 4,964.

Knights of the Maccabees.

Aug. 14 was observed at Toledo by the Maccabees of Ohio, Michigan and Indiana in commemoration of the institution of the order in the Buckeye State.

Great Lady Commander Lillian Hollister, L. O. T. M., of Detroit has demonstrated her ability to handle the reins of government.

The ladies of the Maccabees of Michigan are exceedingly busy humming in their hives.

One Explanation.

Gwendoline—I'm at a loss to account for the fact that Mr. Crandall has more enemies than any man I know.

Seward—I think he must go through life acting the part of a candid friend.—Vogue.

A Lucky Fellow.

"Jones is a lucky fellow."

"How?"

"Got elected coroner, fellow who run against him dropped dead, Jones sat on him and made $5!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Still In Doubt.

Bell—What day are you to married?

Nell—The dressmaker hasn't decided yet.—Tit-Bits.

Do you ask for my secret
Why my teeth are pearly white?
Why my breath is ever fragrant?
And my gums are rosy bright?
My secret's oft been told before—
Use SOZODONT. And nothing more.

A KING'S LAST BATTLE.

How a Buffalo's Life Was Sacrificed to a Pack of Wolves.

As the moon came up to render night almost as light as day we heard a curious sound from over the ridge to the south, and after listening for awhile three or four of us took our guns and started out to investigate. On the far side of the ridge a thicket thrust itself down into the open from the east like a tongue, and at the outermost end of this thicket, and using it to protect his rear from assault, was a buffalo bull. In a semicircle in front of him sat eight large mountain wolves. For a year the bull had been skulking and hiding from the sight of man—the last of untold thousands if not of all the herds which once roamed the prairies and left trails 3,000 miles long as they shifted from north to south. In the cover of the thickets he had escaped the eye of man, and when the wild beasts had tracked him down he had fought them off. On this night he had come out of his lurking place when our camp grew quiet to satisfy his hunger on the rich green grass, but the camp had attracted the wolves, and they had encountered him in the open. He could not hope to outstrip them in flight, but he would fight them off or die fighting.

As we sat down on the crest of the ridge the moon cast our shadows almost at the feet of the combatants. The buffalo raised his head and stared full at us, and the wolves shifted about uneasily till they saw we had come as spectators. Then they began worrying him again. It was their growls as they leaped in and out and feinted and dodged which had reached our ears in camp. They separated to worry him four on a side. In a minute we could see that their object was to annoy and provoke him until his anger forced him to make a charge. Then they would complete their circle, and he would be doomed. It was not his first battle with wolves. Since fleeing from the sight of man he had learned strategy. He held his massive head ready to strike the sharp horns to the right or left, but he did not tire himself with useless efforts. For 10 minutes he seemed to give them no attention, but then, as one beast, bolder than the rest, ran in, he was caught on the horns and tossed high in the air and fell to the ground to crawl away and lay whining and complaining. The others gathered together as if for consultation, and then the seven rushed together for the bull's hind feet. They were clear of his horns and fore feet, and no doubt he received several bites before he moved. He wheeled as if on a pivot, rolled two or three of his assailants over and over on the grass, and in 10 seconds had resumed his former position. One of the wolves was killed outright, and another crawled out of the fight with broken bones. The battle had not been on over a quarter of an hour, and yet the bull had reduced the number of his assailants to five.

The five wolves began their worrying tactics again, but they had met their match. They simply wore themselves out while the bull remained fresh. When they would draw away for a moment, he would look up at us in a defiant way, as if expecting that we had come as assailants, but now that his blood was up he defied us. By and by five fresh wolves came galloping down along the edge of the thicket. They had not been summoned by any signal that we had heard, but had probably heard and scented the battle from afar off. The worrying began again, but there was ferocity in it now. They leaped at his head, his shoulders, his haunches and feet. He caught them on his horns and tossed them aside, and he rolled them over as he struck with his hoofs, and once more he fought them to a standstill. Shoot him down? No! If die he must, let him die fighting. Drive away the wolves? Of what use when they have tasted his blood and would track him to his covert?

As the wolves drop down to pant and loll for a moment we see more fire come into the bull's eyes, and he paws the earth and utters a rumble like distant thunder. The remembrance of 100 fights, when he led a herd, comes back to him and puts courage in his heart. He fears neither man nor wolf. He bellows a menace at us, and he shakes his head at them as bidding them come on. Now they play him a trick. Half of them trot away to the right and the other half to the left, and for a minute he believes they have given up the fight. Then both packs suddenly turn and rush upon him at full gallop. They bite him in a score of places. They leap over his back. They seize his shaggy coat and pull and worry. With loud bellows of rage and pain, he uses horns and hoofs in defense, and for five minutes he makes a gallant fight. Then despair suddenly comes to his heart and he would run away. He makes a rush, clearing a path with his horns, but he has not gone 30 feet when the muscles of his hind legs are bitten through, and he totters and falls. It is the end. In a quarter of an hour his bones will be picked clean. A bullet would have brought a more merciful death, but he could have made no fight for his life. He had been king of the herd. Let him die as a king.

M. QUAD.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at Dreier & Bro.'s Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only Fifty cents at Dreier & Bros.' drug store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dreier & Bro.

Why send your Portfolios to Chicago to have them bound in padded binding? THE SENTINEL has a book bindery, and can do this work equal to any other, and save you express charges.

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THE SENTINEL

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..........TO GET!

WANTED—Good girl for general housework, at 99 East Wayne street. 20-tf

WANTED—A good girl for general housework. Apply at 231 Barr St. 30 tf

WANTED—Good girl who can cook and do general housework. Apply at 134 Calhoun street. 27-tf

WANTED—Traveling salesmen for Mich., Indiana and Illinois. Good references required, box 101, Toledo, Ohio. 10-22t

WANTED—Engineer in coop-rage works, to take care of heading mill etc. Must be steady man and good machinist. Paul Weidaum, Paulding, O. 30-3t

WANTED—Washing, ironing and house cleaning, or other work suitable for a woman to do. Address Mrs. Elizabeth Hazzard, No. 61 Hayden street. 12-tf

WANTED—Traveling salesman of good address by reliable house. Write giving experience, and inclose addressed, stamped envelope, box 1, Toledo, O. 10-22t

WANTED—Good business or residence property in exchange for vacant lots. Will assume encumbrances or pay cash, difference for the right sort of improved property. John Breibelbiss, 3 and 4 Pixley Long Block. 19-1m

WANTED—An agent in Fort Wayne and all other unoccupied territory for our Electric Door (name) plates, house numbers and signs. Readable in the dark; profits 100 per cent; agents make $5 to $15 daily. Write for free sample with your own name in. New Era Company, 167 Dearborn St., Chicago. jy13-1mo

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TERRE HAUTE, IND.—A COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING. Well endowed, well equipped. Courses in Mechanical, Electrical, Civil Engineering and Chemistry. Extensive Machine Shops, Laboratories, Drawing Rooms, Library. Expenses low. Address H. T. EDDY, Pres't.

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FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Dwelling No. 142 East Berry street, all modern improvements. Inquire at 140 East Berry. 22-tf

FOR RENT—Four unfurnished rooms, water and gas, suitable for small family, 123 West Main street. 25-2t

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished room, two squares from Calhoun street. Inquire at 81 E. Washington street. 28-tf eod

FOR RENT—One large front room for man and wife or two single gentlemen, rent reasonable, at 63 W. Main street. 1-2t

FOR RENT—A furnished room, or suite of rooms, good location. Inquire at Lehman Book and News Co., 81 Calhoun St. 21tf

FOR RENT—Brick dwelling No. 50 East Washington St., eight rooms, bath room, furnace, gas and water. Inquire O. P. Morgan. 30-t eod

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished rooms to gentlemen only. All modern conveniences. Rent reasonable. 144 East Washington street. 5 1mo

FOR RENT—House of seven rooms, good cellar, hard and soft water, and natural gas, at 191 East Wayne St. Enquire at 190 East Wayne St. 31-2t

FOR RENT—New house with five rooms; also cottage with five rooms, both have good cellars, well, cistern and gas, at 77 Hoagland ave. Inquire at 79 Hoagland ave. 29-tf

FOR RENT—Houses Nos. 19 and 21 West Jefferson St., just of Calhoun St. Bath rooms will be put in for parties desiring to take a lease on the property. For particulars, call on S. C. Lumbard. 30-3t

FOR RENT—Three unfurnished rooms, centrally located being only 10 minutes walk to Court house; water and gas in same, suitable for man and wife for light housekeeping. 177 Griffith street. 16-tf

FOR RENT—OR SALE—A good bakery with all fixtures in store and bake shop complete. Only one bakery in town. A good baker can make money. Call an investigate. A. Munn, Garret City, Ind. 29-6t

FOR RENT—Dwelling 237 and 501 Lafayette St; dwelling 209 Harrison and 32 Brackenridge streets; dwelling 8 and 10 Locust St., rooms 2nd floor, corner Fairfield avenue and Locust street; 4-room dwelling St. Marys avenue; dwellings Nos. 24 and 25 Brandriff street; large two story brick dwelling Spy Run avenue; dwelling 142 East Berry street, modern improvements; flat No. 38 Harrison street, 2nd floor, bath and closet; a nice cosy dwelling 24 Jones street; a few fine dwellings on West Superior street; a good 5-room dwelling on Prospect avenue; a good dwelling and stable on Bultes avenue; 6-room dwelling No. 77 North Cass street.
SCHRADER & WILSON, 1st floor, No. 7 Court St.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—A nice home of eight rooms, at a bargain if taken within eight days. Inquire at 101 Lake ave. 1-6t

FOR SALE—Scotch Collie dogs; three very choice male puppies. Inquire of John Dimon, two miles north Catholic Orphans home on Lima road.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—One lot in Burgess second addition, city of Ft. Wayne, will trade for horse and carriage, or will sell cheap. Inquire at 83 Calhoun Street, up stairs. 31-6t

FOR TRADE OR SALE—160 acres of fine western land near city of 4,500 inhabitants. Will exchange for city real estate or most any kind of property in Allen county. Address "Western Land," care of Sentinel. jul17d&w1m

FOR SALE—Or trade for other property of less value in this city: Drug stock, store building with two lots attached too, and fine residence near the store building; both properties are supplied with city water and natural gas. The location is the best in the eastern part of the city. Call or address at 57 Holton avenue. 21-tf

FOR SALE OR RENT—By the Fort Wayne Land and Improvement Co., a six room cottage; rent, $12.50 per month; or will sell on monthly payments of $18 per month. House is situated in Lakeside, three blocks east from bridge. Apply at office of the Land and Improvement Co., Room No. 12, Pixley & Long block.

BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE.

Twenty-five houses and lots for sale or trade on farms; also one 400 acre farm to sell or exchange for city property, and one 365 acre farm, and two 200 acre farms, and one 160 acre farm, and three 80 acre farm, and two 120 acre farms, and one 35 acre farm, and one 40 acre farm, and one ten acre tract; also down as low as two acres. For particulars call on Keplinger & Co., at Dr. Niswonger's office 33 Calhoun St., up stairs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LARGE profits upon a new plan of life insurance. For life insurance or business men who will act as Managers, General, Local or Special Agents for a well-known life insurance company. In the short time the policy has been in the hands of our agents it has been unusually profitable to them. We are reorganizing our territory. Liberal terms to good men guaranteed. Address, United Life Insurance Association, 271 Broadway, New York. 1-s5t

LOUIS F. CURDES,

Real Estate Agent, Rooms 3 and 4 Bank Block.

Farms for sale, or trade for city property. Building lots in all parts of the city, on terms to suit the purchaser. I have any number of houses and lots, ranging in price from $400 to $20,000; several choice business blocks for sale, very cheap. Money to loan.

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT is sold under positive written guarantee, by authorized agents only, to cure Weak Memory; Loss of Brain and Nerve Power; Lost Manhood; Quickness; Night Losses; Evil Dreams; Lack of Confidence; Nervousness; Lassitude; all Drains; Loss of Power of the Generative Organs in either sex, caused by over-exertion, Youthful Errors, or Excessive Use of Tobacco, Opium or Liquor, which leads to Misery, Consumption, Insanity and Death. By mail, $1 a box; six for $5; with written guarantee to cure or refund money. Sample package, containing five days' treatment, with full instructions, 25 cents. One sample only sold to each person by mail.

Gross & Pellens sole agents, 94 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

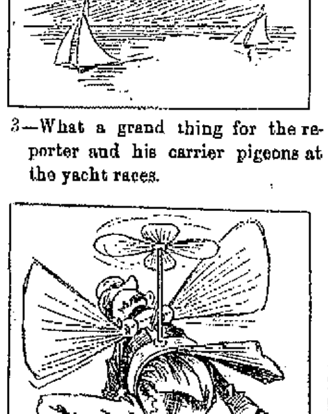
AS IT WILL BE

When the Maxim Flying Machine Gets Into Use.

1—Look out for the chickens.

2—Think of dodging the collector, and the Mother-in-law.

3—What a grand thing for the reporter and his carrier pigeons at the yacht races.



4—What a boon to the base-ball umpire.

MAY BE CALDWELL.

The Nickel Plate President May Succeed Newell

And Become President of the Lake Shore—News About the Railroads.

A private telegram received from New York leaves but little room for doubt as to who the next president of the Lake Shore road, to succeed the late John Newell, will be. The new president will be D. W. Caldwell, president of the Nickel Plate road. It was decided by the Vanderbilts that they would not go outside the circle of their roads to find a president for the Lake Shore, and as Mr. Caldwell was deemed the most thoroughly equipped man for the position, they decided upon him. The appointment will be officially announced at the proper time.

RAILROAD NEWS.

J. D. Kleinmeyer has gone to Chicago on a visit to friends.

Alf. Throckmorton, of the blacksmith shops, is sick and off duty.

Julius Koch was called to Lima Ohio, yesterday by the death of a sister-in-law.

Most of the big manufactories of the city will be closed Monday on account of Labor day.

E. A. Ford, general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg, who has been on the Pacific coast for a month, has returned to his headquarters at Pittsburg.

The new crop of cotton has commenced to move, making busing for the southern lines.

Jacob Backus, a boilermaker in the Pennsylvania shops, was sick and off duty yesterday.

Wabash passenger train No. 45, westbound, due here at 8:30 a. m., was two hours late today.

Matthew J. Grove, boiler inspector in the Pittsburg shops, was sick yesterday and was off duty.

S. D. Melsheimer, editor of the railroad department of THE SENTINEL, has gone to Petoskey for a few days' outing

Charles Yost, of Valparaiso, who has taken a position on the Grand Rapids road, is moving his family to this city.

Joseph Wood, general manager of the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg, has gone to the seacoast for a two weeks' rest.

David Clymer, formerly of the Chicago and of the Panhandle road, is now firing a freight engine on the Toledo division of the Wabash.

For the first time in more than a year the Pittsburg shops were operated an entire month during August without a reduction of hours to less than eight.

Charles Johnson, of the planing mill department of the Pennsylvania shops, who has been quite ill with malaria, is reported no better. Foreman Kretzinger visited him Friday evening.

C. S. Crane, recently appointed general passenger agent of the Wabash, says no changes will be made in the men in his department, the force of the late France Chandler having been an unusually good one.

The hearing of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie and the Panhandle lines in their demands for differentials between Pittsburg and Chicago, which was to have taken place September 11 has been postponed until October 3.

A pretty feature of the parade Labor day will be the handsome float which the employes of the Organ factory have erected to display their handiwork The employes will turn out in a body with the float, headed by the Organ Factory drum corps.

The general theme of conversation in and about the shops this morning was the great mile traveled by Robert J. yesterday, and everywhere THE SENTINEL reporter was greeted with some remark about it. Robert I. is now a great favorite in the shops.

The machinists were enjoying themselves at the expense of Mr. F. C. Meyer today in crediting the fast time at the Fort Wayne track yesterday to the excellent music furnished by the First Regiment band. It was all a joke and Charley seemed to appreciate it.

Councilman R. J. Fisher, secretary-treasurer of the Bass Foundry and Machine works, will leave next week for the Pacific coast where he will join Mrs. Fisher and daughter. Mr. Fisher will make an extensive tour of the Pacific coast states and the Northwestern Territory, remaining away about six weeks.

The excursion season to the watering places and summer resorts is about ended and daily people are returning from their summer outings. Now begins the big harvest excursions to Kansas, the Dakotas and the west. Railroads are preparing to haul large numbers to these places, but do not anticipate the traffic of the past two years.

Pennsylvania officials state that more immigrants have passed through Pittsburg this year westward than in any season for several years, and double as many in the first eight months of 1893. The company now sends all its emigrants west from Pittsburg over the Panhandle road. Formerly they were hauled over the Fort Wayne, and it was no unusual sight to see train loads of them at the south depot.

E. E. Harty, of Peru, will on Sept. 1 take the position of trainmaster on the Fort Wayne division of the Lake Erie and Western, vice H. R. Kramer, promoted. Mr. Harty has been train dispatcher of the Lake Erie and Western for some years. This office changes hands almost as often as the moon changes. Since Harry Crosby resigned, about two years ago, there have been eight or ten changes in the office.

The Baltimore and Ohio is experimenting with three new ideas that promise to make locomotives both noiseless and smokeless. The steam exhausts through a group of small pipes and passes out of the stack noiselessly, not making the noisy puff locomotives now do. It is said its operation lessens the quantity of coal consumed, and a new smoke burner has been patented which promises to make locomotives smoke less. The smoke burner is the invention of the master mechanic of the road.

Never before has a run been made on a southern road which has excited so much comment as that made by the Atlantic Coast line, from Jacksonville to Washington, on Monday last. Had it been made on a northern road less notice would have been taken of it. At one point ninety-six miles was covered in ninety-three minutes. Such speed as this is rarely made on a northern road. In fact, there are but very few northern lines which have made such speed in their most famous runs. It shows that, in the last few years, there has been great improvement in the tracks of southern lines, and the record of a run of 780 miles in 880 minutes will go a long ways to wards bringing southern roads into more prominence.

The local railroads are preparing to transport all the fast horses at the race track to some of the other larger meetings. The Lake Erie and Western will haul the larger portion of the animals to Indianapolis, among them the stables of Monroe Salisbury, C. J. Hamlin and Budd Doble. Some of the stables, however, will go to Terre Haute and await the great meeting to begin there September 10. The fine Burton cars are used by all the big stables, who travel in special trains.

The uniforms for the Pennsylvania foot ball team arrived yesterday and the team will present a handsome appearance when it appears at Centlivre's park Monday (Labor day) to do battle with the Y. M. C. A. boys. Mr. H. Crowe has been training the shop boys, who are confident of winning. They are all heavy, well proportioned young fellows and two of them are, very speedy. The Y. M. C. A. athletes will have to be on their mettle to wrest victory from the Pennsylvanias.

James McCrea, first vice-president of the Pennsylvania lines, has been looking over the company's lines in the west. As regards traffic, Mr. McCrea said the Pennsylvania is doing a good business, but he had fears as to the healthy character of the boom. He fears it is simply an improvement as a result of moving delayed freights, and possibly some slight improvement in business. On the other hand he hopes that the present very satisfactory movement will continue until the corn crop and the live stock fall shipments set in.

Attorney General Smith is about to bring suit for the state against the Chicago and Eastern Illinois railroad company to recover $25,000 for the incorporation papers which, he claims the company must take out in order to do business legally in Indiana. It will be remembered that some time ago the company's attorney was about to file articles with the secretary of state, but concluded not to do so when he found the fee would be $25,000. In reply to subsequent notification from the secretary that the company was not complying with the law, the attorney replied that incorporation papers had been taken out in each county through which the road ran and that that was all the law required. The attorney general will file his suit in the Clay circuit court at once.

IN OTHER PAPERS.

Personal Mention of People Known in This City.

The Warsaw Times says: "J. P. Manuel, of Fort Wayne, connected with the clothing establishment of Sam, Pete and Max, is in the city attending the Twelfth reunion."

The Peru Journal says: "Miss Mary Stuart, of Fort Wayne, is a guest of the Misses Sparenberg, of West Second street."

The Logansport Reporter says: "Doc Kelley and Dick Roach, formerly of the Star Ball club, are working on the Interstate pipe line near Fort Wayne."

The Bluffton News says: "Mrs. Louisa Tyger and Miss Eliza Lehr, of Fort Wayne, are visiting at W. W. McBride's."

The Decatur Democrat says: "Richard M. Erwin, of Fort Wayne, is visiting and shooting squirrels in this vicinity."

The Columbia City Mail says: 'Joseph Saunder, of Fort Wayne, who was camping at Blue Lake with his family, was in the city last evening between trains enroute for Fort Wayne.—Mrs. Bower, who has been visiting relatives in this city, returned home to Fort Wayne this evening.—Mrs. A. Holsworth, of Fort Wayne, and her daughter Josephine, are visiting for a fews days with Mrs. C. King."

The Churubusco Truth says: "Clem Schele and Ben Saunders, two young men of Fort Wayne, accompanied by four faries from their city, were in camp at Blue Lake a portion of last and this week. The ladies report a "pert" time and a bushel of fun.—Chas. Easley, of Fort Wayne, and Will Allen, of California, were in the city the guests of J. B. Easley and family a portion of the week.—Mrs. Firestone, formerly Miss Lizzie Eveland, now the wife of Editor Firestone, of the 'Sturgis Times,' is visiting at 395 South Broadway, Fort Wayne, and in a letter to one of her old friends here, said she would be glad to meet friends from Churubusco. She will remain until Saturday evening."

The Huntington Democrat says: "Miss Nina Strock, who has been the guest of Miss Eva Douglas for the past ten days, returned to her home in Fort Wayne last night.—Mrs. Jennie Bailey and little daughter, of Fort Wayne, are in the city, the guests of her mother, Mrs. Sophia Crow, of East Franklin street.—Bert Dinius, of Fort Wayne, who has been visiting the Cast and Johnson families, returned home last evening.—Mrs. J. W. Younge and children returned to Fort Wayne last evening after a few days visit with Mrs. L. B. Smith.—F. T. Simpson, of Fort Wayne, presiding elder of the M. E. church of this district, arrived in the city this afternoon and in company with Rev. M. E. Nethercut drove to Markle.—Miss Carrie Holmes and brother, Christian, of Fort Wayne, are spending a few weeks in the city the guest of their sister, Mrs. George Barter, of East Sabine street."

Beware of Cheap, Worthless Imitations.

Ask for Simmons Liver Regulator. Recollect that for malaria, biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation and headache it has no equal.

IVORY SOAP
IVORY
IT FLOATS
IS NOT LOST IN THE TUB.
THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CIN'TI.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

OUR WAR IN KOREA.

THE GUNBOAT AND MARINE ATTACKS ON THE RIVER SEOUL.

The Navy Tried Demands and Then Diplomacy to Get Satisfaction For an Outrage Upon American Sailors. Defiance Punished by Shot and Shell.

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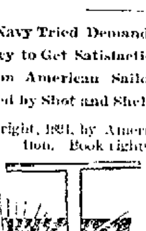
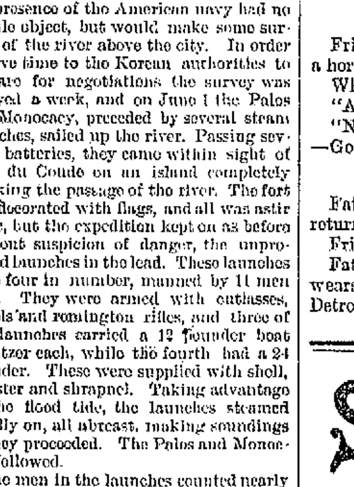


THE "Hermit Nation," which caused the broil between Japan and China, has had her thrashing at the hands of the United States. It occurred in 1871, and it was administered by our seamen as a punishment for outrage upon men of their craft. In the early fall of 1866 a trading vessel, called the General Sherman, officered by Americans and flying the stars and stripes, was attacked in Ping Yang river, in the interior of Korea, and destroyed. According to the last accounts, her crew was murdered and the ship burned, but there were rumors among seafaring men for a long time afterward that some of the General Sherman people were alive and held as prisoners by the Koreans. About that time a party of French missionaries in Korea were murdered, and when the French navy attempted to sail up the river Han to seek redress the Koreans drove them away with so good a showing of warlike stuff that the outside world began to respect them. Admiral Bell, commanding the Asiatic squadron of the United States navy, reported that the proper place to seek redress for the General Sherman outrage was at Seoul, and that, judging by the experience of the French tars, he would require a fleet of light draft boats to ascend the shallow Han and 2,000 fighting men for service on land. Nothing came of Admiral Bell's suggestion, but in 1867 and again in 1868 the captains of American warships cruising in Asiatic waters attempted to get satisfaction from Korean authorities for the Sherman affair. Two accounts were offered, one by the people and another by the officials. The former said that the unfortunate party on the Sherman had been massacred in a melee on shore by Korean natives without instructions from the Chinese mandarins, whose authority they acknowledged. An official calling himself, among other lofty and poetic titles, "district magistrate" and exercising control over the country along the Ping Yang river, stated that the General Sherman was a pirate, her people disrespectful to the customs of Korea, and that they finally made war upon the vessels and cities of the Ping Yang. At last she was destroyed and her officers and men killed. The matter then rested until 1870, when Admiral John Rodgers went out from America to assume command of our Asiatic squadron. His instructions were antibelligerent. Negotiations were to be conducted by the United States minister to China, and the admiral was instructed to carry upon his flagship, the Colorado, the members of the diplomatic commission, who would join him at Shanghai. The object of the expedition was to be a treaty for the protection of American seamen who might come to grief in Korean waters. A show of power was to be made for the sake of effect.

The fleet consisted of the Monocacy, Palos, Alaska, Benecia and Colorado, and was accompanied by the United States minister to China, Mr. F. F. Low. It arrived off the Korean coast in May, 1871, and proceeded to enter the mouth of the Han. The Koreans had evidently heard of the expedition through Chinese sources, for as soon as the fleet anchored in the river off the capital a deputation of officials moved out in a boat and made signs, asking for a communication. Interpreters met them and welcomed them on board the flagship, and the next day another party came on board, but having no credentials Minister Low and Admiral Rodgers refused to see them. They declared that the General Sherman was a pirate; that they (the Koreans) wished to be let alone and have no intercourse with other people. Both deputations carried back word to the Korean authorities that the presence of the American navy had no hostile object, but would make some surveys of the river above the city. In order to give time to the Korean authorities to prepare for negotiations the survey was delayed a week, and on June 1 the Palos and Monocacy, preceded by several steam launches, sailed up the river. Passing several batteries, they came within sight of Fort du Conde on an island completely blocking the passage of the river. The fort was decorated with flags, and all was astir there, but the expedition kept on as before without suspicion of danger, the unprotected launches in the lead. These launches were four in number, manned by 11 men each. They were armed with cutlasses, pistols and remington rifles, and three of the launches carried a 12 pounder boat howitzer each, while the fourth had a 24 pounder. These were supplied with shell, canister and shrapnel. Taking advantage of the flood tide, the launches steamed rapidly on, all abreast, making soundings as they proceeded. The Palos and Monocacy followed.



ADMIRAL JOHN RODGERS.

The men in the launches counted nearly 2,000 Koreans in martial array upon the bluffs and cannon mounted on the parapets of the batteries and the fort to the number of 50 or 60. At the point of the island on which the fort stood the river makes a sharp turn, and above the bend the current moves in a rapid whirl. The moment the boats encountered the whirl a signal gun was fired on the summit of a hill behind the fortifications, and simultaneously scores of guns opened upon the launches. Admiral Rodgers' orders had been that the surveyors should not fire unless fired upon, and the attack having been begun by the Koreans the boat howitzers were at once turned against the forts. Seeing that, all the batteries on both sides of the river joined in bombarding the launches, but the showers of missiles had little effect because the guns could not shift their muzzles to follow the movements of the boats. The firing continued until the gunboats Palos and Monocacy steamed up and shelled the Koreans out of their works. When the last gun had been silenced, the party returned down the river, not having lost a man killed and only one hit by Korean missiles.

When the expedition rejoined the fleet below the city, the admiral wanted to avenge the insult promptly, but the expedition being a diplomatic one he decided to wait for an apology from the Korean authorities. None coming, a warlike expedition sailed up the river on June 10. It consisted of the Monocacy and Palos and four steam launches. On board was a party of marines from the several gunboats, numbering 750 men. The ships and boats moved up the river, the bands playing the popular sailor airs of America and the crews singing and cheering. The Koreans looked on in amazement when the handful of men put off in boats and made for land on a mud flat half a mile wide and over which the mud and water stood waist deep. Meanwhile the ships opened on the fortifications. The Koreans did not wait to accept the land attack, but abandoned everything to our men, who dismantled the works and spiked the guns. A reconnoissance showed a second line of fortifications, with a granite work surrounded by a rampart. All of the fortifications encountered had been well planned, but the Koreans seemed to lack men to fight in them, or else their courage was gone.

RESISTED TO THE LAST.

Finding a road practicable for artillery, Commander Kimberly, in charge of the land party, brought forward a 12 pound dahlgren gun and planted it opposite the granite fort. A strong line of pickets was stationed as outposts, and night coming on the troops bivouacked on their lines ready for an early morning attack. Next day was Sunday, and at daylight the Monocacy opened her guns upon the second Korean line, while the marines advanced as before. Although Korean troops on the surrounding heights annoyed Commander Kimberly's men by long range musketry firing, there was so little opposition that they quickly carried the fort and dismantled it, as they had done with the first. The garrison retreated without firing a shot and joined their main body at the citadel, a lofty position decorated with flags and apparently occupied with the flower of the Korean soldiery, led by their commander in chief. Commander Kimberly left two companies of marines with four howitzers at the granite fort to cover retreat in case his assault on the citadel should fail. A similar force was stationed on the rear of the citadel, and the remainder moved directly on the fort, preceded by skirmishers.

The Americans had shown their customary pluck in landing on a swampy shore and hauling the guns through the mire. They now marched to the attack on the lofty citadel with equal grit and valor. The heavy guns were rolled up the steep slopes and planted within range. The storming column moved up near the crest of the hill and halted a moment to take breath. After a short rest the party leaped from their shelter and made a tremendous rush for the fort, from which the Koreans opened a furious fire. But as usual their artillery practice was bad, and their small arms had no effect, owing to their poor construction. The daring Americans rushed on until they reached the parapet, on which Lieutenant Hugh McKee of the navy leaped at a bound, followed by his men. At close quarters the Koreans, who are really brave in savage warfare, could fight. The gallant McKee was shot with a rifle ball and at the same time stabbed with a spear. The latter blow killed him.

Several company leaders of the marines imitated McKee, and their men followed the lead. The Koreans resisted to the last, but were finally routed with great slaughter. The Americans lost three killed and six wounded.

The fort and its walls and ditches showed the terrible effect of the vigorous shelling from the Monocacy's guns preceding the land attack. The ditches and pits and the parade ground around the center of the fort contained numerous bodies mangled by the exploding shells. In all 243 dead Koreans were buried from the citadel alone. The commander in chief had killed himself in chagrin at the loss of his stronghold and was found in the river below the forts with his throat cut. The second in command lay among the wounded and dead, apparently a corpse, his haggard, uncovered face being upturned to the sun. He was finally lifted by the marines and placed in a trench for burial, but as he could no longer sham death in safety he set up a yell, unmistakably that of a live man. A bad wound in the thigh caused some of the appearances which helped on the ruse.

The capture of the citadel completed the victory. It was called by the natives Sun-Fol-Mot, and on hoisting the stars and stripes over it the Americans christened it Fort Palos. The granite fort, the second one captured, was likewise christened Fort Monocacy, and the first, Marine Redoubt. In the three forts 480 guns were taken and 50 flags. More than 1,000 Koreans lost their lives, chiefly by the gunboat firing previous to the attacks of the marines.

The expedition did not take a warlike turn a moment too soon, for the 10 days' inactivity between the attack by the Koreans and the retaliation by the navy had been passed in preparation for war. Soldiers were on the march from all parts of the peninsula concentrating on the river around Seoul.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

The Moravians claim to have had an independent church in Bohemia as early as the ninth century.

No Economy.

Friend—Riding a bicycle instead of a horse is a great saving, isn't it?

Wheelman—Well, I don't know.

"A bicycle doesn't eat."

"No, but I eat enough to make up."—Good News.

Papa's Sarcasm.

Father—I was met at the train on my return by a band.

Friend—Ah! A brass band?

Father—No; a hat band. My son wears one of these dude straw hats.—Detroit Free Press.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

The Armenian "Greeting Brother and Sister"—Coeducational Society.

The Armenians have a custom as beautiful as it is unique. Among them a man and a woman who are good friends may become a "greeting brother and sister." The friendship between them must be entirely platonic and remain so. They appear before a gathering of their fellow men and women and take vows to become to each other a brother and sister. Thenceforward they may associate together as freely as a real brother and sister, traveling together and working together, with no suspicion of any other relation coming between them. They are frequently married to another husband or wife, but are allowed all the same to become the greeting brother and sister. Their ties of relationship are observed as strictly as if they were blood brother and sister, and their children are looked on as cousins. This friendship is regarded as thoroughly proper, nor is it ever abused. It is a pity that men and women could not have such friendships in countries that claim to be more enlightened than Armenia. It would be for the good of both sexes. A gentleman told me the other day of the difficulty young men who come to a city as strangers experience in making the acquaintance of refined, respectable young ladies. They are all alone in a hall bedroom in a cheap boarding house usually, knowing no one. The gin palaces are always open, always bright and inviting. The young man would be glad to meet good and refined women, but there is no way. Temptations to evil are all around him, with no opportunity to make his way into a higher social life. It is a pity, a thousand pities. The same is true of young women who are strangers in a city. It is natural for young men and women to be fond of each other's society, and they have a right to be together. It is good for both, quite apart from the question of matrimony. Self supporting young women, good as gold, refined and well educated, live year after year in New York and other cities as solitary as if they were hermits in a desert. They have no pleasant chums or friends among men because they have no opportunity to meet such as they would like. Here is a sad lack in our city social life. The young men and women living thus lonely are among the best people in America. There ought to be formed social clubs of some kind where respectable strangers of both sexes should be welcome.

In a Fourth of July celebration at Garnett, Kan., the procession was led by a ladies' band of music, and the oration was delivered by Miss Laura Gregg. There are so many college girls now that good speakers with thorough elocutionary training can be found among the women in almost every neighborhood.

Girls, learn to swim. You have no idea how much fun it is.

Methodist conferences, Presbyterian assemblies and all other organizations of the ministers and rulers of the different churches could dispose of the woman question at one stroke if they would only follow the New Testament teaching. In fact, if they would follow to the letter the New Testament teaching, there would be no woman question at all. It would decide itself. There is one text that settles in four lines the whole matter. It is Galatians iii, 26, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." In a truly Christian assembly the question of sex would never come up at all. There would only be the question of individual fitness.

When the cornerstone of the new Universalist church was laid at Woodstock, O., the address of the occasion was given by Rev. Henrietta G. Moore.

Rev. Hannah M. Mullenix is pastor of the Congregational church at Grand Meadow, Minn.

Mrs. Elizabeth Heilman, postmaster of Williamsbridge, N. Y., has laid up a snug fortune in the real estate business.

It is astonishing how many people are acquainted with the exact mind of the Almighty on the woman question.

Miss Maud Sutton is a lovely English girl who owns a yacht and sails it herself. The Herreshoffs in this country built her yacht, the Morwena, and she has raced with it frequently in English waters, steering with her own hands. Last summer she won 30 victories in match races. This year the number has reached 19 by the latter part of July, with more to come. Miss Sutton inherits her passion for yachting from her father, Sir Richard Sutton.

Did you ever observe how many old fellows of 60 or 70 think themselves plenty young enough for husbands for women of 30 or even 20?

Rifle target shooting practice is becoming very much the vogue in England.

The regents of Michigan university have made this most important decision: "Resolved, That henceforth in the selection of professors, instructors and other assistants for the university no distinction be made between men and women, but that the applicant best fitted for the position receive the appointment."

Wherever strong, intelligent, executive women can be found for school officers, put them in nomination and vote for them.

A Chicago woman dentist worked her own way through the Northwestern Dental college, and it is pleasant to hear her say, "I was the only woman, and the men did all they could to make the way easy for me." She worked for her board as she went and paid her own tuition by earning money in vacations. It took her three years to get her profession, but now she is independent and likes her business. Pluck and perseverance conquer all things.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

They Were Consistent.

When the Yale athletes were in New York, prior to their departure for Oxford, a well known Brooklyn society woman gave them a dinner. It is part of the creed of these young men never to express surprise at any joke at their expense. This their hostess knew. She was determined to compel a departure from this law and conceived her plan with that object in view. The women of the party had been notified and were bound over to silence until some comment should be made by the broadclothed guests. At an exquisitely appointed table the party sat down. The butlers first served coffee, liqueurs and candies. Next came ices. Then salads. Talk flowed on brilliantly and coolly. Evidently there was no stupidity on the part of the servants in serving thus contrary to established etiquette, for the hostess remained unconcerned. So did the Yale men. The reversed dinner went through its courses without hitch or jar, until after the soup and just before the clams were served. Then the Yale men asked to be excused. Their hostess acquiesced with a broad touch of wonder on her face. In 10 minutes the team filed back into the dining room, each with his "swallowtail" on "hind part before." They had done honor to the reversed dinner. The surface of unconcern was broken down. The hostess was hoisted by her own petard, but the table rang with applause.—Argonaut.

After a Position.

Japanese Secretary—You say you want to serve us?

American—Yes, sire.

"And you are from the United States?"

"I am, sire."

"And you understand military matters?"

"As a book, sire."

"What military service have you seen in America that would make you valuable to us?"

"I'm a pension attorney, sire."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Accounting For It.

Hospital Physician—You are all bruised up, I see.

Patient—Yes. I came in an ambulance.—Life.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Market.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—Wheat, lower; Sept, 53¼c; Dec., 56⅝c; May, 61⅞@¾c.

Corn, lower; Sept., 56c; Oct., 55⅛c; May, 53.

Oats, lower; cash and Sept., 29⅛c; Oct, 30⅛c; May, 35⅛c.

Pork, higher; Sept, $13.95; Jan, $13 95.

Lard, higher; Sept., $8.45; Oct. $8 47½; May, $7.97½.

Ribs, steady; Sept, $7.72½; Jan., $7.15.

Rye, 46½c.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney and Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Mrs. Henry Unverfert and son, Gerry, of Dayton, Ohio, are visiting Mrs G. B. Grimme, of Griffith street.

D. D. WEISELL & SON
DENTISTS
EAST BERRY ST
PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK 3RD FLOOR
ROOMS 24, 25, 26, 27. TAKE ELEVATOR

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90 E. MAIN STREET,
Finest and Best Work. Cheapest place in the city

J. M. E. RIEDEL
ARCHITECT.
SCHMITZ BLOCK, 3d Floor

HUMANE SOCIETY NOTICE.

All parties having knowledge of acts of cruelty to animals or children will greatly favor and assist the Fort Wayne Humane Society by telephoning or writing such information to Officer Schlaudroff, 89 Clinton street. Telephone F 55.

CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE
Central Music Hall, CHICAGO.
29th Year Opens September 10th, 1894.
Acknowledged the superior Institution of America. Every facility offered for a thorough course in
MUSIC and DRAMATIC ART.
Catalogue Giving Full Information Mailed Free.
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PLUMBERS.
Agents for the Goodrich Self-Heating and Folding Bath Tubs
125 CALHOUN STREET.

May 18, 1849.

To The Editor:

Volume No. 5 of Harper War Book just came, and it surprised me greatly to find the large colored map. Accept thanks for your promptness. I thought the other parts couldn't be beat, but they seem to grow better. If others appreciate the value of what you are giving for only 10 cents, you must sell a host of them, for if anybody once sees these War Volumes they must be as much surprised as I have been at so much, and so good, for such a low price. You deserve d vote of thanks for what you are doing. The gooa done by placing this great Harper history of the civil war in reach of every man, woman and child cannot qe calculated.

Yours very truly,
F. B. D

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HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY
—OF THE—
CIVIL WAR.
PART 19. NUMBER 3.

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Three coupons of different dates and 10 cents secures each part.

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The Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains Run by Central Time as follows:
* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

Trains depart from Pennsylvania Station Fort Wayne, Ind.

East Bound.	West Bound.
* 5 35 a. m.	* 3 30 a. m.
* 6 53 a. m. From Chi.	* 5 20 a. m. Limtd
†12 55 p. m.	† 8 00 a. m.
* 3 05 p. m.	†11 40 a. m.
* 9 20 p. m. Limited	* 4 30 p. m.
† 7 10 a. m. Crestline	* 5 30 p. m.
†10 25 p.m. From Chi	† 9 25 p. m. From Crestline.

THE WABASH LINE—Trains Carrying Passengers Leave FORT WAYNE.
Schedule of May 20, 1894.

GOING EAST.	DEPART.
New York and Boston Lim., daily	4 48 a m
Toledo Express, except Sunday	1 18 p m
Atlantic Express, daily	7 12 p m
Local Freight	6 00 a m
Lafayette Accommodation arrive, except Sunday	11 00am

GOING WEST.	DEPART.
Pacific Express, daily	8 05 a m
Kansas City Ex., except Sunday	1 35 p m
Lafayette Accom'n, except Sunday	3 30 p m
St. Louis Limited, daily	8 30 p m

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Fort Wayne.	Ar Indianapolis
8 05am	2 50pm
1 35pm	6 20pm
3 30pm	11 05pm
8 20pm	3 20am
Lv Indianapolis	Ar Fort Wayne
7 00am	1 00pm
1 20pm	7 05pm
7 00pm	4 43am

Through New York Palace Sleeping cars, dining cars and new free chair cars on New York vestibule limited. Free chair cars and dining car on Pacific limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new free reclining chair and palace sleeping cars to Kansas City without charge.

R. G. THOMPSON,
Passenger and Ticket agent, Fort Wayne Ind.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

GOING NORTH.

*For Grand Rapids and North	Lv. 2.15 am
†	Lv 8.05 am
†	Lv 2.55 pm
†From Richmond	Ar 10.55 pm

GOING SOUTH.

†For Richmond and Cincinnati	Lv. 5.45 am
†	Lv. 12.35 pm
*	Lv. 11.45 pm
†From Grand Rapids	Ar. 7.45 pm

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY—Fort Wayne Branch.

SOUTHWARD.	ARRIVE.
No. 153 Way Freight	5 25 pm
No. 156 Cin. Express and Mail	10 25 am
No. 158 Detroit & Ind'pls Express	3 55 pm

NORTHWARD.	DEPART.
No. 153 Way Freight	6 40 pm
No. 157 Through Express and Mail	11 45 am
No. 159 Detroit & Indianapolis Ex.	4 45 pm

NICKEL PLATE.

The New York, Chicago & St. Louis R. R.

EAST.	Arr.	Dep.
N. Y. & Boston Express	*2 55 am	*3 05 am
Cleveland Mail	†1 30 pm	†1 45 pm
Eastern Express	*6 45 pm	*7 05 pm
Local Freight	†5 50 pm	†6 10 am
WEST.	Arr.	Dep.
Chicago Express	*2 10 am	*2 20 am
Chicago Mail	†1 45 pm	†2 05 pm
Western Express	*4 30 pm	*4 40 pm
Local Freight	†10 58 pm	†7 00 am

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. Through Buffet sleeping cars to Chicago, Buffalo, New York and Boston. Through tickets to all points at lowest rates and baggage checked to destination.

M. C. BAKER, District Pass. Agt., Depot, Fort Wayne, Ind.

FT. W., C. & L. R. R. AND L. E. & W R. R.

NORTH BOUND—ARRIVE FORT WAYNE.

No. *40 Passenger	Arrives 11 40 am
No. †42 Passenger	" 10 10 pm
No. †170 Local	" 4 30 pm

SOUTH BOUND—LEAVE FORT WAYNE.

No. †41 Passenger	Leaves 7 15 am
No. *45 Passenger	" 4 00 pm
No. †171 Local	" 5 00 am

† Daily except Sunday. * Daily

Cincinnati and Indianapolis Time card

Leave Fort Wayne.	Arrive Indianapolis.	Arrive Cincinnati.
7:15 a. m.	11:30 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
4:00 p. m.	10:15 p. m.	10:50 p. m.

Leave Cincinnati.	Leave Indianapolis.	Arrive Fort Wayne
4:40 a. m.	6:30 a. m.	11:40 a. m.
3:10 p. m.	4:00 p. m.	10:10 p.m.

All Summer Long

seekers for enjoyment and travelers who've an eye open for pleasure will find luxurious delight in a trip on one of the

LAKE MICHIGAN AND LAKE SUPERIOR TRANSPORTATION CO'S

ELEGANT STEAMSHIPS.

The Great Lake Route which touches The Northern Michigan Summer Resorts.

Special. Everybody's favorite steamer the handsome steel "MANITOU" will start her semi-weekly trips twixt Chicago and Sault Ste Marie, about June 16th.

Send for Illustrated pamphlets. Address Jos. Berolzheim, G. P. A.

LAKE MICH. AND LAKE SUPERIOR TRANS. CO.
Rush and N. Water St. Chicago.

Mergentheim's Bazaar.

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT

DRESS GOODS.

We take pleasure in announcing to the many friends and patrons of the popular store that we have now on display a complete, exquisite and elaborate line of the most fashionable and handsome dress goods in Fort Wayne. We have marked our goods at prices that will bear inspection with any house in the United States, and our fall dress goods motto is "nobbiest styles and lowest prices"—also quality—that's the principal attraction. We mention below a few of the many fabrics we are displaying and prices. See us before buying.

Pretty - - -	one yard dress goods at 10c per yard. In this line we have all the latest shades.
Handsome - - -	Dress fabrics at 12½c per yard.
Wool - - -	Dress Goods in plain colored, plaids, checks, stripes and novelties at 15c, 19c, 20c and 25c. These are veritable bargains and the prices are cheaper than ever before.
Dress Goods - -	A perfect flood of colorings in all wool fabrics at 30c, 35c, 40c and 50c per yard.
High Novelties - -	In fashionable fabrics at 65c, 75c, 89c, $1 and $1 25 per yard.
In Black Fabrics - -	We pride ourselves on the large line and splendid quality of our black dress goods. Our prices are always the cheapest.
Calicoes and Prints -	Our new fall prints and calicoes have arrived and our line is beautiful. In this as in every other department, our prices are always the cheapest.
Flannel Skirts - -	A big line of flannel skirts at 48c, 75c and 98c, usually sold at double these prices.
Table Linens - -	Our new line should have the careful inspection of all linen buyers—get our linen prices.
Aprons - - -	We have just received another large line of those handsome, well made gingham aprons and are going to sell them at 15c.
Patterns - - -	Our new domestic patterns and fashion plates are now in.

MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

NEW YORK HAIR BAZAAR. Switches, Alcohol Lamps, Novelties in Hair Ornaments, Hair Dressing, Manicuring. MISS E. C. RODENBECK, No. 29 E. Washington St.

FALL SUITS, NEW GOODS, NEW Patterns.

Just Received a Full line of New Fall Suitings.

To the Lady of Fort Wayne,

We are ready to do all kinds of Hair work making Switches, dressing hair [illegible], cutting Bangs in the latest style Shampooing, Manicuring and Massage for the face; will call at house. Orders can be left at the Thermer Bath Room, corner of Clinton and Berry St.

Mrs. S. M Raines,
Mrs. Carrie Storms.

Prices to Suit The Hard Times.

Call and Examine the Stock and Leave Your Measure before the Fall Rush Commences.

Fred Hardung,
N. W. Corner Main and Clinton Sts.

Notice.

Mr. B A. Steiner, formerly with Abdon & Steiner, plumbers, has withdrawn from the above firm and will continue business. Location will be made known in a few days. 29 4t

Get your World's Fair books bound at The Sentinel office. tf

Fort Wayne Races from August 27 to September 1. 24 tf

Frank D. Fearse went to Indianapolis last evening to drive Coleridge in a pacing race there today.

Call on Madame Wing, the only reliable clairvoyant and fortune teller in the world. Office and residence 28 Chicago street, Fort Wayne, Ind. Price 50c. 19 tf

MONEY TO LOAN

On real estate or personal security. C. F. PFEIFFER, rooms 35 and 36, Bank Block. 2tf

White Loaf Flour, for sale by all first-class dealers. 19tf

Miss Ada Bellamy is home from a short visit to New York.

SAM PETE & MAX.

We offer for this entire week

MEN'S FINE NEGLIGEE SHIRTS,

Worth $3.00, $2.50 and $2.00, for

78c.

The Solution
TO OUR
PRIZE PUZZLE

Was the word----INDEED, and was won by

MASTER EDWARD A. WEBER,

71 BUCHANAN STREET.

The young gentleman will please call at our store and receive his prize money.

OUR PANTALOON SALE

Will be over in a few days. If you care to buy

$5.00 and $6.00 Pants for $3.28.
$3.50 and $4.00 Pants for $2.48.
$2.50 and $3.00 Pants for $1.98.

You will have to come soon, as the assortment of sizes is breaking up very fast.

Sam, Pete & Max.

The Evening Sentinel.

MONDAY, SEPT 3, 1894

Branch offices for the sale of THE SENTINEL and where orders for THE SENTINEL and Want, For Sale or For Rent ads. will be received, have been established at the following drug stores:

W. F. Beneke, 413 Broadway.
J. F. Miller, 327 Lafayette.
W. L. Waltemath, 222 East Lewis.
J. D. Lewis, 434 Calhoun.
M. H. Weisl, 312 Hanna.
J. J. Brink, 44 Wells.

OUR TELEPHONES.

Business Office..........No. 173.
Editorial Rooms........No. 650.

Our Thermometer.

10 A. M.	88°
12 M.	90°
2 P. M.	90°

The Weather.

Washington, Sept. 3 —Today being a legal holiday there will be no weather report.

NEWS NOTES.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Lillich, of 409 Lafayette street, a girl.

The Orphen's Singing society held a picnic in Berghoff's grove today.

It is said that the book makers made no money at the races last week.

Mrs. William Bennett, of Buchanan street, is recovering from a long illness.

The Y. W. C. T. U. will meet Tuesday, Sept. 4, at 3 p. m, with Carrie Smith.

Now that the races are over the Centennial scheme will be pushed for all it is worth.

Miss Maude Perrin, of Crestline, Ohio, is the guest of her sister Mrs. William Bennett.

Miss Cora Roon, of Wolcottville, is the guest of her cousin, Miss Belle Kimmel, of 73 Wall street.

Mrs. F. M. Belger and children returned at 2 o'clock this morning from a four weeks' visit at Cleveland.

Miss Etta Winbaugh returned home Saturday after a two months' outing at Bay View and a tour of the lakes

Miss Edna Reichart, of Warsaw, has returned to her home after being the guest for several weeks of Mrs. T. J. Logan.

About 1 o'clock the fire department at No. 6 engine house was called to an ice house on the Lake Shore tracks No damage.

W. H. Fleming has gone to Crawfordsville to attend the race meeting this week. Red Bell will start in the free-for-all pace.

Mrs. C. W. Zent and daughter Vera, and Mrs. S. Price and Master Herbert, of Roanoke, are the guests of Mrs. Laura Brown, 60 Pontiac street.

At a meeting of the board of public works Saturday night the resolution to widen Wells street was called up and somewhat amended. Final action on the resolution was postponed until a meeting of the board tomorrow.

A very senseless joke (so called) was persistently circulated about the streets Saturday and yesterday to the effect that Mayor Oakley was dead. Yesterday afternoon his honor was out riding and greatly improved in health.

Gustave, the six year and four-month old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Lauer, died at 11 p. m. Saturday of inflammation of the bowels. The family resides at 166 Smith street. The funeral will occur Tuesday morning at 9:30 from St. Peter's Catholic church.

The town of New Haven will put in a waterworks system this fall and Saturday awarded the contract for laying a fraction over a mile of mains to Ryan & Surrell, plumbers of this city. It is expected that ground will be broken about the latter part of the month.

The century run announced for September 7 promises to be the largest ever undertaken in Indiana, and will be participated in by wheelmen generally throughout northern Indiana. Ralph W. Cobb, of Auburn, who is secretary of the run, is working hard to make it a success.

H. N. Ward, the well known crockery and queensware man, had a fine and quite novel feature for his float in the parade this morning. His big iron dog was finely mounted and looked very life like. Mr. Ward's dog has long been a historic figure in this city and is known everywhere by sight.

Tomorrow morning at 9:30 o'clock the Rev. Edward Koening officiating, will occur the wedding of Miss Rose Schwieter, an accomplished young lady, to Charles Michel, the well known traveling man with Bursley & Co.'s wholesale grocery. After a reception the young couple will leave on an extended bridal tour.

Saturday's racing drew out a moderate crowd and there was some good sport Russelmont won the 2:25 trot, purse $600; Autrain won the 2:35 trot, purse $500, and Gazette won the 2:30 class pace, purse $500. The weeks racing was one of the most successful ever held in this part of the state It was a big advertisement which Fort Wayne got through Robert J.

St Patrick's church was crowded to its utmost last evening, the occasion being the blessing of a statue of the sacred heart by Monsignor Spereti, secretary to Monsignor Satolli. All the Catholic clergy in the city were in attendance. The sermon was preached by Right Rev. Bishop Rademacher, and was eloquent and instructive. The statue is a work of art, and one of the finest ever brought to this part of the state. It is life size.

For This Monday Afternoon, Nice Michigan Peaches and Plums.

Nice Yellow Crawford Peaches, $1.50 per bushel, including baskets. Small baskets, 20c.

Michigan Plums, $2 00 bushel or 8c quart.

Concord Grapes, 2c and 5c lb

Extra Large Water Melons, 15c each.

Fresh Nutmeg Melons, 5c and 10c each.

Jersey Sweet Potatoes, 25c peck.

Fruit House.

WORK OF FIREBUGS.

Two Buildings Burned Down About Midnight Saturday.

Firebugs were busy again Saturday night, and as a result two buildings were destroyed. About midnight a frame barn belonging to Wm Rogge, at 214 West Superior street, was set on fire and totally consumed. A lot of chickens were also roasted. Loss, $200; insurance, $50

Before the fire department got away from the Rogge blaze an alarm was turned in from Hoagland avenue. The fire was located in South Wayne in a house which had just been purchased by Frank Johnson, foreman at George Reiter's cigar factory. Johnson and his family have been living at No. 304 South Harrison Their household goods and furniture had been moved in and Mr. Johnson was sleeping in the house; the family, however, were spending the night with Mrs. Byseo, on Broadway. Johnson was awakened by the flames and threw his clothes out of the second story window and jumped after them. Nothing was saved and the family have nothing but the clothes on their backs. The house was valued at $1,000 and the goods in it at $1,500 There is $650 insurance on the goods and $700 on the house.

CUPID S CAPTIVES.

Several Marriage Licenses Issued by the County Clerk.

County Clerk Sonder has issued the following marriage licenses: Ira Blanchard and Ella Ranes, John Kennerk and Anna Rock, Albert M. French and Sarah M Chamberlain, Anthony Kline and Mary Lingle, William A. Keyser and Sadie Dangee, Edward Gebhart and Euphrnia E. Brokaw, Charles J. Miechell and Rosa R. Schweiters.

At the county clerk's office this morning Justice Harry France united in marriage Ella Ranes and Ira Blanchard, both of Putman county, Ohio.

A Sunday School Car.

The American Sunday School union has recently put into service a "Sunday school car," and it is now making a trip through Illinois, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota and Wisconsin in the interests of that organization. The car is christened the "Good News" and was built at the Jackson & Sharp works. The interior is fitted up with kitchen and pantry in one end. The middle of the car contains berths to accomodate twenty people. The remainder of the car is fitted up as an audience room and furnished with leather upholstered chairs, sofas and writing tables. The rear platform is vestibuled and has a temporary platform which can be extended for the use of the speakers The men now with the car are under the direction of E. B. Stevenson, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., the assistant superintendent of the union. The plan is to stop at the various mission towns for two or three days at a time and hold services for the children in the daytime and evangelistic services in the evenings. The railroads transport the car free and will run excursions to points where it stops, when thought advisable. This is the third mission car in active service in the northwest. The other two cars are operated by the Episcopal and Baptist societies, respectively.

The Keeley baseball club of this city defeated the Leo club by a score of 23 to 13. This is the first time the Leo club has been defeated this season.

Attend International Business college, Schmitz block. 14 tf

Notice to the G. A. R.

The Wabash will sell round trip tickets to Pittsburg to the National encampment at low rates, giving a choice of three (3) routes. Before making your arrangements call and see what is offered. 3t

Card of Thanks.

Mr and Mrs James Ellison extend their sincere thanks to the ladies who were so kind to them in their late bereavement, especially to those who presented flowers

Mr and Mrs James Ellison.

The Wabash gives a choice of three different lines to Pittsburg on account of the National G. A. R. encampment. Tickets on sale September 5 to 10 inclusive, good returning until September 25. Low rates, fast time. Call telephone No. 6. 3 tf.

Headquarters
Sion S. Bass Post, No 40, G. A. R.,
Fort Wayne, Ind, Sept 1, '94.

Having decided to go to the national encampment at Pittsburg over the Nickel Plate railroad, via Cleveland, leaving Fort Wayne Sunday morning, 8 a. m., Sept. 9, we cordially invite all comrades, old soldiers or citizens so disposed, to go with us.

There will be plenty of good music without cost to our friends, as we have secured the services of the First Regiment band, one of the best organizations in the state.

The round trip rate from this point is $7 50 on all roads, but we have the privilege of stopping off at any point of interest on the return.

Those stopping at Cleveland should see the Garfield and Soldiers' and Sailors' monuments; the latter is said to be the finest erected to the union soldier.

James Liggett,
M. R. Johnson, Commander.
Adjutant sl-td.

Farnen Dancing Academy

Has entered its sixth year. Classes for this year have been arranged as follows:

Beginners, Monday and Thursday evenings. Waltz given particular attention.

Advanced, Tuesday and Friday. In this class all the latest dances adopted by the Dancing Masters' associations will be taught Children classes Saturday afternoon, 3 to 4:30. Social, 4:30 to 5:00.

For further particulars call at hall, third floor in Foster block, at any time. 1-tf

Conservatory of Music will open Monday, Sept. 3d. 31 3t

Have your Portfolios bound at The Sentinel office Samples can be seen at the office. tf

KING HUMBERT SHOCKED.

His Sister-in-law Rides a Bicycle to the Races and Creates a Scandal.

Princess Laetitia, duchess of Aosta, sister-in-law of the king of Italy, daughter of Plon Plon, or Prince Napoleon, created a sensation the other day by riding to the race track, near Turin, on a bicycle.

Princess Laetitia is a widow. She is handsome, tall, athletic, and her 175 pounds avoirdupois is judiciously distributed over her fine figure She does not mind exhibiting her beautiful neck and arms

It was the day of the Grand Prix, and all Turin, with its wealth, beauty and royalty, found its way to the race track The Duchess of Genoa made her appearance in a gala coach and six, driven from the saddle There were the Princess Isabel's outriders in scarlet livery But the popular Princess Laetitia, which is the Latin for merriment, was not to be seen. It was almost time for the start The stands were crowded, and the mob outside the railings was impatient Fearful of a riot, the syndico of Turin sent a mounted messenger to the palace to inquire when her royal highness might be expected. The officer reappeared after about five minutes, galloping wildly and motioning the guards at the royal entrance to open the gates.

PRINCESS LAETITIA.

Everybody rose, everybody stood on tiptoe, hats and handkerchiefs in the air, national anthem by the band, soldiers and army officers preparing for salute. But what was it they saw? No postillions in gay dress, no plumed horses' heads, no carriage decorated with flowers Instead the syndico's man was leading a small bicycle brigade into the grounds and at the head of it Principessa Letizia Bonaparte, duchess of Aosta, followed by the Marquis di Castellinco, grand master of ceremony; Countess Colli di Felizzano, first lady in waiting; Count Avogadro do Collobiato et Carrisio of the late duke's military household, Principessa Morozzo della Rocca, another lady of honor, and several chamberlains, all mounted on bicycles.

The princess wore black silk tights, patent leather boots with leggings, a divided skirt of heavy black silk ornamented with silver thread and a close fitting waist of the same material She wore a white silk yachting cap and around her waist a silver girdle with numerous attachments on small silver chains. Among them were a penknife, a pair of scissors in a leather case, a writing pad and pencil and several other things.

The faces of the Duchess of Genoa and the Princess Isabel were a study. To say they looked daggers at their relative is putting it very mildly indeed, but the manner in which Laetitia received their greetings was delicious. They were icy. She was effusive. They tried to frown her down, and Laetitia by simply appearing at the balustrade of the box evoked tremendous applause, such as in Italy is only accorded to Queen Marguerite.

During the races the princess occupied herself with betting wildly and receiving the gentlemen who called to pay their respects. She displayed a lot of money, but kept a tally sheet of her bets on her writing pad.

She likewise drank champagne freely and otherwise conducted herself with so much democratic abandon that the Duchess of Genoa drove rapidly away in disgust, taking the Princess Isabel with her. Meantime the fair Laetitia made a day of it, at the close bidding a charmingly frank farewell to the fast set that is usually found at such places.

At night there was a ball, and at first her royal highness declared she would attend it in her bicycle suit. She was finally persuaded not to, however, much to the disappointment of some of her admirers. The affair ended most ignominiously. King Umberto was so much shocked when he heard of it that he telegraphed the fair princess as follows: "Keep to your apartments until further notice If disobedient, allowance stopped."

Meantime all Italy is talking about the affair, but in extenuation of Laetitia's wild conduct it is said that as a young girl she was forced to participate in the ascetic life her mother leads in Castle Moncalieri, which is more of a cloister than a royal residence. The restrictions imposed upon the lively girl only tended to make her the more eager for worldly pleasures.

"At one time," said a high official of Turin, "she was corresponding with every officer in the squadron, from captain to lieutenant, assuring each gentleman that he, and he alone, was the favored one. When King Umberto heard how matters stood, he transferred the squadron elsewhere."

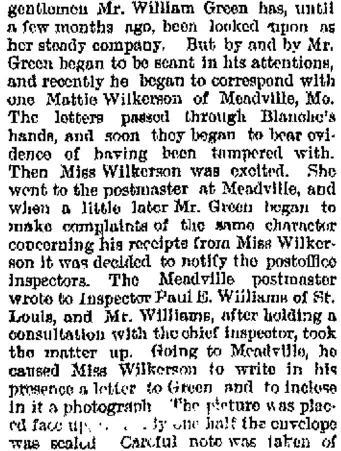
VICTIM OF ALLEGED JEALOUSY.

A Fair Postmistress Charged With Opening Her Sweetheart's Mail.

She may not have done it. She says she is innocent, and until next November, when she is to appear before the United States district court in Kansas City to answer the charge of opening letters that did not belong to her, she should have the benefit of the doubt.

And yet where jealousy be added to women's curiosity there is no knowing what may happen.

Miss Blanche Day was until recently assistant postmaster at Fountain Grove, Mo. She is a very pretty and amiable young lady of 18 summers Ever since Blanche was old enough to receive attentions from gentlemen Mr. William Green has, until a few months ago, been looked upon as her steady company. But by and by Mr. Green began to be scant in his attentions, and recently he began to correspond with one Mattie Wilkerson of Meadville, Mo. The letters passed through Blanche's hands, and soon they began to bear evidence of having been tampered with. Then Miss Wilkerson was excited. She went to the postmaster at Meadville, and when a little later Mr. Green began to make complaints of the same character concerning his receipts from Miss Wilkerson it was decided to notify the postoffice inspectors. The Meadville postmaster wrote to Inspector Paul E. Williams of St. Louis, and Mr. Williams, after holding a consultation with the chief inspector, took the matter up. Going to Meadville, he caused Miss Wilkerson to write in his presence a letter to Green and to inclose in it a photograph The picture was placed face up, [illegible] by one half the envelope was sealed Careful note was taken of the relative positions and condition of the picture, letter and envelope, and when it was all ready for transmission Mr. Williams carried it to the train on the Wabash railroad



MR. GREEN
MISS DAY. MISS WILKERSON.

There he showed it to the mail clerk for the purpose of identification and saw him put it in the pouch He followed the pouch to Fountain Grove and saw it thrown off there, watched Miss Day pick it up followed her to the postoffice and saw her open the pouch and take out the letter.

The next day, when Green called for his mail, he received the letter, but when it was opened in the presence of Mr Williams the position of the photograph was seen to have been reversed, and the envelope was sealed on both sides, which it had not been when placed in the mail.

Mr Williams now caused to be prepared at Fountain Grove a letter to Miss Wilkerson, taking precautions similar to those adopted in the case of the letter addressed by Miss Wilkerson to Mr. Green, and when the missive had gone its course it, too, bore evidence of tampering.

Thereupon the inspector arrested Miss Day, and she was given a hearing before the United States commissioner, with the result stated A large number of the people of Fountain Grove testify to the good character of Miss Day and the satisfactory manner in which she had discharged the duties of her position

The young lady herself unflinchingly denies her guilt of the charge. She declares that her arrest is the result of a conspiracy to deprive her mother of the postoffice.

The fair defendant looked quite as indignant as her words seemed to show her to be when she discussed the charge. She said: "Do you think that if he had been a sweetheart of mine, and knowing that such things were going on, he would not have come and told me? No, sir, I don't regard him even as a friend," and her dark eyes flashed with anger as she made this not too logical denial.

THE MIKADO'S COUSIN HERE.

Prince Komatsu Is on His Way Home to Help Fight the Chinese.

Prince Yorihito Komatsu, first cousin of the mikado of Japan, is now traveling incognito in this country, which is doubtless why every one knows who he is. The prince was in Paris, where he had been studying naval architecture for five years, when the news of the present unpleasantness between the armies of the mikado and the emperor of China caused him to shake the dust of Paris from his small and well booted feet and start for the land of the chrysanthemum instanter to offer his services to his cousin, the mikado

PRINCE KOMATSU.

The prince is a slender, athletic looking Japanese of 27 years. He weighs 153 pounds, wears the very best clothes of European style that can be obtained for coin of the realm in Paris and limits his display of jewelry to a watch chain and a plain gold ring. He has bright, black, beadlike eyes, a small but well trained black mustache and the thick coarse black hair that is characteristic of most Japanese, whether royal blood courses in their veins or not He speaks English and French, prefers European to Japanese cooking, sleeps in pajamas and in other respects shows that he is a thoroughly up to date scion of the most progressive royal house Japan has ever been fortunate enough to possess.

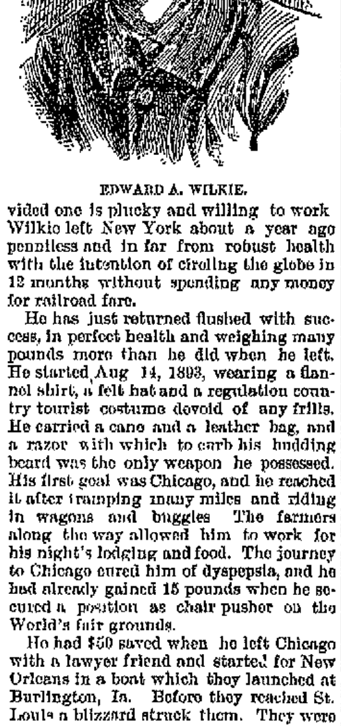
The prince is married, but not very much married, for he has but one wife, like other progressive princes He belongs to one of the four royal families in Japan —the Komatsu, Arisugawa, Fushimi and Kainn If the emperor should die without issue, a male representative of one of these families would be chosen to succeed him The suit of the prince is not large, consisting of a secretary, Michinori S. Nagasaki, and two male servants. Secretary Nagasaki has almost as many titles as Pooh Bah of "Mikado" fame. He is master of ceremonies to his imperial majesty the emperor, master of the court of his imperial highness the Prince Komatsu and secretary of the cabinet of the ministry of the imperial house. He received an English education at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, about 16 years ago and is not only a master of English, but of politeness as well. He did all the talking for the prince while that worthy was in New York, and the reporters could not find adjectives enough to describe his Chesterfieldian grace.

Secretary Nagasaki believes that Japan will have no difficulty in floating her $50,000,000 war loan at home, but that if she fails she can easily procure the money elsewhere. He believes that Japan's modern army, equipped as it is with the best of arms and disciplined like the best armies of Europe, will have no difficulty in holding Seoul, the capital of Korea, against the undisciplined hordes China is pouring in from the north.

A PENNILESS GLOBE TROTTER'S TOUR

Wilkie Worked His Way Around the World In a Single Year.

Globe trotting on nothing is a popular fad just now, and judging from the experience of Edward A. Wilkie, a young student of New York, it is surprising how far one may go and how much one may see with the aid of little or no money, provided one is plucky and willing to work Wilkie left New York about a year ago penniless and in far from robust health with the intention of circling the globe in 12 months without spending any money for railroad fare.



EDWARD A. WILKIE.

He has just returned flushed with success, in perfect health and weighing many pounds more than he did when he left. He started Aug 14, 1893, wearing a flannel shirt, a felt hat and a regulation country tourist costume devoid of any frills. He carried a cane and a leather bag, and a razor with which to curb his budding beard was the only weapon he possessed. His first goal was Chicago, and he reached it after tramping many miles and riding in wagons and buggies The farmers along the way allowed him to work for his night's lodging and food. The journey to Chicago cured him of dyspepsia, and he had already gained 15 pounds when he secured a position as chair pusher on the World's fair grounds.

He had $50 saved when he left Chicago with a lawyer friend and started for New Orleans in a boat which they launched at Burlington, Ia. Before they reached St. Louis a blizzard struck them. They were cast on an island in the river and narrowly escaped freezing to death. Starvation also threatened them, but they killed a wild pig and feasted on pork chops cooked over a driftwood fire. They finally escaped on the ice and reached St. Louis, where Wilkie made some money canvassing for World's fair books. From St. Louis Wilkie rode to New Orleans on a steamer.

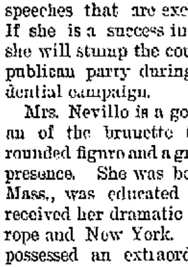
He then tramped nearly across what he terms "the interminable state of Texas" and paid his way on Southern Pacific engines by breaking up coal for the firemen. When he reached San Francisco, six months after leaving New York, he had gained 25 pounds in weight He earned money as a "barker" for attractions at the Midwinter fair, then smuggled himself aboard the steamer Alameda and went to Australia, paying his passage by hard work in the engine room On the way he visited Hawaii and Samoa and called on King Malietoa

He was lionized in Sydney. The papers published his picture and accounts of his wanderings, and he finally secured a chance to work his passage to London on a steamer. From London a steamer took him to Baltimore, and from Baltimore he tramped back to New York, arriving in the metropolis a few days before his year ended.

SHE WILL TALK POLITICS.

Mrs. Neville Has a Wonderful Voice and Will Take to the Stump.

Mrs. Sara Neville of New York has a voice that is powerful enough to reach any number of voters and a smile of the kind that is fascinating to the average male, and she proposes to try both of them on the citizens of New York state during the approaching gubernatorial campaign. Unlike most women who aspire to be public speakers, Mrs. Neville has no desire to vote. "A woman that is clever gets all the rights she is entitled to" is the suffrage plank in Mrs. Neville's platform She has a powerful but musical voice, and when she was queen of the fairies in "Benamela," a big New York out of door performance, the 12,000 people in the amphitheater could hear her distinctly.



MRS SARA NEVILLE.

Chairman William Brookfield of the New York Republican state committee has promised to give Mrs. Neville a trial, and she is now hard at work on the tariff question When she is fully primed with facts, she proposes to unchain her wonderful voice and endeavor to oratorically hypnotize the voters. At first she will say what she is told to say, but later, when she has mastered the political situation, she will make speeches that are exclusively her own. If she is a success in New York state, she will stump the country for the Republican party during the next presidential campaign.

Mrs. Neville is a good looking woman of the brunette type, with a well rounded figure and a graceful, attractive presence. She was born in Worcester, Mass., was educated in the south and received her dramatic training in Europe and New York. She has always possessed an extraordinary voice, but systematic training has largely increased its volume and strength. For many years she exercised her voice for eight hours each day. Her enunciation is perfect, and she believes her dramatic training will enable her to present every pertinent fact with telling effect. She does not fear that her voice will break down, for the more she uses it the stronger it grows. With Mrs. Anna L. Diggs, Mrs. Mary E. Lease, Mrs. Marion Todd, Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, Miss Anthony and Mrs. Neville in the field as stump speakers no one can truthfully say that woman is not getting into politics.

Married In a Barroom.

A wedding ceremony was performed in a barroom at Magazine Point, near Mobile, the other night, Ernest C. Cherry and Mary A. Vernon being the contracting parties. The parties had known each other only a week when they suddenly determined to marry. A young justice, just appointed, was the most immediately available man and was in the barroom near by. The yearning pair sought him instantly, and there at the throne of Bacchus they were made man and wife

The justice, not being a learned man, had a constable present to read the marriage ceremony for him, and between them the wedding was accomplished The barkeeper set up the drinks all around, and the bride and groom withdrew.

Fatal Modesty.

A tragic instance of the Hindoo female's modesty is reported by the Behar Times A house at Pema, a village near Tikari, containing 11 females caught fire. One of the women, a newly married bride, not willing to expose herself to the public gaze, declined to leave the place. The rest resolved to stay with her. The consequence was they were all fearfully scorched before they could be rescued. Seven of them are said to have since died, and the others are lying in a precarious state.

No Use For Him.

Venus—Hello, Cupid. What are you idling away your time for? Why aren't you at the summer resorts?

Cupid—No use, ma. I've been there, and they guyed the life out of me.—Chicago Record

It is to be noted that Mr. Pullman still has nothing to say

Get your World's Fair books bound at The Sentinel office. tf

International Business College, corner of Calhoun and Washington streets, fall term opens Monday, September 3d. Make arrangements now. Office open evenings. T. L. Staples, pres. 15-tf

THE CHICAGO BAKERY,
W. F. GELLER, Prop.

ICE CREAM

WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

Capacity 1000 gallons per day. Private families, picnics, Etc. supplied on short notice.

Corner Washington Boulevard and Broadway.

Telephone No. 163.

BUGGIES,
Harness,
Bicycles.
JOE. W. BELL,
11 and 13 E. Columbia St.

The Kyle Music Co.,
82 Calhoun Street.
Sheet music played for customers. Everything in music and jewelry.
—Cash or easy payments.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Abdon & Stinner has been dissolved by mutual consent, Bernard A. Stinner retiring. The business will be continued by George Abdon who will settle all claims against, and collect all claims in favor of said firm.

ABDON & STINNER.
GEORGE ABDON.
BERNARD A. STINNER.
Fort Wayne, Ind., Aug 23, 1894. 29-3t

THE CHICAGO CARPET RUG MFG'R,
At Cor. Wells and Superior Sts,
Fort Wayne Ind.

Will weave Rugs from old and new carpet scraps of either Body Brussels, Tapestry, Moquette, Wilton and Velvet if furnished. Five pounds of carpet to the square yard. Also Rugs can be made from Ingrain Carpet, which will only take 4lbs. to one square yd. Prices greatly reduced. S. KEELING Prop'r.

THE BOSTON STORE.

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS!

Stylish Dress Goods at Lowest Prices.

Come to our Dress Goods Department this week if you wish to see and take advantage of the most extraordinary bargains ever offered in Dress Goods—new Goods in Fall Styles.

We have a few more of those Fall Underwear Samples left which we sell at such low prices.

A lot of All Silk Windsor Ties at 12½c, worth 25c.

The Boston Store is the most Popular Place to do your trading. One price to all.

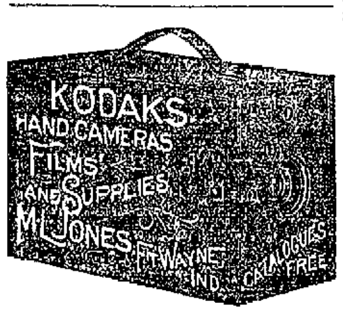
William Hahn & Co.,
The Boston Store.

Be Beautiful!

BEAUTIFY AND DEVELOP THE FORM.

Mme. Ada P. Evans Complexion specialist of Chicago is in the city for a few days. One facial treatment free to introduce her wonderful Complexion bleach among the ladies, all facial blemishes removed, such as wrinkles, pimples, black heads, tan, freckles, etc. Superfluous hair removed without injury to the most delicate face. Mme. Evans is a graduate in Chiropodist work. Instant and painless relief from corns, bunions and ingrown nails. Developments of the bust a specialty.

New York Hair Parlors,
29 E. Washington St, Chicago Office
146 S. State street



Everything used by Amateur Photographers at 44 Calhoun St., second floor.

"This Hot Weather"

Depraved by the millions of flies is certainly too oppressive when considering that we can fit you out with

Screen Doors
AND
Screen Windows

Of all sizes and designs at prices heretofore unknown.

USE OUR
MONARCH GARDEN HOSE

For settling the dust and cooling the air about your house and reap the beneficial results and comfort of a small investment.

THE
MONARCH HOSE

Will render you the longest and most satisfactory service of any house in the market.

We are Headquarters for Hose Reels, Lawn Sprinklers, Nozzles and a general line of Hose repairs.

PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER,
38 and 40 East Columbia Street.
Telephone 86.

PREVENT the SEWER GAS and WATER

From backing up in your Cellar by using MARTIN'S PATENT CELLAR DRAINER AND BACKWATER TRAP.

EMMET MARTIN, the Plumber,
Cor Hanna and Buchanan Streets.

IMPERIAL CROWN

25¢ PER POUND **Baking Powder** 25¢ PER POUND

WARRANTED. A PURE CREAM TARTER BAKING POWDER.

PURE FLAVORING EXTRACTS AND SPICES.

MEYER BROS. & CO. DRUGGISTS AND CHEMISTS.

FORT WAYNE INDIANA.

1894.

FALL STYLE
Dunlap Hats.

Just Arrived.

OPENING

Saturday, September 1st.

E. J. GOLDEN,
56 Calhoun Street.

How They Like It.

Read what some of those who've received **The Hub's Boy's Head-To-Foot-Outfit** Think of their $5.00 Bargains.

"Received the Head-To-Foot outfit all right, and am very much pleased with it. It was a perfect fit, even to the shoes." Mrs. I. N. Kempton, Claremont, N. H.

"Most satisfactory. You will receive further orders from me from time to time." Bryan W. Tichenor, Att'y at Law, Tucson, Arizona.

"The suits, Head-To-Foot Boy's Outfit and Man's Business Suits, were received O. K.—not only received O. K. but suits O. K. If bragging of the bargains I received will get you more orders you are sure to get them." Mrs. Margaret Newbern, Berry, Ill.

"The Boy's Clothes arrived all right and am well pleased with them." W. J. K. Irwin, Phillipsburg, Centre Co., Pa.

"Goods received and give good satisfaction in every respect. You may look for future orders. J. M. Reid, Lafayette, Ala.

A suit of ALL-WOOL clothes, ages 5 to 15 years—a Stanley Cap to match the suit—and a Pair of Stout and Shapely Shoes—that's The Hub's Head-To-Foot-Outfit for $5.00.

Sent on receipt of price, or C. O. D. with privilege of examination to any part of the United States if $1.00 deposit is sent with order. If not satisfactory we agree to refund the purchase price. Samples of cloth FREE. In ordering include 35c to pay postage.

THE HUB, Clothiers, Hatters, Furnishers and Shoers. CHICAGO, Ill. State & Jackson Sts.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

OFFICIAL REPORT.

George P. Rowell & Co., the leading authority on newspaper information, says:

"The Fort Wayne Sentinel, published at Fort Wayne, Ind., has the highest circulation rating accorded to any daily in Indiana, outside of Indianapolis.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

The Largest Circulation in the State, Outside of Indianapolis.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY. SEPT. 1. 1894. —PART FIRST— PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Lining Department.

We appreciate the necessity of always having in stock such values as are certain to give our customers and dressmakers the best possible satisfaction.

OUR LINING DEPARTMENT

Has such qualities as sell quick—that hold trade. LINING DEPARTMENTS that do not appear healthy and active have usually grades of Linings that are unreliable that customers have tested and found wanting, and that dressmakers cannot conscientiously recommend to their patrons. Our Linings are highly spoken of by dressmakers "Sewing Circles" as being the best.

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

Youman's

Knox,

Fall Style Stiff and Silk Hats in Black and Brown; also the

SCHOBLE HAT,

Which is one of the best

$4.00 HATS.

Are now to be had

—OF—

WM. MEYER & BRO.

Rooms 5 and 7 Arcade.

WHO WILL GET IT?

In our Court St. show window we have placed an elegant quarter sawed Oak Bedroom Suit. The dresser has a large French Bevel glass, and the suit a year ago would have brought $100. It is worth now $75.

We have marked it $54 cash. If it is not sold today it will be marked $53 tomorrow.

We shall continue to mark it down $1 per day until sold.

It may sell in forty-eight hours or it may not sell for ten days.

Do you want it? You buy it at your own price.

Tell your neighbors about this. Come down and see it yourself.

FOSTER'S.

J. G. THIEME & SON.

CLOTHING

Made Firm and Fit Perfect, Comprises the very Latest Fabrics, Cut and made in the very Latest Styles, which we offer at

POPULAR PRICES.

Call and Examine before buying.

Corner Columbia and Clinton Streets.

LYNCHED!

Six Negroes Taken From the Sheriff

And Shot to Death By a Mob

For Acts of Incendiarism Done By Them.

The Fifty Masked Men Who Took the Law in Their Own Hands Were Not Masked.

Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 1.—News comes this morning of the lynching of six negroes in the northern part of the county, two miles west of Millington, a village on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad.

For a year or more the people of that part of the country have been kept in continual excitement by acts of incendiarism. Barns and dwellings have been burned, and recently the buildings on the Millington fair grounds were destroyed.

Suspicion pointed to Dan Hawkins, Robert Haines, Warner Williams, Ed. Hall, John Haynes and Graham White, and yesterday they were arrested near Kerrville, in the western part of the county, by Deputy Sheriff Richardson.

Later in the day Richardson started with his prisoners in a wagon for Millington, where they were to have a preliminary examination before a magistrate. The six negroes were chained together.

About midnight, when the party was nearing Millington, it was stopped by a mob of fifty men armed with shotguns, who killed all the prisoners, and then remounting their horses, which were tied near by, rode away in the darkness.

The lynchers were not masked, but the officer, being new to that part of the country, recognized none of them.

An inquest was held on the bodies this morning, and the jury, which included two negroes, found that the prisoners had come to their death in the manner stated "at the hands of persons unknown." The new sheriff of the county, who enters upon his office today, will take the matter in hand promptly and vigorously.

Dan Hawkins was arrested a year ago with several others, charged with the burning of barns and residences in the Kerrville neighborhood. They were brought to trial and two of them were sentenced to terms in the penitentiary. They made full confessions and implicated Hawkins as the leader to the band of fire-bugs. Hawkins got a new trial, however, and after spending some months in jail, was released a few weeks ago. Since that time the burning has recommenced, and the Millington neighborhood as well as Kerrville have suffered. Deputy Sheriff Richardson was employed to ferret out the incendiaries and with the assistance of a negro "spotter," he at length got evidence that resulted in the arrest of Hawkins and the the other five negroes who were lynched. About nightfall yesterday the officer secured a two horse wagon and a white man named R. T. Atchison to drive it. He loaded his prisoners into the vehicle, handcuffed and chained together, and started for Millington. As they reached Big Creek, two miles west of Millington, somebody in the woods by the roadside called out:

"Don't try to cross there. The bridge is down. Come this way."

Richardson got down and taking the horses by the head led them into a path that opened in the direction whence the warning had come. It was dark in the woods, but suddenly Richardson saw two guns presented at his stomach and a stern voice said:

"Throw up your hands!"

"What does this mean?" demanded the officer.

"None of your d—d business," was the reply. "Throw 'em up!"

The officer obeyed. Then Atchison was ordered to get down and was placed under guard. The negro prisoners, divining the purpose of the unseen mob, attempted to leap from the wagon. A volley rang out from forty or fifty guns and they fell back, wounded and dying. A dozen of the mob leaped into the wagon and threw them out. Volley after volley was then poured into the faintly struggling assemblage and in a few moments all was still. Hawkins' head was almost shot from his body and some of the others were terribly mangled. The mob, after making sure that all six were dead, mounted and rode away. Atchison then mounted one of the mules and hastened to Justice Hill's house, at some distance away, and notified him of the slaughter. The justice at once made ready to go to the spot and at daybreak was there with a jury of inquest, composed of five white men and two negroes, who rendered a verdict as above stated.

Judge Cooper, of the criminal court, summoned Deputy Sheriff Richardson before him today and questioned him closely concerning the lynching. The judge is prepared to issue bench warrants for the arrest of all parties to which a reasonable suspicion may point as being concerned in the crime.

CRISIS VERY NEAR.

Massillon Coal Operators Advertise for 1,000 Miners.

Massillon, O., Sept. 1.—The Massillon Coal Operators' association issued a circular today stating that 1000 men are wanted immediately to work in the mines. They offer sixty cents a ton for mining on a three and one-half inch screen basis, and guarantee protection from violence to all miners coming here. The crisis in the district is apparently very near, and the next few days developments will be watched with interest.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

The Labor Commissioner Talks on the Investigation.

The Commission Will Meet in Washington September 26th—Reports Will Be Submitted to Congress.

Washington, Sept. 1.—Col Carroll D Wright, chairman of the strike investigating commission, returned from Chicago last night and left here today for Boston. He will remain away until September 25, and on the day following the strike investigation will be resumed in this city. In an interview with an Associated Press reporter today Commissioner Wright expressed his confidence in the beneficial results of the inquiry and summed up the work of the commission by saying: "A number of newspaper statements as to what the commission is likely to recommend have been brought to my notice. The commission, however, has formulated no recommendations, decided on none and all such statements are mere guess work. I consider the investigation thoroughly successful. All leading men on both sides, railroad leaders and Pullman officers, freely gave their testimony and the investigation was conducted, fearlessly, impartially and in the most searching manner. I believe it will do great good in the end and that out of it will come some most valuable recommendations. It has now adjourned to meet in Washington on the 26th inst., for the purpose of hearing testimony which may be considered necessary for the completion of the report, and which parties on either side of the controversy may deem essential to the case. In the meantime each member of the commission will be hard at work studying the testimony already furnished, the laws dealing on the various features involved in the investigation, and preparing himself for the commission's final report. Our plan is to have the report ready by the middle of November and to submit it to congress early in the next session. As the testimony will cover over 2,000 printed pages, octavo, the magnitude of the undertaking becomes apparent.

FLOODED.

Scenes of Destruction and Desolation in Texas.

Great Damage to Crops, Stock and Railway Property—A Number of Lives Lost.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 1.—A special telegram from San Antonio, Texas, to the Post-Dispatch says the scene of the destruction and desolation in the flooded district for a distance of one hundred miles east and west from here and extending south from the Southern Pacific railroad to the Rio Grande, two hundred miles away is simply terrible. Thousands upon thousands acres of pasture and farm land is still under water. It is estimated that the damage to crops in the valley of the Leona river alone will reach a half million dollars. While in the valleys of the Saco and Sabinal rivers the losses will be fully as much more. Many thousand head of cattle, horses and sheep were swept away, and drowned. Up to last midnight all telegrams received here by Southern Pacific railroad officials and for the press came by the round about way of El Paso, Pueblo and Kansas City, all connections with Uvalde and other flooded towns being cut off. The wires are now restored, however, and information from the Leona valley is now coming in. Reports received today are more alarming than earlier ones. It is still a matter of uncertainty as to the number of lives lost, but additions to the list of drowned are constantly coming in. About one half of the houses of Uvalde, a town of 2,300 population were carried away and there is much suffering there by homeless families, but no more fatalities are reported there. Nothing has been heard from the settlement of seventy-five families several miles below Uvalde, but there are still grave fears that many, if not all, of them were swept down by the torrent and lost. The town of Batesville was entirely inundated and there was heavy loss of property, but no lives are reported lost.

Will Resume Work.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 1.—A general and immediate resumption of work in the window glass factories of the country is anticipated. Half a dozen firms have already accepted the workers' proposition, and according to Secretary Springer, at the conference to be held on Monday other firms will effect a settlement, whether the meeting has any result or not.

Big Price for Clifford.

New York, Sept. 1.—Clifford, the King of the Leigh and Rose string, was sold at Sheepshead Bay today for $25,000. The purchaser is E. L. Rose. The sale of the stable today is to wind up the partnership between Mr. Rose and Leigh.

Stevenson Dead.

Washington, Sept. 1.—Wm. J. Stevenson, president of the Metropolitan City railway, of this city, and one of the best known business men of Washington, is dead.

SOLDIER—STATESMAN.

Death of Nathaniel P. Banks This Morning.

He Has Been Ailing For Two Years and Two Weeks Ago Began to Fail Mentally.

Waltham, Mass., Sept. 1.—General Nathaniel P. Banks, soldier and statesman, died at his home on Main street, this city, shortly before 8 o'clock this morning from brain trouble, after a long illness. For nearly two years the general has been a sufferer, but he was not taken seriously ill until about two weeks ago. Early this summer he began to fail mentally and was taken to the home of his daughter, the wife of the Rev. Paul Sterling, Mount Desert Isle, Maine, for the summer. Three weeks ago his condition became more serious and he was brought to his home here. He grew worse and he was then taken to the McLean asylum at Somerville. He succumbed rapidly and when he could not recognize members of his family it was decided by the physicians that nothing could be done for him and yesterday he was conveyed to his home once more. He began to sink rapidly and at 6 o'clock last evening it was evident that the end was fast approaching. Mrs. Banks, with the general's daughter, Maud, and his niece, Miss Sybil Banks, were at his bedside constantly until his death. At midnight the general became unconscious and he slowly lost his strength, until the hour of his death. The end came quietly and those gathered about the bed of the dying general were hardly aware when he passed away.

On the announcement of General Banks' death, the flags of the public buildings in the city were displayed at half mast and on every side evidence of the respect in which the general is held is conspicuous. The funeral will take place Tuesday afternoon under the direction of Mayor Ward and Col. Ephraim Stevens. On Monday afternoon the body will be escorted to Asbury Temple by a detail of the G. A. R., where it will lie in state until Monday. On Tuesday afternoon at 1:45, brief services will be held at the residence, after which the body will be again borne to Asbury Temple, where the public services will be held.

Nathaniel P. Banks ranked as one of the leading men in American history. He was born in 1816 and in 1856-8 was speaker of the national house of representatives. From 1861-4 he was one of the leading generals in the army. After the civil war he was elected to congress and participated in the thrilling scenes that occurred there for several sessions. He retired from congress for several terms, but in 1890 was elected to the fifty-second congress.

ASSASSIN CAUGHT.

Capture of the Murderer of James Gregory.

Horace Loomis, Who Had Been in the Insane Asylum Three Times, is Charged With the Crime.

Kokomo, Ind., Sept. 1.—The supposed assassin of James Gregory, who was shot down at his own doorway Thursday night, has been caught. The most intense excitement prevailed upon the discovery of the crime, and many theories were advanced to solve the mystery, but the return of the coroner from Shanghai last night, bringing with him Horace Loomis, a son of Mrs. Loomis, who was imprisoned, charged with the murder, has cleared the mystery.

Loomis lives on an adjoining farm with his wife and three children and has been in the insane asylum three different times. It appears that recently he had quarreled with Gregory, whom he accused of unduly influencing his mother and attempting to secure the old lady's property. This so preyed upon his mind that he decided to kill Gregory and the tragedy is the result, he afterward telling the story of how he had been assaulted in the dooryard by four masked men, who carried him far down the road before he succeeded in getting away from them. Loomis did actually run away over into Clinton county after the shooting, but returned during the day with his story, which failed to convince the coroner, who ordered his arrest.

THE NEW PARTY.

Mr. Carey's Party Likely to Die "A-bornin'."

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 1.—The new national party, evolved from the brain of J. B. Corey, coal operator, of Braddock, is likely to die "a-bornin'." Its birth was to take place today, accompanied by a parade and barbecue. The parade was a fizzle, but a larger crowd is expected at the barbecue, at which there will be enough food to feed 5,000 persons. The convention was called to order in the picnic ground by William Corey.

NINE HUNDRED BALLOTS.

And They Have Not Nominated a Candidate yet.

Palestine, Tex., Sept. 1.—The nine hundredth ballot has been taken in the second district democratic congressional convention with no signs of the deadlock loosening up even a little bit. The vote stood: Cooper 35 3 4, Perkins 221.

WANTS NO MAN'S HELP.

Mrs. Gougar Endeavoring to Secure What She Calls Her Rights.

Indianapolis, Sept. 1.—The statement of Chairman McWhirter, of the prohibition committee, that Mrs Gougar was not authorized to use the name of the prohibition committee in soliciting funds to pay the expenses of her suit to test her right to vote, has called out a sharp reply from the disciple of woman's suffrage. She disclaims in vigorous language any connection with the solicitation of funds through prohibition sources, and denies that she has written letters to prohibition committees asking their aid. She intimates that she does not want the assistance of any man in the effort to secure her "rights," but asserts that she is abundantly able to paddle her own canoe.

BANK ROBBERS.

Western Bandits Are Again on the Rampage.

Two Men Enter the Tescot, Kas., Bank, Killed the Cashier and Carried Away Considerable Money.

Salina, Kas., Sept. 1.—Word has just been received that the bank at Tescot, fifteen miles north of here, was robbed this morning by two masked men who boldly entered the bank, killed the cashier and carried away considerable money. Sheriff Anderson is organizing a posse to head them off, as the robbers started south after plundering the bank.

CAN'T GET HIS MONEY.

The Little Louisiana Lottery Fails to Pay.

A Saginaw Mich., Man Drew $7,500, But He Can't Get His Ticket Cashed.

Saginaw, Mich., Sept. 1.—George G. Bromm, of this city, held the ticket 6,476 in the Little Louisiana Lottery, M. Ottens & Company, Chicago, and drew $7,500, but he now claims to have been defrauded.

With two friends he went to Chicago last week and a clerk in the office told him the ticket was all right, but to call the next day when Manager Brady was in and get the money. This Bromm did and was assured by Brady the ticket was good but was requested to come into a partially dark room alone, where Brady pretended to place the ticket under a microscope. Whatever he did Mr. Bromm cannot clearly tell, but the next moment Brady exclaimed:

"Hello, this ticket has been tampered with. The original number is 6,470 and it has been changed to 6,476, which draws $7,500."

He then showed Bromm where the change had been made, but the latter vehemently protested and claimed whatever change had been made was done after the ticket left his hands. On the original there was printed in fine lettering over each figure consecutively of the ticket number 6,476 six, four, seven, six, but when the ticket reached Mr. Bromm's hands again the letters over the last six had been changed to read "cipher," and Manager Brady contended that someone had put a loop on the figure 0 and converted it into a 6. Appeals were in vain, and Bromm says the best he could do was to get $10 as an approximate prize. Bromm is a respected citizen here.

DOCTOR'S DOSES

Succeeds in Getting Him a Nice Big Fortune.

One of His Patients Wills Him Her Estate—The Grandson Now Wants It.

Springfield, Mo., Sept. 1.—J. Delaney, an attorney, left here for Louisville, Ky., today. He went on a secret legal mission, but enough has been learned to warrant the statement that a sensational law suit may be filed in Louisville within a few days.

It seems that about three weeks ago a Mrs. Spears, a wealthy woman in Louisville, died, leaving an estate of $150,000. When she died she willed nearly everything to her physician. One of the items was $30,000 for a hospital to cost $30,000, the physician to be in charge. How the other $50,000 was to be used was not stated.

This lady had a son, named Charles Spears, living in this city, but he died a few years ago, leaving a son, also named Charles Spears, who is now thirteen years old. Mrs. Spears thinks that her son was cut off the will by undue influence on the part of the doctor. She proposes to have most of the money or sue. The doctor has offered to make a liberal compromise, it is said, but the proposition was rejected.

DICKMAN'S POSITION.

Says the Monopolists Are Responsible For Labor Difficulties.

Capt. Harry Dickman is at Edgerton today where he delivered an address at a meeting of the populists party. The captain takes the position that the monopolistic capitalists are the real anarchists of the country and that they, more than any one else, are responsible for the labor difficulties that have occurred in this country.

The Vigilant Won.

Darmouth, Sept. 1.—In the race today between the Vigilant and the Satania, the Vigilant won.

W. E. Hunter, secretary of the Wayne Oil Tank company, returned last evening from Philadelphia on business. On returning he stopped a few days with his parents at their summer home, Eureka Springs.

Hon. James Murdock, of Lafayette, is a guest of the Wayne hotel. Rumor has it that he is negotiating for the purchase of the Salimonie gas plant.

Attend International Business college, Schmitz block. 14 tf

WINNERS IN THE RACE

Are Those Who Throw Aside All Heavy Weights.

Run the Race of Life in That Manner and You Will Be a Victor.

Pastor Northrop occupies his pulpit Lord's day.

You are invited to attend services at Christian chapel tomorrow. P. J. Rice.

St. Andrew's Mission, on Shawnee avenue. Sunday school at 3 p. m.; evening prayer at 4 p. m.

South Congregational Church—Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Preaching by Rev. Jones at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. by Dr. Stemen.

Services at the Grace Reformed church tomorrow at 10:30 a. m and 7:30 p. m. Mr. Rijnhart will speak at the morning service.

At the gospel meeting Sunday afternoon at the city Y. M. C. A. at 3:30 Peter Rijnhart will speak to men on the subject, "Excuses."

Preaching morning and evening at Bethany Presbyterian church by the pastor. Sunday school at 3 p. m. and Endeavor immediately following.

Third Presbyterian church: Preaching by the pastor, J. M. Boggs, at 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:30 a. m. Christian Endeavor society at 6.30 p. m.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, D. D., pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.; Sabbath school, 9:15 a. m; Y. P. S. E., 6:45 p. m. No preaching in the evening.

Church of the Evangelical association, corner of Clinton and Holman streets, German preaching, 10:30 a. m; English preaching, 7:30 p m; Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.

Railroad department Y. M. C. A., Bible study at 3:00 p. m; mixed meeting at 3:30 p. m., to which all will find a welcome. Address by the Rev. J. M. Boggs, D. D.

Services tomorrow at the Central Christian church, on Harrison street, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by Rev. T. L. Cooksey, of Ohio. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Everybody welcome.

At Wayne Street Methodist Episcopal church the pastor, G. N. Eldridge, will preach at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. General class at 9:30 a. m., led by the pastor. A cordial welcome to all.

The first regular meeting of the City Ministerial association will be held Monday morning at 10 o'clock, at the city Y. M. C. A. building. The ministers are invited to be present. P. J. Rice secretary.

Trinity M. E. church, preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. M. Johnson, at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; Epworth League devotional service at 7 p. m. All cordially invited to attend.

English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, West Washington and Fulton streets. Sunday school at 9 a. m. for the last time this season; hereafter at 2 p. m. Regular morning service at 10 a. m. Strangers welcome.

You are cordially invited to all the services at the Berry street Methodist Episcopal church, preaching by the pastor, M. S. Marble, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:15 p. m. Epworth devotional service at 6:30 p. m.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner of West Berry and Fulton streets. Morning prayer at 10:45 a. m. Dr. John S. Irwin will read the service. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; Bible class in parish house adjoining the church at 7 o'clock in the evening.

In Plymouth Congregational church at 10:30 a. m., the pastor, Rev. J. Stuart Ainslie, will preach his opening sermon for the autumn's work upon "The Gospel for Today." At 7:30 Mr. Peter Rijnhart will speak. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. Let all the forces rally.

Preaching at St. Paul M. E. church tomorrow at 10:30 a. m. by the pastor, followed by the ordinance of baptism. In the evening, 7:30, a sermon by the pastor, followed by the reception of members. Class meeting at 9:30 a. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Epworth league devotional service at 6:45 p. m., led by Miss May Williams. A cordial welcome to all by the pastor, Rev. Paschall.

TWO DIVORCE CASES.

One Applied For and the Other Granted.

Petty Cases in the Justice Courts—News as Gathered Around the Court House.

E. V. Emrick, as attorney for Abraham Sowers, has brought suit in the superior court asking that his client may be given a divorce from Sarah E. Sowers.

Judge Dawson has granted Amos H. Loucks a divorce from his wife, Laura Loucks.

A demand has been made for a struck jury in the case of Anna C. Hurst, administratrix, vs. the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad.

Justice Tancey fined William Hochstetter $5 and costs for assaulting Almond Huhn. The other cases were continued until Monday.

At his office this morning Justice Harry France united in marriage Jacob Fulmer and Sadie Armbruster. The parties reside in Milan township.

Miss Josephine Manuel, the pleasant and efficient deputy in County Recorder Fickel's office, has returned from the neighborhood of Arcola, where she has been spending her summer vacation. Her few weeks visit has done Miss Manuel a world of good. The country breezes and rural excursions have fully restored her feeble health and she resumes the place at her desk looking better than she ever did before.

BODY SNATCHERS.

The Guebard Brothers Watching Their Sister's Grave.

Determined Efforts Being Made to Steal the Remains of the New Haven Giantess.

New Haven residents are just now considerably excited over the persistent efforts which are being made by body snatchers to steal the remains of the late Miss Maggie Guebard.

It will be remembered that Miss Guebard died some weeks ago and that she was the tallest woman in the Middle states. She was considerably over seven feet in height and required nearly an eight foot coffin. The young lady was still in her teens, but lung troubles terminated her career.

The unusual physical development of the deceased made her remains much desired by certain persons—whether medical students or museum men it is not known, but at any rate they have been making every effort to get the body.

The deceased has three brothers and ever since their sister died they have been taking turns about watching the grave. One night not long ago, while one of the brothers was keeping his lonely vigil, he was startled by seeing two men approaching. The hour was past midnight and there was but little doubt as to the intention of the prowlers. Upon being commanded to halt and throw up their hands, the two men took to their heels and ran for their lives.

The Guebard boys say they will watch their sister's grave for two years, if need be.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. J. W. Henry is visiting friends at Parkersburg, W. Va.

H. L. Askew, of Avilla, is in the city visiting friends over Sunday.

Miss May Hodekin is home from a summer visit to the sea coast.

Miss Emma Kendall, of Kendallville, is visiting Miss Fanna Williams, of 39 Grace avenue.

G. H. Randall has returned from Cleveland, Ohio, where he has been for a few weeks on business.

Mrs. L. H. Sanburn has returned from Peru, where she has been visiting friends for a few weeks.

Miss Ella Paul has returned from Huntington, where she has been the guest of her mother the past week.

Mrs. Umperfet, of Dayton, Ohio, who has been the guest of John H. Grimme and family, has returned to her home.

At the cast car shops today F. P. Wickliff was accidentally hit on the head by a brake wheel and badly hurt. Dr. Stemen attended.

William Wilson, a young man accused of stealing $19 yesterday afternoon, was bound over to the circuit court in the sum of $400. He went to jail.

All bicycle riders in the city are invited to take part in the Labor day parade. They will meet on West Berry street, in front of the Randall agency.

Miss Johanna and Mr. Wm. Brockschmidt have returned to Chicago, after a four weeks' visit with the Misses Wenninghoff and Hollenbeck.

John Carson, a well known newsboy, yesterday had a suit of clothing stolen from his room on Barr street. Later they were recovered in a pawn shop on East Main street.

Miss Carrie Miner, of Chicago, and Miss Hattie Cooper and Mr. George Greenwood, of Edgerton, Ohio, are visiting their friend, Miss Maude Scott, of 21 Murray street.

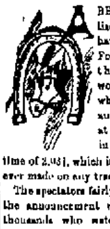
What is an office? An office is something created by government to provide a living for a politician who is too lazy or too shiftless to make a living for himself. New York has a state fruit tree inspection law. This is to prevent black knot, curculio, caterpillars and other unpleasant things from wiping out the orchards of the Empire State. In one of the fruit raising counties an ex-saloon keeper was appointed fruit tree inspector. The pay is $2 a day. The man didn't know a black knot from a hole in the wall. He borrowed some ancient agricultural reports to study up and find out what it was. Perhaps he thought it was some new brand of whisky. In the county were farmers who knew all about black knot and other fruit tree diseases. The $2 would have been welcome to almost any of them, for this has been a terrible summer on farmers because of the drought. But farmers are too busy to be working politicians. Their working is of a different kind, and it lasts about 16 hours a day this time of year. So no farmer got the appointment, of course. This is a great country, it is.

The 50 trades unions of Paris that decided the members would work on short time to permit their unemployed comrades to have a chance have proved their faith by their works. The profession of brotherhood among organizations is generally a humbug when it comes to sharing opportunity with another. Yet this is the only kind of brotherhood that is worth anything. It has been complained of workingmen that they want to have everything done for them, but are not willing to do anything for anybody else. Here is a fact that gives the lie to such an accusation.

A WORLD BEATER.

Robert J. Lowers the Record by a Phenomenal 2:03 3-4.

Wild Excitement At the Driving Park Two Other Record Smashers—Today's Sport.



A BETTER ADVERTISEMENT could not have been given Fort Wayne than the phenomenal work of Robert J., who yesterday paced an exhibition mile at the Driving Park in the remarkable time of 2.03¾, which is the fastest mile ever made on any track in the world.

The spectators fairly went wild when the announcement was made. The thousands who watched the pretty little horse go spinning over the course knew that he was going fast, but many never realized that he was beating a world's record. It was a pretty sight. Down the finish the little animal came like a whirlwind, but his glossy limbs never betrayed a false movement, and, amid breathless stillness, it was announced that "Robert J. had paced a mile in 2.03¾ and beaten the world's record."

WILD CHEERING.

Then arose from that vast throng a mighty cheer. Hats were tossed high in the air and when Starter Walker gave the signal for three cheers for Robert J. the very heavens were rent. Then three cheers went up for the owner, C. J. Hamlin. When "Silent" Ed. Geers drove the wonder up to the judge's stand he was immediately surrounded and was soon busy receiving congratulations right and left.

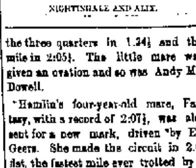
It was a wonderful performance and it is not likely that it will be beaten this season. The first quarter was made in 0:30¾; second, in 1:01¼, and the third in 1:33¾.

Robert J. is six years old. He was foaled in Pennsylvania and is by Hartford; dam by Jay Gould; by Hambletonian 10. So blue blood of a high order flows in his veins. For three years he has been in the stable of C. J. Hamlin, the famous Buffalo, N. Y., horseman. At Rochester two weeks ago he made his record of 2:04¼.

The world's pacing record up to yesterday was made by Mascot in 1892, when he went a mile in 2:04 flat. This record was equaled last year by Flying Jib, and it is not likely that he will ever be able to repeat the performance, while Nancy Hanks, who holds the world's record for trotting in the same time, has retired from the turf. That Robert J. will do even better than 2:03¾ there is no doubt.

OTHER FAST ONES.

Alix went against her record at Terre Haute of 2.05¼. The first quarter was finished in 0:31¼, the half in 1:02¼, the three quarters in 1.34¼ and the mile in 2:05¼. The little mare was given an ovation and so was Andy McDowell.



NIGHTINGALE AND ALIX.

Hamlin's four-year-old mare, Fantasy, with a record of 2:07¼, was also sent for a new mark, driven by Ed. Geers. She made the circuit in 2.07 flat, the fastest mile ever trotted by a four-year-old mare, and barring Directum's 2:05¼ mark, the fastest ever made by any four-year-old.

THE SUMMARIES.

The following are the summaries of the finished races of yesterday:

FIRST RACE, 2:20 CLASS PACE—PURSE, $600.

Gazette, b. m. by Gambetta Wilkes, Messenger Chief, Grimes	3	2	1	1	1
Hustler Russell, b h, by Lord Russell, Princess, Sprague	1	4	2	2	4
Freeland, b h, by Bald Hornet, Rambler Marvin	2	3	5	3	2
Aileen, b h, by Gazette, Norris, Wallace	4	5	3	4	3
Rex King, c h, Cajon	6	1	4	dis	
Damrose, b h, Lackey	5	6	6	dr	
Anderson Bell, br h, Sanders	dis				

Time—2:12¼, 2:12¼, 2:13, 2:16½, 2:12¼.

SECOND RACE, FREE-FOR-ALL TROT—PURSE, $1,000.

Phoebe Wilkes, br m, by Ham Wilkes, Fisk's Mambrino Chief, McHenry	3	3	1	1	1
Nightingale, ch m, by Mambrino King, Woods' Hambletonian, Geers	2	1	3	2	2
Belle Vara, b m, by Vatican, Lail Eric, Malcter	1	2	2	3	3
Ryland T, b g, Walker	dis				

Time—2:11, 2:12½, 2:11½, 2:11½, 2:11½.

TODAY'S RACES.

Three heats were run in the free-for-all pace, left unfinished from yesterday. The first heat resulted:

Rowdy Joe, first.
Dr. Sperry, second.
Angie D., third.
Josie B., fourth.
Time, 2:08.
The second heat resulted:
Rowdy Joe, first.
T. N. B., second.
Angie D., third.
Lottie Loraine, fourth.
Dr. Sperry, fifth.
Time—2:09¼.
The third heat resulted:
Dr. Sperry, first.
Lottie Loraine, second.
T. N. B., third.
Nellie G., fourth.
Time, 2:10.

Dr. Sperry won the race and six heats in all were run.

In the 2:25 class trot, purse $800, three heats resulted as follows

Hatllemont won first in first heat, Time, 2:13½.

Russellmont won first in second heat. Time, 2:15½. Russellmont also won first in the third heat in 2:16.

LADIES IN IT.

First Bicycle Race With Ladies as Contestants

Is Taking Place This Afternoon at the Pastime Athletic Club Grounds in St. Louis.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 1.—The first bicycle race with ladies as contestants, which ever took place in this country, will be decided at the Pastime Athletic club grounds at De Hodiamont this afternoon.

The conditions of the race and the entries are as follows: One half mile bicycle race, ladies—First prize, diamond ring, value $25; second prize, box of candy—Miss C. D. Field, Miss Minnie Walden, Miss Rudie Spellerink, Miss Ida Vail and Miss Lennie Ross.

Four of these ladies are sure starters, but Miss Ross has decided to postpone her debut on the track until she sees how the public receives the "pioneers."

The others, however, are enthusiastic, and while not unmindful of public opinion, are sure that their unique performance will be regarded with favor, and that the ice once broken, their sex will adopt bicycle racing as a fad.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

Mgr. Sparoli Will Bless a Statue at St. Patrick's Church.

Monsignor Sparoli, the distinguished secretary of the papal delegate, Monsignor Satolli, in company with Rev. Father Stephan, president of the Catholic Bureau of Indian Missions, arrived in the city from Washington last evening and is now a guest of Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher, at the episcopal residence. It so happened that Father Delaney, of St. Patrick's church, had arranged to have the new statue of the Sacred Heart blessed tomorrow and Monsignor Sperotl was invited to officiate at the ceremony and has kindly accepted. The service will occur at St. Patrick's church tomorrow evening, beginning at 7:30 o'clock.

METROPOLITAN CAFE.

Fort Wayne is to Have the Finest Restaurant in the State.

Fort Wayne is to have a cafe the equal of any between New York and Chicago. The Aldine cafe, which opens at 7 o'clock this evening, will be metropolitan in every particular. Neither money nor pains have been spared to make it complete in every detail. The fixtures and furniture are costly. The ceilings and walls are hand-painted and are a masterpiece of art. Heavy French plate mirrors encircle the room to a height of six feet, with a Venetian leather wainscoating below the counter and being of highly polished oak. Being lighted with scores of incandescent lights from walls and ceilings, with a thousand reflections, you seem to be in one vast room with no ending.

Mr. J. A. Hellings, the proprietor, is a thorough business man. With years of experience in the hotel and restaurant business, and will cater successfully to the public.

The Aldine will be a fashionable resort, especially for ladies. Meals, luncheon, ice creams, oysters, games and all delicacies will be served in their season in elegant style at popular prices. Special attention will be given to theater and dinner parties, ball suppers, banquets, etc., at the Cafe. An elegant table d'hote dinner will be served on Sundays from 1 to 2:30.

At the opening tonight oysters, luncheon, ice cream and ices will be served.

J. D. Williams expert accountant. Office: 63 East Main street.

Brazil wants workingmen—wants them very much. She is advertising for laborers, the bureau of American republics is informed, and needs 30,000 in the state of Para. San Paulo wants 50,000 immigrants, and Bahia, Pernambuco, Rio de Janeiro and Minas-Geraes desire their share too. Undoubtedly there are now opportunities for making fortunes in Brazil as splendid as there were in this country 60 or 70 years ago. There is reason to believe the Brazilian republic will endure. The soil is fertile, and everything grows that the heart of man could desire. The drawbacks are no greater than existed in our own newer regions two generations ago, and there are none that cannot be overcome by pluck and perseverance.

The city government of Glasgow now owns the street cars and runs them. The roads pay $43,000 a mile annually. The city authorities are experimenting with all the known methods of propulsion with a view to improving the system. One cent fares are charged, and no advertisements are to be allowed on the cars. This last move is a mistake on the part of the city government of Glasgow.

The popular Japanese cry is said to be, "We'll rally round the mikado." Of course one does not know the Jap for "rally round;" but, unless it is very different from the English of it, it will not make any sort of rhythm with "mikado." The Japs could not sing it to our tune of "Rally Round the Flag" and give their emperor's name its proper accent on the second syllable. They would have to sing, "We'll rally round the mickydoo."

When other people hurt your feelings awfully, make up your mind never to hurt anybody else in the same way.

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Room 25 Bank Block, Fort Wayne, Ind

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Insurance, Real Estate and Loans.
Aveline House Block.

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Insurance, Real Estate, Loans,
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BANKS.

HAMILTON NATIONAL BANK.

Capital $200,000. Surplus $125,000.
The Hamilton National Bank will pay interest at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum on certificates of deposit if left four months.
President—Charles McCulloch.
Cashier—John Mohr, Jr.

White National Bank

Capital & Surplus, $332,000.

Pays 3 per cent interest per annum on time deposits.

Safe deposit boxes for rent at $5 per annum.

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Practice limited to diseases of the Skin and Genito-Urinary Surgery.
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Hours:—9-12 a. m., 1-4 p. m., 7-8 p. m.

DR. ALBERT E. BULSON, JR.
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No. 52, 53, 54 Pixley-Long Block.
Telephone 413. Hours. 9-12 a. m.; 2-4 p.m.

G. W. BOWEN, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.
Office hours for consultation, from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Sundays, 8 to 12. Office, No. 12 West Main street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Special attention paid to chronic diseases.

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Diseases of the Nose and Throat.
Office Hours, 9 to 11 a. m., 1 to 4 p. m., 6:30 to 8 p. m.
Office, No. 12 W. Berry St. Phone, No. 56.

DR. B. GARD—To ladies suffering from ailments peculiar to their sex may consult me free of charge at my office, 11 West Wayne street. Telephone 345.

J. C. MILLER, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
Rooms 33 and 39 Pixley Long Block.
Office hours—8-12a.m., 2-5p.m., 7-8p.m.
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DIRECTIONS for using CREAM BALM.

Apply a particle of the Balm well up into the nostrils. After a moment draw strong breath through the nose. Use three times a day, after meals preferred, and before retiring.

ELY'S CREAM BALM opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from Colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

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No. 26 W. Wayne St.,
Makes a Specialty of all Diseases
—OF THE—
Eye and Ear
OFFICE [illegible] to 12 a. m.
and
HOURS [illegible] to 5 p. m.

The Evening Sentinel.

BY E. A. K. HACKETT.

SATURDAY, SEPT 1 1894

Democratic State Ticket.

Judge of Supreme Court, First District—[illegible]
[illegible]
Secretary of State—William R. Myers.
Auditor of State—Joseph T. Fanning.
Treasurer of State—Morgan Chandler.
Attorney General—Francis M. Griffith.
Clerk of the Supreme Court—C. W. Welman.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—Charles W. Thomas.
State Statistician—[illegible]
State Geologist—[illegible]

Democratic County Ticket.

State Senator—Thomas E. Ellison.
State Representatives—Louis J. Bobilya, George V. Kell, Lycurgus Dalman.
Judge of Superior Court—[illegible] M. Dawson.
Judge Circuit Court—Edward O'Rourke.
Prosecuting Attorney—[illegible]
Clerk of Court—Henry M. Metzger.
Auditor—[illegible]
Recorder—W. S. [illegible]
Treasurer—[illegible]
Sheriff—[illegible]
Coroner—Dr. M. [illegible]
Surveyor—Chas. W. [illegible]
Commissioners—J. H. Stellhorn, M. A. [illegible], Sylvanus F. Baker.

Wayne Township Ticket.

Trustee—M. F. [illegible]
Assessor—M. F. [illegible]
Justices of the Peace—H. F. [illegible], M. H. Bourie, [illegible], L. P. [illegible]
Constables—[illegible], C. W. [illegible], B. F. Johnson, Frederick [illegible].

Today we enter September.

Texas has been little else than horse talk this week.

Our labor organizations will celebrate Labor day in an appropriate manner next Monday.

The Fort Wayne races were a great success financially, in attendance and in the number of fast horses on the track.

The two minute horse is one of the possibilities of the future, but it may not come until the dawn of the next century.

Congressman C. G. Conn, prominent as a Knight of Pythias, delivered the address of welcome at the conclave now progressing at Washington, D. C.

Hon. W. D. Owen and Capt. W. R. Myers, republican and democratic candidates for secretary of state, will have at least one joint discussion in each congressional district in the state.

The death of General Banks, which is announced in The Sentinel's telegrams today, removes another of the familiar figures of the war of the rebellion. The old veterans are rapidly passing away.

Fort Wayne has won the honors in horse racing and the name of our city has been sent around the globe by the record made yesterday by Robert J. at the driving association park. A mile in 2.03¾ is the fastest time ever paced by a horse, and this is what Robert J. did yesterday. The record gives our track a prestige that cannot be wrested from it this year.

A Bright Future.

Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale is not one of those who takes a gloomy view both of the present and of the future. In a recent article he touches upon the approaching end of the century, saying that we cannot look forward to the strange name of the year 1900 without asking ourselves: "What is the drift of the new life which the world is entering?"

Because of the achievements of this century Dr. Hale believes man in the century to come will have more time for the solutions of problems relating to life and the association of individuals. Progress toward the ideal living is to be rapid, and before the close of the 100 years much that is now only dreamed of will be the everyday experience of the fortunate dwellers upon earth. His view is:

It is the business of the twentieth century to bring nation with nation into that simple intercourse that each shall "have the best," as one fine American proverb puts it. It must relieve crowded regions and must fill up deserts. It must make country life attractive and life in the cities healthy and pure. Food will be cheap, and the next generation will be too close to God to permit any hundred thousand of his children to stay anywhere where there are sick and hungry if there wait ready for them some fertile and healthy land only eager to succor and feed them all. And this means that the twentieth century will apply the word of the "Prince of Peace" to international life. No war nor battle sound was heard when he was born. The wisdom of statesmen will devise the solution which soldiers and people will accept with thankfulness. The beginning will not be made at the end of the war, but in time of peace. The suggestion will probably come from the United States, which, in the most friendly way, will propose to the other great powers to name each one jurist of world-wide fame, who, with the other five, shall form a permanent tribunal of the highest dignity. Gradually the habit will be formed of consulting this tribunal upon international questions, and more and more will men of honor and command see that an appointment to serve on it is the highest human dignity. The old fable of the impotency of man, of his total depravity, is now virtually abandoned. In the whole range of sects, from the pope on his throne to the silent Quaker in his meeting, men now know that man is a child of God, of divine nature and not born of dust. Faith, Hope and Love—that is the whole of Christianity of the twentieth century. This life, with God's strength in the heavenly law seeking to save all mankind, will bring in the empire in which health, home, vigorous life and the peace of nations shall be possible.

Who shall say that this optimistic view of the future is not warranted by contemplation of the present? Those who catch only dyspeptic glimpses of life incline to the belief that the world is retrograding, that the progress of mankind in the higher virtues is only backward. But there is abundance of evidence that the world is growing better and wiser day by day, and it is easy to believe that as mankind is relieved more and more of the necessity for constant toil to meet urgent physical needs greater attention will be given to that which will draw individuals closer to one another and to their Creator. Not before the millennium dawns will the world become the earthly paradise all would like to see it, but it will steadily move in that direction. There will be a setback and discouragement in the future as in the past but there will be progress, and of the sort which will make for the accomplishment of all that Dr. Hale predicts.

Owners of New York City.

Even at the low valuation put on property for purposes of taxation the real estate of New York city is worth $[illegible]. In many of the agricultural states the value of all the farm lands together would not be as much as the town lots and land lines in this one city.

It is not its great wealth, however, that is the most significant feature of New York. The value of land is relative. Ground worth $1,000 an acre in a boom time will speedily fall to half that when the boom is off. It is the terrible crowding that makes real estate so valuable in New York.

The startling fact about New York real estate is that one-third of it is owned by 117 persons. Out of a population of 2,000,000, 117 persons own and enjoy the revenues from a third of the property. The old cities of Europe can furnish no more startling illustration of the unequal distribution of wealth. One hundred and five years ago John Jacob Astor, the old peddler and fur trader, bought his first real estate in New York. It was a lot for which he paid $[illegible]. Early in the present century he was already the largest real estate owner in the city, and his descendants remain at the head to this day. The Goelets are the next largest. The names of the guild of 117 are largely those of the old Knickerbockers who bought land for a trifle and held on to it.

The owners of these vast estates follow the policy of their fathers. Year by year they are buying real estate still. Under the present system it is only a question of time when the whole huge city will be parceled out among half a dozen ruling families.

Lovers' Suicides.

Another moon stricken pair of lovers have killed themselves in the most dramatic way. They went to a romantic spot in a park one night and shot themselves. The policeman on the beat would probably have heard the shots if they had not been cuddled up in some snug cubby hole asleep. At any rate, they did not hear them. In the morning the two dead bodies were found, one lying where it had fallen across the other. Many raving, sloppy letters were neatly tied in a bundle near by for the public to get hold of and the newspapers to publish. If now they can look up or down, as the case may be, to this world, the lovers will see that their desire for newspaper notoriety has been fully gratified. They killed themselves because they wanted their souls to be together, they said. It could not be so in this life because the girl already had a husband. "Love, sweet love, but why is it damned?" wrote the raving Romeo.

It is true that the world is better off without such feather headed fools as these, and so far as their fellow men are concerned the best thing they could do was to kill themselves. But they might have cured themselves and lived too. The one infallible cure for lovers like this is an elopement. If they had run away together, in about three months they would have been so tired of each other that they never would have wanted to behold each other's faces again. All that is necessary to cure the most insane cases of "love" like that is a good dose of matrimony, rent paying and doctor's bills. It works like a charm.

The excellence of Swedish iron has long been known. The ore comes from the most northerly mines in the world, so far north that if they were in America it is doubtful if they could be worked at all. They are in the Swedish province of Norrland, and they are 47 miles above the Arctic circle. They are capable, if worked to their full capacity, of supplying all the world with iron. The same province of Norrland is no less rich in forest. It ships annually twice as much lumber as is furnished by the United States. The iron comes from the Gellivara mines. It was an occasion of great rejoicing, therefore, when recently the railroad was opened direct from the Swedish seaport of Lulea to the iron mines and the lumber region. This is the most northern railroad on the earth.

And now it has been found that our steel cruisers plated with nickelized steel 17 inches thick and coated with copper to keep the barnacles off will not do. If the copper plating gets scratched through, the salt water immediately sets up a galvanic action between the copper and the armor plating and eats them away like a roach eating sea biscuit. The only way is to have our steel cruisers covered first with the Harveyized steel nickel plate, then that covered with a wooden sheath again and finally the wooden sheathing covered with a sheathing of copper. What should go on over the copper has not yet been decided.

An invention which will prove useful has been made in France in the shape of transparent bricks. They are called glass bricks, but are different from ordinary glass in being toughened and strengthened with an asphalt and bituminous cement. They are made hollow. The particular use of these curious bricks is that they are put into walls where light but not cold air is wanted. Such places are found in hothouses, refrigerating establishments and hospitals. In meat markets they are found better than marble for counters and stands.

A coal handling machine has been invented which will bring up anew the sad old question whether labor saving devices are an unmixed good. The machine in question can lift and dump into vessels 411 tons of coal an hour. It can make coal cheaper to consumers, but it will throw thousands of coal shovelers out of employment. For men who know how to perform only rough labor this will come peculiarly hard at first.

The World has found out that there are 717 men and women in New York city alone who will have to pay income taxes ranging from $1,000 to $175,000. That was why several New York papers put their garments in the fleet to defeat the income tax. Well, there are whole towns in the rest of the country where the united income of the inhabitants would not make enough for the tax to touch, and that ought to counterbalance the thing.

Mr. Shinichiro Kurino is the new Japanese ambassador. The Japanese language is more musical than the Chinese.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

The Wonderful Narrative of a Patient Sufferer.

How a Young Woman Was Cured of a Terrible Malady When She Was Near the Brink of the Grave.

[illegible]

The large, pretentious brick residence at 58 [illegible] avenue, in this city, is the home of the heroine of this interesting story. She is Miss Margaret Stenbaugh, and her interesting experiences during the past four years are published here for the first time.

Miss Stenbaugh is a pretty girl of about twenty years and is today the true picture of the ideal, healthy, robust and jovial American girl. She was not always so, as is proven by the accompanying statement made by her.

"Four years ago," she said, "I was a sufferer in all that the term implies, and never thought of being as healthy as I am today. Why, at that time, I was such a scrawny, puny little midget pale and emaciated by an ailment peculiar to us women, that my father and mother gave me up to die. The local practitioner, whose name was Dr Ginsford, (I was at that time living at Scotland, Ont.) said it was only a matter of days when I would be laid away in the churchyard. I was so informed, and as I was such a sufferer I cared nothing whatever whether I lived or died; in fact, think I would have preferred the latter.

"I could not walk. I became so weak, and regularly every night my father used to carry me up stairs to my room. I can distinctly remember my telling him that he wouldn't have to carry me about much longer, and how he said, while the tears glistened in his eyes, that he would be willing to do it always, if he could only have me with him.

"It was evidently foreordained that I should not die, at that particular time, as a miraculous transformation in my condition was the talk of the neighborhood.

"I read, or was told by somebody, of the wonderful cures that were being wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and my father went to Brantford, where he purchased a couple of boxes from W. Wallace. I commenced taking them, and I thought for a time that they did me no good, as they made me sick at first, but very shortly I noticed a great change. They began to act on my trouble, and in the short space of six weeks I was able to walk. I continued taking the pills, and in six months I was in the condition you see me now. I fully believe that they alone saved me from the grave, and you will always find myself and balance of our family ready to talk about the good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me.

"A short time ago I was feeling unwell. Just a slight derangement, and I at once bought a box of Pink Pills and commenced taking them. I could actually feel the good results after three pills, and I will recommend them to anybody who is afflicted as I was."

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 15th day of December, 1893

D. A. DELANEY, Notary Public,
Wayne Co., Michigan.

Druggists say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale, and that from all quarters come in glowing reports of the excellent results following their use. An analysis proves that they contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were first compounded as a prescription, and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ontario, and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address.

MONROEVILLE GOSSIP.

Fort Wayne People Who Have Been Visiting in That City.

This personal gossip about Fort Wayne people is taken from yesterday's issue of the Monroeville Breeze:

"The Misses Laura Eggerman and Laura Rundel, who have been visiting relatives in this place for the past two weeks, returned to their homes in Fort Wayne Tuesday evening last.

"Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Straughn, of Fort Wayne; Mrs. Wyath, of Newark, Ohio, and Miss Caroline Straughn, of Chicago, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Wright, Monday last

"Miss Eva Strass, of Fort Wayne, is the guest of her cousins the Misses Carrie Strass and Daisy Bedelsheimer, this week.

"Miss Lula Meyers, of Fort Wayne, who has been visiting her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Hunsicker, for the past week, returned to her home Monday last.

"Mrs. Mayer, accompanied by Will Rundell, both of Fort Wayne, are the guests of Mrs. Mayer's sons, J. B., L. F. and John Mayer, and families.

"Oliver Magner, of Fort Wayne, was in town Sunday last. On his return home on Monday he was accompanied by his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Magner, who will spend a couple of weeks in the Summit City."

Have your Sights and Scenes of the World bound at The Sentinel office. tf

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 2.

Text of the Lesson, John ii, 13-25—Memory Verses, 13-17—Golden Text, John ii, 16—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

13. "And the Jews' passover was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem." After the miracle at Cana He with His mother and brethren and disciples spent some days at Capernaum (verse 12), but we have no further record of that visit. This is, so far as we know, His second visit to Jerusalem, and the first since at the age of 12, He went up with Joseph and Mary to the passover (Luke ii, 41, 42). In view of the fact that His brethren did not believe in Him (John vii, 5) we wonder that they went to Capernaum with Him. It is not likely that they went to Jerusalem. The proper name of this feast was "The Lord's Passover" (Ex. xii, 11), but like other feasts had degenerated into mere feasts of the Jews (John v, 1).

14. "And found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting." So He found it again at the close of His ministry (Math. xxi, 12). According to the law, the people were to bring to the Lord at Jerusalem the tithe of corn, wine, oil and the firstlings of herds and flocks, but if they were living too far from Jerusalem to do this they were permitted to turn the tithes into money and purchase at Jerusalem what they wanted (Deut. xiv, 22-26). This arrangement, however, did not necessitate making a market of the temple.

15. "And when He had made a scourge of small cords, He drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep, and the oxen, and poured out the changers' money and overthrew the tables." If He were today to drive thus out of our various places of worship on His holy day all in whose hearts He saw business or pleasure instead of thoughts of Himself, what a thinning out of many a congregation there would be!

16. "And said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence; make not my Father's house an house of merchandise." When He again cleansed the temple at the close of His ministry, He told them that instead of its being a house of prayer, as God intended, they had made it a den of thieves (Math. xxi, 13). At the age of 12 Jesus had said in this very temple that He must be about His Father's business (Luke ii, 49) or [R. V.] in His Father's house, and now one of the first acts of His public ministry is to cleanse that house.

17. "And His disciples remembered that it was written, The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up." This is written in that psalm (lxix) so full of His sufferings, which, if we laid to heart more, we would be more full of zeal for His house, His church, instead of possessing so much misguided and wasted zeal for our own houses or churches or societies.

18. "Then answered the Jews and said unto Him, What sign showest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things?" A similar question is asked in John vi, 30, and Math. xii, 38, and in the latter place Jesus told them that the sign would be the typical death and resurrection of Jonah illustrated in His own case, and now He will tell them the same thing under another figure. Death and resurrection is the great secret of power on earth for God.

19. "Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." This is the earliest intimation from His own lips of His death and resurrection. He was the antitype of tabernacle and temple, buildings erected that God might dwell on earth among men, and in Him God was manifest in the flesh. It is interesting to notice that the temple of Solomon was plundered by Shishak in the thirty-fourth year of its existence. See I Kings xi, 25, and II Chron. xii, 2, 9.

20. "Then said the Jews, Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days?" Being only natural men, they understood nothing of spiritual things (I Cor. ii, 14).

21. "But He spake of the temple of His body." See how they perverted His words and flung them at Him in His agony on the cross (Mark xiv, 58, and xv, 29). If we have become temples of the Holy Spirit, in whom Father, Son and Spirit have come to dwell (I Cor. vi, 19, 20, John xiv, 17, 23), we must not think it strange to have our words perverted and thrown at us in our trials. This is a fellowship with Christ which should make us greatly rejoice.

22. "When therefore He was risen from the dead His disciples remembered that He had said this unto them, and they believed the Scripture, and the word which Jesus had said." The whole of this gospel was written with the special object of proving that Jesus is the Son of God (chapter xx, 31), and as it was by the resurrection that He was with power declared to be the Son of God (Rom. i, 4) this may account for its early mention and emphasis in this gospel. It is only when we are risen from the dead or translated to meet our Lord that it shall fully appear that we are sons of God (I John iii, 2).

23. "Now when He was in Jerusalem at the passover, in the feast day, many believed in His name when they saw the miracles which He did." This is the great gospel of believing. It is found more times in this gospel than in the other three and in the Acts all put together. The true meaning of believing is seen in chapter i, 12, to be the receiving of Him as our own Saviour. To believe about Him is of no avail unless we become fully identified with Him in His death and resurrection—one with Him at God's right hand and one with Him in present service here.

24. "But Jesus did not commit himself unto them, because He knew all men." The word "commit" is the same word which is translated "believe" in the preceding verse. The R. V. has it "trust." Jesus, knowing all men, knew whom He could trust or believe and was never deceived in any. He treated them upon their profession as if they meant all they said and gave them every possible opportunity and help to prove themselves sincere, but He thoroughly knew them all the time.

25. "And needed not that any should testify of man, for He knew what was in man." He, being God, could read people's thoughts. He is the Lord who searches heart and reins (Jer. xvii, 10; Rev. ii, 23). For interesting instances of His mind reading see Luke v, 22, vi, 8, ix, 47, xi, 17, xxiv, 38, and remember Ezek. xi, 5, "For I know the things that come into your mind, every one of them." I have often been glad that He knew all that was in me before He ever let me know that He loved me, for if He hadn't known all my possibilities for evil beforehand He might have been tempted to give me up many a time. But whom He loves He loves to the end (John xiii, 1).

MISS PULLMAN AND THE PRINCE.

Her Engagement Recently Reported and Denied For the Second Time.

Miss Florence Pullman, whose engagement to Prince Leopold von Isenburg-Birstein, cousin of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, was recently reported and denied, is the elder daughter of George M. Pullman, the millionaire palace car builder of Chicago. She is tall and graceful, her hair is black as the raven's wing, and her clear complexion is delicately tinted with the color that youth and health impart to the cheeks. She made her debut in society in 1884 and has since been considered a belle in Chicago and in social circles abroad.

She is an accomplished pianist and vocalist, speaks French fluently and has received a thorough education both at school and in travel. One of her last trips abroad was under the chaperonage of Mrs. John A. Logan, who has been a lifelong friend of the Pullman family for many years. She met the prince in Chicago several years ago, it is said. The prince was then in this country to study the improved methods used in American agriculture that he might apply them upon his return to his estates in Germany. When the prince was in Chicago, he was entertained in royal style by Mr. Pullman and the young couple met and loved, so the story goes. Just a year ago it was reported that the prince and the heiress were engaged, and the rumor is again current, although Pullman père has denied its truthfulness.

MISS PULLMAN. PRINCE LEOPOLD.

The full list of the prince's Christian names is Leopold Wolfgang Ernest Marie Ferdinand Charles Michel Antoine Victor Louis Joseph Jean Baptiste Francis. [illegible] he does not seem to mind. His shoulders are broad, but he is perfectly willing to share the burden of his name with the Chicago heiress if the published reports of his devotion are true. The prince is the eldest son of Prince Charles of Isenburg-Birstein and the Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria. His estates are said to be near Frankfort on the Main. The prince's father was a warm personal friend of William I and an admirer of Bismarck. He took an active part, it is said, in the elevation of William I to the throne after the Franco-Prussian war.

In the most recent report of the engagement of the prince to Miss Pullman it was stated that Miss Pullman's father consented to his daughter's engagement to the prince only on condition that her children shall possess the full rights of succession to the title, dignities and hereditary privileges of the house of Isenburg-Birstein.

EACH WOULD BE GOVERNOR.

Culberson of Texas, Evans of South Carolina and Marvil of Delaware.

Charles A. Culberson, who was recently nominated for governor by the Democrats of Texas, is a son of Congressman David B. Culberson, who is now serving his ninth term in the house of representatives. He was born in Dadeville, Ala., about 40 years ago, but has been a resident of Texas nearly all his life. He was educated in the common schools of Jefferson and the high school at Gilmer and in 1870 entered the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., from which he was graduated in 1874.

He chose the law as his vocation and received his legal education in his father's office and in the law department of the University of Virginia. In 1877 he was admitted to the bar of Texas and has since been active in the law and in politics. In 1880 he was elected county attorney of Madison county and is now serving his second term as attorney general of the state.

CHARLES A. CULBERSON.
JOSHUA H. MARVIL. JOHN GARY EVANS.

John Gary Evans, the reform convention's nominee for governor of South Carolina, is the author of the dispensary laws that have recently attracted so much attention. He was born in Cokesbury, S. C., 31 years ago and is the second son of the late General N. G. Evans, "the hero of Ball's Bluff," and his mother was a sister of General M. W. Gary. He was graduated from Union college, Schenectady, N. Y., in 1883, studied law with his uncle, Major W. T. Gary, and was admitted to the bar in 1885. Beginning the practice of his profession in Aiken, he soon established a reputation in legal circles and in 1888 was sent to the state house of representatives. When Irby was elected United States senator, Evans was a strong candidate for speaker of the house, but was defeated. Later he was sent to the state senate.

Joshua H. Marvil, Republican nominee for governor of Delaware, has never been a candidate for office before. He is a native of Sussex county and is 59 years old. He was brought up on a farm and had meager educational advantages. Early in life he became a sailor and later took to boatbuilding. When he was 28 years of age, he started the manufacture of agricultural implements in Laurel. In 1870 the great peach business of Delaware led him to begin the manufacture of baskets and crates, and his plant has grown to such large proportions that its annual output is 2,000,000 fruit baskets. He has amassed a fortune of $250,000 in the business. Before the war he was a Democrat, but Abraham Lincoln's candidacy made him a Republican, and a Republican he has been ever since. He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal church and has the reputation of being a philanthropist.

This From England.

Young Mr. Hopkins went to the World's fair at Chicago, and while there met a charming American young lady, who proved to be his fate. After a brief wooing they were wed, and young Hopkins sent to the old folks at home a glowing description of his wealthy, handsome and accomplished wife. A week or two ago they returned to England, and a few days after old Mr. Hopkins invited a few friends to a quiet supper to meet his "charming daughter-in-law," as he termed the lady. The evening passed off splendidly till supper time, and then we were astounded. The old gentleman asked Mrs. Hopkins, Jr., what she would take for supper, saying: "I am afraid our homely English dishes cannot compare with your American delicacies." "Perhaps not," came the unexpected reply. "But I'll tell you what I'd like, and that is some of that cold cabbage left from dinner. I'm a Nebuchadnezzar for greens."—London Telegraph.

A Genius For Snoring.

Lord Aberdeen tells the following story of himself: He left London at midnight in a sleeping car for the north. In the morning when he was awakened he saw a stranger opposite him.

"Excuse me," said the stranger. "May I ask if you are rich?"

Somewhat surprised his lordship replied that he was tolerably well to do.

"May I ask," continued the stranger, "how rich you are?"

"Well, if it will do you any good to know," was the reply, "I suppose I have several hundred thousand pounds."

"Well," went on the stranger, "if I were as rich as you and snored as loud as you, I should take a whole car, so as not to interrupt the sleep of others."—New York Tribune.

One Advantage of the System.

There is an itinerant printer in the Catskill region who carries a hand press and bag of type around with him and does small jobs for the country folks. The type is all mixed in the bag, and when he is setting a job the process is rather a tedious one. A member of the craft, observing him at work one day, said:

"Don't you find it slow work getting type carried around in that way?"

"Yes," he drawled, "it is, I admit, rather slow work setting, but, by Jove, you should see me distribute!"—New York Press.

In Wait.

Farmer—James, have you watered the cows this morning?

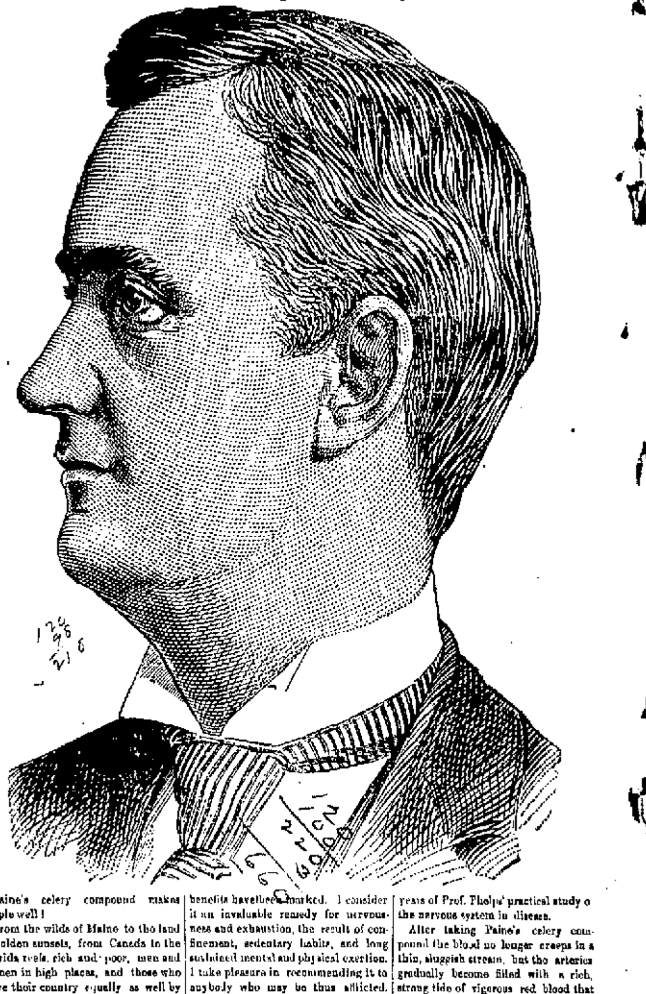
New Man From City—No, sir, not for two days—

"Why?"

"I heard you say day before yesterday that they wouldn't be dry for about six weeks yet, sir."—Plain Dealer.

CARLISLE'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

His Health at Once Improved by Paine's Celery Compound.



Paine's celery compound makes people well!

From the wilds of Maine to the land of golden sunsets, from Canada to the Florida reefs, rich and poor, men and women in high positions, and those who serve their country equally as well by being simply good husbands and good wives—all manner of people are being benefitted by Paine's celery compound.

Many in high positions, knowing that their example is likely to be followed, and wishing that their experience may help others, have given their testimonials to the value of this greatest remedy.

Mr. H. W. Van Senden, the private secretary of Hon. John G. Carlisle, secretary of the treasury says:

"I have used several bottles of Paine's celery compound, and its beneficial effects were manifested in a very much improved condition of the system. Those who are overworked will find it a splendid tonic and nerve invigorator."

Mr. James A Bryan, the city editor of the Paducah (Ky.) Standard, one of the most influential newspapers in that part of the country, writing about a month previous, said:

"I have used several bottles of Paine's celery compound for nervousness and general debility, and the benefits have been marked. I consider it an invaluable remedy for nervousness and exhaustion, the result of confinement, sedentary habits, and long sustained mental and physical exertion. I take pleasure in recommending it to anybody who may be thus afflicted. This statement is made without solicitation and with no other object than to add my testimony to that of others as to the efficacy of what I believe is a meritorious renovator of the human system."

And N. Dilday, one of the publishers of the same paper says: "I was troubled with nervous attacks, coupled with sleeplessness, and tried Paine's celery compound. Two or three bottles convinced me that it is not without merit. I am well pleased with it, and consider it a valuable remedy for nervousness caused by overwork and sedentary habits. I am never without it."

Thousands of testimonials come unasked-for to the proprietors of this remedy, the discovery of which by Dartmouth's greatest professor, Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., is one of the ablest achievements of recent times.

Paine's celery compound furnishes ready, sufficient, appropriate food for nervous tissues all over the body. Its ingredients represent the most fruitful years of Prof. Phelps' practical study of the nervous system in disease.

After taking Paine's celery compound the blood no longer creeps in a thin, sluggish stream, but the arteries gradually become filled with a rich, strong tide of vigorous red blood that reaches and bathes every tiny nerve and muscle fibre in the body.

Headache, Neuralgia, and loss of appetite and strength cannot continue when such healthy arterial blood, full of ruddy, life-giving corpuscles, and capable of quickly repairing the waste of the hard-worked nerve and brain tissues, replaces the thin, pale fluid, full of bad humors and lacking in nutritive value.

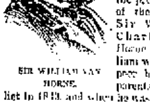
Thousands of men and women whose daily life is making severe draughts on their vitality need Paine's celery compound.

None are too old to be helped by it; none are too young to be at once benefitted. It permanently cures every kind of nervous disease. It quickly brings new materia to the worn out nerve centers, and removes the one cause of the many forms that nervous diseases take. Dyspepsia, sleeplessness, heart disease, rheumatism, melancholy, kidney and liver troubles. As a relief for the debilitating effects of this hot season, nothing can do so much.

AN EX-TELEGRAPHER KNIGHTED.

But Sir William Van Horne Is Now President of the Canadian Pacific.

Queen Victoria recently knighted an ex-telegraph operator of Illinois. He is not a telegraph operator now, but is president and general manager of the Canadian Pacific railway, and his name at the present stage of the game is Sir William Charles Van Horne. Sir William was born of poor but honest parents near Joliet in 1843, and when he was receiving a meager education at a common school and the boys called him Billy and tied knots in his shirt while he was in swimming he and they never dreamed that Queen Victoria would ever say, "Rise up, Sir William," to plain Billy Van Horne.


SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.

Equipped with but little education, Van Horne began the struggle of life at 14 years of age as a telegrapher on the Illinois Central railroad. Later he became ticket agent and telegraph operator on the Chicago and Alton, and by hard work and strict attention to business was finally promoted to be superintendent of telegraph. He is very fond of a good beefsteak, and when he was superintendent of the road's dining car service he abolished side dishes and substituted beefsteak. The plan did not work with the general public, and the side dishes, like the cat, came back.

Van Horne continued educating himself by hard study, and his advancement in knowledge kept pace with his rise in the railroad world. He was division superintendent of the Chicago and Alton for three years and then became general superintendent of the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern, a position he held two years. He then began an eight years' service as general manager and president of the Southern Minnesota. After two years' work as general superintendent of the Chicago and Alton and two more in the same capacity with the Milwaukee and St. Paul he became general manager of the Canadian Pacific in 1882 and was promoted to the presidency in 1888.

It was predicted that the Canadian Pacific would prove a financial failure, but under Van Horne's management it has always paid dividends, and his able management caused the queen to knight him. He is an expert geologist, a clever amateur painter and a connoisseur in all matters pertaining to art.

Willing to Come In.

"Will you have some of the Saratoga chips?" said the hostess.

"Well," said the young man from Arizona, "I don't know anything about Saratoga, but I'll play in a few dollars' worth."—Washington Star.

Spoke Before He Thought.

Angelina (to her new betrothed)—Oh, Edwin, there's such a good looking girl just behind you! Do look!

Edwin—Ah, I've no eyes for good looks now, darling!—New York Ledger.

Not Soothing.

"What do you think of [illegible] liabilities?" asked the anxious creditor.

"Well, as far as I can judge, the principal one is his inability to pay anything."—Washington Star.

Linwood Park, Vermillion, O.

As a delightful summer resort, located on the shore of Lake Erie, and during the summer season, from June 15th to September 20th, the Nickel Plate road offers reduced rates to that point. d&w10

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PART SECOND. 8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS. PART SECOND.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894. PRICE FIVE CENTS

NYE ON THE DRAMA

SOME EXPERIENCES OF HIS OWN THAT ARE TAKEN FROM REAL LIFE.

Leading Off With the Stage In Wyoming and How It Has Been Elevated, He Goes Gracefully on to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Tells How It Was Once Produced.

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Bruno Kymckko of East Haddam, Mass., and Eulalie G. Mushamock write to ask if I would mind telling where they can get a good play or two suitable for amateurs, and also whether I have had any experience in amateur theatricals myself, and if I would mind giving same to the public.

The play generally selected by the amateur is apt to be something from Shakespeare or something spectacular and requiring a 200 foot stage. I do not know why, of course, but the more difficult and dangerous the play the more greedily it is gathered in by the amateur.

UNITING BRONCHO SAM TO MLLE. TAH-LE-QUAH-NE-PAH-LE-TAH.

I once knew an amateur company to undertake the "Passion Play," using the home baseball nine for apostles as far as it would go. Local guns were introduced also, and Judas went out on strike. A novelty was also introduced during the trial scene, a change of venue being asked for on the ground that Pilate was prejudiced.

Regarding my own personal experience with the drama, I cannot do better perhaps than to give you a few notes prepared some years ago for an obscure journal which was not able to pay for same, and hence it is introduced here. I can vouch for the truth of the statements made, which is the great and glaring difference between most of my statements and the average box office statement:

"My first experience with the stage in Wyoming was in the capacity of justice of the peace. I was a justice of the peace there for six long and bloody years. They were troublous times while I sat on the woolsack, and scarcely had I put on my official robes and swept out the office before business began to open up. Hardly had I glanced hurriedly at the statutes—a thing I always regretted afterward, for if you tried to understand Wyoming statutes you were lost—when I was called upon to unite in the holy bonds of wedlock Mr. Broncho Sam of Mandel's Ranch to Mlle. Tah-le-quah-ne-pah-le-tah—the Flush-of-Dawn-That-Wakens-the-Peewee's-Song.

"Hardly had I taken a brief bath after this and washed away the bridal salute with a slug of Hugo Kohn's Scotch Terrier liquor when I was required by the laws to deal with the drama. Four enthusiasts, it seems, had been for some time seeking to elevate the Black Hills stage, having held it up eight times in seven weeks. In the early dawn Sheriff Boswell and posse had surrounded this camp not far from Laramie City, and when they awoke and arose in their blankets to take a hasty view of the fragrant morning half a dozen of Mr. Winchester's justly celebrated opinion molders looked them in the eye. It was my duty to give these men a preliminary examination. In the language of a rising young 'litterateur' of that time, 'I done so.' It is needless to say that these men are now in a ratproof inclosure where cark and care do not enter and can never annoy them. Since then the elevation of the Wyoming stage has flagged.

"Soon after this occurrence I became attached to a paper, the paper itself being attached in turn to the sheriff. In the paper I expressed my opinions freely, and then if any one attacked me regarding those opinions so expressed I fined him heavily. The more vigorous my policy editorially the more fines I was able to turn in toward the payment of the printers.

"So I had to be more scathing sometimes than I really wanted to be.

"In this paper I advertised everything that the police would allow me to mention. We did not wish to be venal, but we were between the office boy and the deep sea, and so we advertised things which were unworthy at times.

"Among them I ran the ad. of an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' company. I would gladly forget it now if I could, but I cannot. The ghastly remembrance comes back to me now even in my happier moments, and my prosperity is imbittered by the recollection that once I advertised a show in the Rocky mountains which was even more rocky than the dear old dignified hills in which I dwelt.

"Oh, but it was a tenacious show! Its toughness, tenacity and acidity were noticeable even as it got off the train, for Little Eva had written in her face the story of precocious cussedness, and the bloodhounds were droopy, egg sucking, low, vulgar, plebeian dogs from the Denver pound.

"In those days we panted for the drama. We paid $1.25 to $1.50 per seat for shows that now we see for 10, 15 and 25 cents on the Bowery. But this show was bad. Oh, but, gentle reader, it was real bad! It had not been deodorized. It had also escaped the searching gaze of the fool killer and state entomologist.

"Mr. Legree was a coarse man who laid his pie at the Thornburgh House in the palm of his hand at table and fed it in among his whiskers as one would feed an ichthyosaurus. Oh, how low he was! He breathed hard while he ate, and what custard he could not eat he carried away in his beard.

"I have often thought that the poor performance given by this company had much to do with the small house which Mr. Roach had the following autumn. Finally the evening came for the show. I had seared and scarred my soul by giving the company the moral support of the press, and so at last the time came and quite a good audience. People had faith in me, for they knew I would fine them severely if they did not trust me. So they came even from as far away as Red Buttes, The Sliding, Owl Creek and Independence Mountain.

"Mr. Marks was evidently suffering from alcoholism, and his bald head was made for the following morning; therefore it did not fit him at night. I always hate the stage bald head anyhow. Possibly it is envy on my part, but the average bald head of the one night stand won't do. It is a little worse than the stage whisker. The thrifty whisker not only grows on the chin, but fades away along the throat and clings lovingly to Adam's apple, but the stage whisker does not do that. It leaves the under jaw exposed to the night air, and the bleak windpipe looks like a poor boy at a frolic. A stage beard looming up over the bare waste of windpipe and the tremulous Adam's apple of a young canvas covered Hamlet fatigues me a great deal and drives me into the open air.

"It is so with the stage baldness, which is apt to wrinkle across the front breadths or drift around to leeward. I do not know what part of the cow is used in making the foundation of the stage bald head, but I judge that it is the first stomach.

"In this instance Mr. Marks was quite full, partly, I suppose, to benumb the pain which he must have naturally felt at being compelled to witness his own acting night after night. So his stage bald head got over one eye and gave him the appearance of a man who has taken a brief siesta under a pile driver. It gave him the low, retreating forehead of the muskellunge, and as he stood there in the full glare of the footlights, a miserable ham enveloped in tripe, I said to him sotto voce, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

"Scarcely had the words escaped my lips when a frozen cucumber disarranged his front teeth, which were artificial. Removing them in a maudlin way, he wiped off the cucumber seeds with his pocket handkerchief and resumed them; also his lines. He had the coolness and poise of a frapped clam and the jag of a petit juryman.

"Little Eva, who was supposed to have just entered upon life's young morn, really had with her a long waisted son with whiskers, who took care of the bloodhounds daytimes and on the stage took other light parts. He got his board and associated mostly with the bloodhounds, rather holding himself aloof from the rest of the company.

"He was a tall, meaty boy, who wore his mother's name, as his father had forgotten to register before he went away.

"Little Eva, therefore, had to make up a good deal, and her voice needed paring down. She was a slight thing and wore her hair down her back, but her 'deathbed had been so d——d drafty at Denver,' so she said, that it had stiffened her knees so's that she was dead sore on the town.

"She told me this the next day in order to excuse her rather stiff death the evening before. Little Eva unfortunately had to die rather late in the play and did not receive the indorsement which she might have received had she done it sooner. By the time that her second lung was gone, and Uncle Tom had almost ripened for the tomb also, the people of Laramie had about decided that if Little Eva could only die of some contagious disease which would also wipe out the entire company it would be a good thing for the people of the coast.

"Sociable Titus, one of our leading draymen, house movers and first nighters, in going out between the acts had acquired other groceries aside from cardamom seeds. So had Billy Bowen and Tom Dayton; also Billy Wilson and Otto Gramm. So when Little Eva began to expire a rather raw double yolker from the Plymouth Rock ranch of Turtle Dove Abbott, on the Little Laramie river, smote Uncle Tom in the eye and trickled down on the pillow.

NYE AND HIS BLOODHOUND.

"He wiped off the handiwork of the hen and went on.

"Mr. Sinclair watched the death of his daughter, holding his broad hat up before his face to keep off the groceries.

"He experienced religion at the deathbed of his child, but people who stood close to him and heard him swear feared that it was not sincere. Uncle Tom wiped off the egg and with it some of the burned cork, so that during the rest of the lay he looked like a black broncho with one calico eye.

"At last Little Eva, having seen some angels who appeared to be about northwest of where I sat, in the gallery, passed away. Mr. Sinclair sobbed in the bedding quite awhile, and Uncle Tom wiped his watch eye copiously. It was a tough scene. All at once a dead cat took Uncle Tom under the butt of the ear and fell with a nauseating thud on the breast of the corpse.

"You should have seen the remains hop out of her auction bed and flee across the stage in her robe de nuit, which she had evidently outgrown a good deal.

"I heard her cursing Uncle Tom afterward for permitting the cat to fall on her, thus knocking out the pathetic and 'tear ong scalde' of the play. It was a sore finale indeed.

"The following morning I learned that the company had sought to 'jump the town,' as it was put to me. So I wrote a bill and sued out a writ of attachment before myself, being a J. P., for the advertising I had done for them.

"The officer seized one bloodhound and a deathbed. I had long wished to endow a bed in the Laramie City hospital, so I had Little Eva's death bed laundered, the omelets removed and sent it to the hospital.

"The bloodhound I kept for several years. I honestly think he tried to reform, but it was not possible. He yearned for the applause of multitudes and the approval of the press. Life in my watermelon patch seemed tame to him, for some nights no one came, and then he would be taciturn all the next day, sometimes biting an Old Subscriber or Veritas or Taxpayer and causing me great trouble in every way.

"Finally his mind began to wander. In fancy he was again chasing Eliza and her little one across the frozen stream.

"Then with a fiendish yelp he would bound forward and bite at a mark—a birth mark if he could find one.

"This went on that way for a long time until at last he became unpopular with the public schools, having thinned them out a good deal first and last. So one day, as the October weather began to paint the willows and cottonwoods along the streams and glorify the sumac in the canyons, Othello, my demented bloodhound, got his medicine at the hands of one of my staff named Vox Populi, the calf of whose leg had been severely fluted by my dramatic but ill guided dog.

"He is buried to the eastward of Laramie, on the crest of the first foothills near the grave of Big Steve, who also died by request of many citizens.

"Since then the stage, though not so often upheld by obscure parties as it used to be, is greatly advanced and improved, I think, in the Rocky mountain country."

Another correspondent, who is fooling with the metallic baths and geological beverages at Saratoga, wrote me in July to know what I thought of buying up a lot of Saratoga chips at John Morrissey's old store and waiting for an advance during the racing season. He says that he has seen the Saratoga chip during the racing weeks, when the market was very feverish, and especially the blue and red varieties very high.

It would be well to get a few quarts of these Saratoga chips, no doubt, and if the blue ones could be quietly cornered in early July each year good results might accrue. Do it by all means, Amos, unless some one else is quietly doing the same thing.

It would be just as well, however, to watch the papers meantime and see whether all the senators are in their places at the capitol. Staple groceries, like sugar and Saratoga chips, should be looked after sharply when the senate is loose.

I visited the senate chamber last year and had 80 lead pencils borrowed in one day and never returned. While in Washington eternal vigilance is also the price of the umbrella.

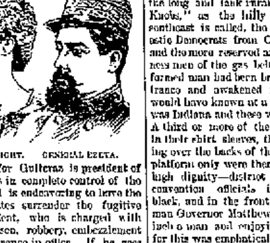
Bill Nye

SHE PLEADED FOR THEIR LIVES.

Now Miss Wright Doubtless Wishes General Ezeta Had Not Spared His Enemies.

General Antonio Ezeta, the fugitive ex-vice president of Salvador, who recently arrived in San Francisco on board the United States warship Bennington, is in his present predicament, it is said, because Miss Ida Dent Wright, an American girl to whom he is engaged, prevailed upon him to spare the lives of men who are now thirsting for his blood. Until very recently General Ezeta and his brother Carlos were in complete control of Salvador. Carlos was president and Antonio vice president.

About a year ago, while Miss Wright was living in Salvador, General Rafael Guiteraz and others started a revolution to overthrow the Ezeta government. Guiteraz and nearly a score of other conspirators were captured and sentenced to death. The day they were sentenced Miss Wright became the betrothed of General Antonio Ezeta and pleaded so hard for the lives of the conspirators that they were set free. Now Ezeta is very sorry he listened to the fair one's pleadings, for Guiteraz is president of Salvador, is in complete control of the country and is endeavoring to have the United States surrender the fugitive vice president, who is charged with murder, arson, robbery, embezzlement and malfeasance in office. If he goes back to Salvador, he will be executed in short order by the men who owe their lives to his sweetheart's pleadings.



MISS WRIGHT. GENERAL EZETA.

Miss Wright is about 20 years of age and a tall, handsome girl of the blond type. She belongs to an old Georgia family and is a very accomplished and intelligent young woman. She was educated in France, speaks French, Spanish, German and Italian fluently, and her soft southern accent is very fascinating. After leaving school about two years ago Miss Wright and her mother, Mrs. Mario Robinson Wright of Atlanta, made a tour of Europe and then visited La Libertad, Salvador, where she met General Ezeta. Both could talk Spanish when they met, and it was not long before the conversation turned to love. Their betrothal followed, and the marriage was to take place in October. When it was announced that General Ezeta had escaped to the Bennington, Miss Wright pleaded with the state department at Washington not to land her lover in Salvador, where he would be put to death. Her plea was successful, and Ezeta was brought to the United States.

A Bank Guarded by Soldiers.

The Bank of Germany, like most other German public buildings, has a military guard to protect it. In a very strongly fortified military fortress at Spandau is kept the great war treasure of the imperial government.

A Good Background.

"Rise in de worl all yoh kin," said Uncle Eben to the young man, "but doan fohgit yoh reppytation. Hit do come in handy foh er paracshute."—Washington Star.

IN SCENES OF YOUTH.

TALKING POLITICS, CROPS AND RELIGION IN INDIANA.

Attending a Good Old Fashioned Democratic State Convention—Touching the Chord of Memory—An Implicit Hope—A Great Drought—The "Abundant Meal."

[Special Correspondence.]

YEDDO, Ind., Aug. 30.—If there is one good thing more than another, it is an old fashioned rabble rousing Democratic state convention in Indiana such as I have recently enjoyed, and next to the convention is the fun of traveling through the country and hearing the people talk about it. And this is the talking season in the farming districts. County and district conventions of the four parties, county fairs, harvest home festivals, races, stock shows and old settlers' meetings follow each other in rapid succession, and the visiting newspaper man's daily life is a continuous round of cold chicken and homemade pickles, cold ham and biscuit, pound cake, pie and doughnuts, washed down with rootbeer and sometimes lemonade.

Enjoyment? The word is inadequate to the fact. It makes me feel young again to sit at the root of a big tree and see the bountiful dinner spread on the top of a log or on the grass, to have it handed around by the ruddy farmers' daughters, to watch the children eat, and to eat and talk politics alternately. It is the same old blessed thing—the talk, I mean—all about the hard times and the late drought, congress and the scarcity of money, the "mauzin crop of mast" and the promise for fruit, the new preacher at "Yellow Heaven" church, the last baptizing and the next quarterly meeting. It is so reviving to hear the men talk about hard times just as they did 42 years ago, when I first rode the old brown mare to a Baptist association (no railroad and no Yeddo then) in the deep green woods of this vicinity. The old mare has been in horse heaven these many years, but it thrilled me with an emotion the city boy can never know when an old farmer called me to his wagon with, "Johnnie, I want to show you some of Old Roan's stock."

The Quakers are still here and holding their own. Some 60 years ago about 300 families of that faith came almost in a body from Guilford county, N. C., and others soon followed, among them the father of Hon. Joe Cannon, bringing the future statesman with him. Their peculiar speech is like music to the ears of one familiar with it in childhood, and their greeting by Christian names touches a chord of memory that vibrates to an old, old music. It is: "John, this is Charity Brown, child of that Israel Brown that thee used to play with. Charity, thee remembers James B. This is his boy, John, just come from Washington." The "child" is 60 if she's a day, and the "boy" dates from Van Buren's administration, but it is all the same to the old Quakers, who knew both in infancy. "Friend Hadley, is thy boy up from his fever yet?" "So as to be stirring, Amos."

HON. GEORGE W. COOPER.

The state convention was only an average of its kind, but it was interesting to watch the delegates pouring in—the swarthy Hoosiers from the bottom lands of the Ohio and lower Wabash, the long and lank ruralists from "The Knobs," as the hilly region in the southeast is called, the wildly enthusiastic Democrats from Cooper's district and the more reserved and citified business men of the gas belt. If a well informed man had been brought here in a trance and awakened in the hall, he would have known at a glance that this was Indiana and these were Democrats. A third or more of the delegates were in their shirt sleeves, their coats hanging over the backs of the seats. On the platform only were there full dress and high dignity—district chairmen and convention officials in conventional black, and in the front center as chairman Governor Matthews, looking every inch a man and enjoying his ovation, for this was emphatically his day.

The convention's history need not be repeated, but a few political "straws" must be named, as they appear in the subsequent talk of the country people. The platform was as long as the moral law, and if any odds a little more radical than the national platform of 1892, and the most radical portions were most loudly cheered. Congressman Cooper, though absent, was, with the governor, the hero of the day. The success of his bill for taxing greenbacks has filled the Hoosier Democratic breast with a wild, tumultuous joy. The governor's speech was the feature of the day. It is universally regarded as his platform for a future advance, and in the Democratic mind of this state he is already booked for a United States senator first and after that the Democratic nominee for president. Denunciation of the "conservative" senators was always in order, and the names of Gorman, Brice and Hill were in conversation always joined with some perverted theological term and emphatic reference to the alleged destination of the finally impenitent.

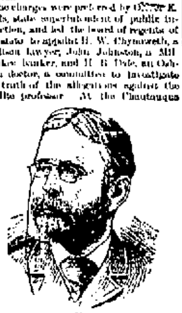
J. H. BEADLE.

PROFESSOR ELY ATTACKED.

Accused of Being a Socialist and of Teaching Utopian and Pernicious Doctrines.

"Utopian, impracticable, pernicious," are the charges made against the doctrines taught students at the University of Wisconsin by Professor Richard T. Ely, dean of the school of economics, political science and history. He is accused of being a socialist, of believing in strikes and boycotts, of urging printers to strike because the state printers of Wisconsin ran a nonunion office, of entertaining a walking delegate at his house during the strike, of threatening to withdraw his printing if the office was not unionized, and of teaching various doctrines that his accusers declare are not what should be incorporated into the mental and moral makeup of students at the university who are instructed by him.

The charges were preferred by Oliver E. Wells, state superintendent of public instruction, and led the board of regents of the state to appoint H. W. Chynoweth, a Madison lawyer, John Johnston, a Milwaukee banker, and H. B. Dale, an Oshkosh doctor, a committee to investigate the truth of the allegations against the erudite professor. At the Chautauqua (N. Y.) assembly recently Professor Ely took occasion to refer to what he termed "the rising flood of calumny which has spared not even my conduct in my own home." He declared that he had never spoken to a striking printer in Madison; that he had never entertained a walking delegate; that he had never expressed any opinion about strikes in Madison except to condemn them, and that each of the charges against him was a base and cruel calumny.



PROFESSOR RICHARD T. ELY.

When the investigating committee met, Mr. Wells refused to proceed on the ground that the committee's action in excluding Professor Ely's books made it impossible for him to prove his case. Professor Ely has long been well known as a writer on social and economic topics. He was born in Ripley, N. Y., April 13, 1854. He attended the New York state normal school, was graduated from Columbia college in 1876 and, as the holder of the graduate fellowship of letters of that institution, studied at Heidelberg university, Germany, from 1876 to 1879, receiving the degree of Ph. D.

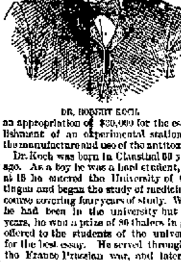
In 1885 he began a long term of service in the chair of political economy at Johns Hopkins university, Baltimore, and for many years was tax commissioner of Maryland. His fame as a writer on political economy soon became widespread, and not long ago the University of Wisconsin called him to his present place on its faculty. He has written half a dozen or more books on political economy and kindred subjects, and his latest work is called "Socialism and Social Reform."

DR. KOCH'S DIPHTHERIA CURE.

The Lymph Closely Resembles That He Used For the Cure of Consumption.

Dr. Robert Koch, the famous German bacteriologist who startled the medical world several years ago by announcing that he had discovered a cure for consumption, believes that he has found a new remedy for the dread disease diphtheria. It is a lymph or antitoxine resembling the celebrated lymph Dr. Koch used in his not wholly successful attempts to cure consumption. Professor Virchow and other eminent German scientists and Dr. Herman M. Biggs, the bacteriologist and pathologist of the New York city health department, have investigated the discovery carefully and are firm believers in its efficacy.

Dr. Biggs considers the lymph an infallible cure for diphtheria if it is applied within 36 hours after the patient is infected with the disease. In Berlin he found between 3,000 and 4,000 well attested cases in which diphtheria had been cured by this new antitoxine. Such proof as that could not be disputed, and Dr. Biggs returned to America enthusiastic over the new Koch discovery. Dr. Cyrus Edson of New York is also an enthusiastic champion of the new Koch lymph. At a recent meeting of the New York board of health he said the lymph cure was an injection of the blood of animals, which killed whatever poison germs of diphtheria were in the system. He was so satisfied of the efficacy of the lymph that he intended to ask from the board of estimate and apportionment an appropriation of $30,000 for the establishment of an experimental station for the manufacture and use of the antitoxine.



DR. ROBERT KOCH.

Dr. Koch was born in Clausthal 50 years ago. As a boy he was a hard student, and at 18 he entered the University of Gottingen and began the study of medicine, a course covering four years of study. When he had been in the university but two years, he won a prize of 80 thalers in gold offered to the students of the university for the best essay. He served throughout the Franco-Prussian war, and later attracted the attention of the medical profession of Germany by his writings on bacteria, and in 1883 was called to Berlin and appointed a member of the board of health.

When the cholera broke out in India, he went there and studied it and discovered that the scourge was due to bacteria. On his return to Berlin he was received like a conqueror, and the reichstag voted him 100,000 marks in recognition of the eminent services which he had rendered to science.

Very Pleasant.

Under the espionage of the gallant and witty cashier a party of ladies were going through the vaults of a big Detroit bank and gazing with awe at the wads of wealth stored therein.

"My," exclaimed one of the party as they came out into the corridor, "how chilly it is!"

"Naturally," smiled the courteous cashier, with a bow, "there's a cool million in there."—Detroit Free Press.

Knew the Sex.

First Tramp—Let's wait here till that picnic is over, and then go and get what they leave behind.

Second Tramp (faintly)—My stummick is so empty that cake and candy ud make me sick.

First Tramp—You won't find any of that. What they'll leave will be the roast beef and tongue and chicken and bread and such things. It's a girls' picnic.—Good News.

No Need to Learn.

Teacher—Harry, if a basket of peaches costs $1 and there are 50 peaches in the basket, how much does one peach cost?

Juvenile Pupil—I—I don't know, ma'am. We don't never have to buy peaches at our house. My papa's a baggage man on a 'xpress train.—Chicago Tribune.

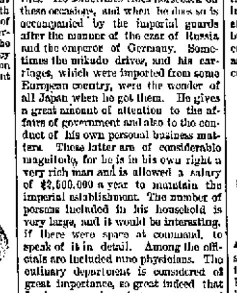
THE RULER OF JAPAN

MUTSUHITO, THE PRESENT MIKADO, THE 121ST OF THE IMPERIAL LINE.

He Is of Active Habits and European Tendencies—His Days Are Busy Ones—His Devotion to Sports and to the Affairs of the Empire—Nine Doctors Attend Him.

Mutsuhito, the reigning mikado or emperor of Japan, is the one hundred and twenty-first to succeed Jimmutenno, the first emperor, whose rule began 660 years B. C. Mutsuhito was born at Kioto on Nov. 3, 1850, and is therefore nearly 44 years of age. He succeeded his father on Feb. 3, 1867, when but six months more than 16. He was married to Haruko in 1868 before he was 18 years old, and they have three children—Yoshihito Harunomija, crown prince, and two daughters, Masako Tsunenomija and Fusako Kanenomija. All these children are now old enough to pronounce their names successfully. The crown prince is about 16.

Mutsuhito is the first mikado whose face has ever been shown to his subjects. Each of his predecessors was kept secluded from the view of every one but the empress and his highest ministers. His sacred feet were never allowed to press the earth, and when he left the palace he entered a closely curtained car drawn by bullocks consecrated to his imperial use. When he died, it was believed that he entered at once into the company of the gods.



THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

The present emperor is somewhat taller than the average Japanese. He does not look nearly so imposing in his European garments, which were adopted some years ago, as he would in the old style imperial Japanese robes. His complexion is described by a traveler as being about the color of coffee with plenty of milk, his eyes are of a brilliant black, and his eyebrows have the arch which in Japan is considered indicative of aristocratic breeding. His person is somewhat stooped, and this is believed to have been caused by his retaining the old time Japanese custom of sitting upon the floor during his early years. This has now been long abandoned. He now not only sits on chairs as Europeans and Americans do, but he also takes his meals at table and eats with knife and fork.

It is the ambition of Mutsuhito to adopt whatever he considers best in the ways of western civilized men and to procure the adoption by his people and his government of western methods of living and of doing business so far as is desirable and practicable. He shows himself to his subjects at brief intervals. He sometimes rides horseback on these occasions, and when he does so is accompanied by the imperial guards after the manner of the czar of Russia and the emperor of Germany. Sometimes the mikado drives, and his carriages, which were imported from some European country, were the wonder of all Japan when he got them. He gives a great amount of attention to the affairs of government and also to the conduct of his own personal business matters. These latter are of considerable magnitude, for he is in his own right a very rich man and is allowed a salary of $2,500,000 a year to maintain the imperial establishment. The number of persons included in his household is very large, and it would be interesting, if there were space at command, to speak of it in detail. Among the officials are included nine physicians. The culinary department is considered of great importance, so great indeed that Iwakura, a prince but once removed from the imperial blood, is grand master of the kitchen and the cooks.

Ever since his accession to the throne Mutsuhito has been devoted to the army and navy. He has been in the habit of reviewing the troops several times each year, and his ordinary costume is the uniform of an officer in the Japanese army. During his reign the military forces of the empire have been brought to an exceedingly high grade of efficiency. He is fond of outdoor sports of various sorts, especially hunting, but although he is himself a good all around sportsman he often prefers to watch the others rather than to take part.

It is easy to see that the emperor of Japan must be a busy man. He rises early, has breakfast by himself at 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning, and by 9 o'clock is ready to receive his ministers in his study. Audiences with them last until 12, when he takes lunch. After lunch he reads the Japanese papers of the day and translations of articles referring to Japan from American and European periodicals. When he has finished his reading, he devotes some time to exercise or recreation, and dinner, sometimes with the empress and sometimes alone, follows. He has never had time to learn the European languages, much to his regret.

The empress is about the same age as her husband. Until a few years ago she wore the old Japanese costume, but now she dresses in European style. Both are personally very popular, and the emperor's declaration of war against China has caused one of the greatest outbursts of patriotism the land of the chrysanthemum has ever seen.

MOWBRAY URGES VIOLENCE.

He Tells Anarchists to Learn to Shoot and Then Shoot to Kill.

"Johnny, get your gun," is the advice the English anarchist Charles Wilfred Mowbray is at present giving to each follower of the red flag in America. "Why don't you procure guns and learn to shoot? Then shoot to kill. But if you can't kill don't shoot," is what he is reported to have said at a recent meeting in Newark, N. J. Mowbray is a very intelligent tailor who has been in the anarchy business for about 15 of his 35 years. He is considered a dangerous man in England and has been imprisoned repeatedly on account of his speeches urging violence.

He is the publisher of an English paper called The Commonweal, and he and the editor, D. J. Nicoll, were arrested in 1892 for printing an article advocating the murder of Justice Hawkins, Inspector Melville and the home secretary. Mowbray's responsibility for the article was not shown, and he was acquitted, but Editor Nicoll went to jail for 18 months. It is said, however, that Mowbray has been imprisoned five times for making violent speeches in England. Not long ago he came to America for the purpose of spreading the propaganda of anarchism and becoming a citizen of the United States, providing he found a good field of labor here.

CHARLES WILFRED MOWBRAY.

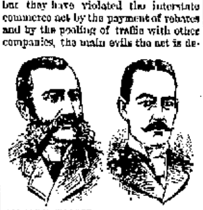
The imprisonment of John Most, Emma Goldman and other anarchists for urging violence in New York has led Mowbray to be very conservative thus far in his speeches in the metropolis. In a recent address he counseled his hearers to "place more reliance on mental than on physical dynamite." The abolition of the capitalist, he believes, will greatly improve the condition of labor, and this result can be brought about by a general strike that will completely paralyze all industry and force the capitalists to come to terms and divide with labor the fruits of labor's toil. Governments as they exist today, he says, exist solely to protect the property class against the propertyless class, and as liberty and government are impossible together he believes a system of no government will be finally established by a tremendous upheaval of society. Mowbray is a fluent and eloquent talker, but he and the letter H are total strangers.

ATCHISON'S NEW RECEIVER.

Aldace F. Walker's Successful Career as Soldier, Lawyer and Railroad Manager.

The statement of Expert Accountant Stephen Little that during the past four years the earnings of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad have been overestimated more than $7,000,000 and that the road has entered into pooling and rebate arrangements with other big lines caused a great flurry in railroad circles recently and resulted in the resignation of President and Receiver J. W. Reinhart. Expert Little examined the books of the road at the request of the Atchison protective reorganization committee, and his revelations resulted in the immediate retirement of President Reinhart and the appointment of Aldace F. Walker as receiver of the Atchison property.

According to Expert Little's report, the officials of the road have not only induced investors to buy the road's stock by misrepresenting its earnings, but they have violated the interstate commerce act by the payment of rebates and by the pooling of traffic with other companies, the main evils the act is designed to prevent. The report also shows that the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific have been systematically violating the law.

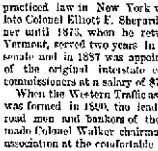


ALDACE F. WALKER. JOSEPH W. REINHART.

Aldace F. Walker, the road's new receiver, has long held high rank in the railroad world. He was born in Rutland, Vt., about 52 years ago and is tall and of commanding figure. He was graduated from Middlebury college in 1862 and at once entered the Federal army as a private. He served with gallantry, was severely wounded and left the service a lieutenant colonel of the Eleventh Vermont infantry. After the war he was admitted to the bar and practiced law in New York with the late Colonel Elliott F. Shepard as partner until 1873, when he returned to Vermont, served two years in the state senate and in 1887 was appointed one of the original interstate commerce commissioners at a salary of $7,500.

When the Western Traffic association was formed in 1890, the leading railroad men and bankers of the country made Colonel Walker chairman of the association at the comfortable salary of $25,000 a year. He has since won wide fame as a railroad manager and lawyer.

Where They Stopped.



"Why, Tom, they ain't nothink in his pockets but a Bible an a quarter of a dollar!"

"Put the Bible back, Jim, put it back. The money we kin keep, but do not let us sink so low as to forgit that the book is sacred!"—Life.

And Perhaps to the Encore.

"I'll venture to say that fellow can sing," observed Banks. "Look at that long, muscular throat. Look at that larynx."

"Yes," mused Rivers. "I dare say his Adam's apple is sound to the core."

And from the orchestra came the agonizing strains of the "High School Cadets' March."—Chicago Tribune.

IN THE BERRY PATCH

THOSE WHO PASS ITS BOUNDARIES MUST "DRESS ACCORDIN."

In Some Localities It Is Necessary to Watch Out For Snakes—It Is Not Always the Best Looking Berriers Who Gather Most Fruit.

Ever go blackberrying? No?

Then you have missed one of the most enlivening experiences of life. Everybody who lived in the village called "The Hook" or anywhere in its neighborhood 20 years ago used to go blackberrying at this season of the year, and the descendants of those who lived there then are probably, many of them, picking blackberries at this moment—that is, if you are reading in the daytime and on a weekday—from the thorny bushes that grow in the half cleared, uncultivated tracts to be found on the slopes of the hills east and west of the village and in the narrow shallow valleys beyond the brows of these hills and a mile or two away.

A PARTY OF BERRY PICKERS.

"The Hookers," as the inhabitants of that blessed village used to be called, were wont to go to the berry fields in parties, sometimes by families, but oftener in groups of friends. They always used to "dress accordin" when their mission was the gathering of blackberries, and any one who was foolish enough to join a berrying party without being properly attired was certain to be laughed out of court, so to speak. The code of dress for a berrying party was quite as rigid as is that for a social function at Newport or Narragansett.

Not that it was necessary for the men to wear coats and trousers of any particular cut or for the women and girls to study the latest Paris modes. Bless you, no! A party of berry pickers properly dressed for their work would afford the student of extraordinary human attire an opportunity for interesting and profitable contemplation. First of all, ever one, men and women alike, wore high cowhide boots. Naturally in most cases the women borrowed their boots from their husbands, from their fathers or their brothers. Why did they all wear boots? Snakes, for the berry fields in the vicinity of "The Hook" were rocky, and in the interstices between the rocks rattlesnakes and copperheads and perhaps some other varieties of venomous reptiles had their homes. The snakes were not very numerous, according to a "Hooker's" idea of things, but they were highly disagreeable at close quarters. Still a right watchful berry picker need have no reasonable fear, providing he or she wore high boots.

The rule for the remainder of the berry pickers' costume was exceedingly simple. It was to wear your oldest, most worthless, raggedest garments. Accordingly a group of berry pickers presented about as comely an appearance as would a detachment of Coxey's celebrated commonwealers, then unknown to history. Where some of the men and boys got their outlandish old coats and jackets and to what forgotten era of the evolution of dress the garments of the women belonged it would be hard to tell.

It goes without saying that some of the masculine berry pickers who, when attired in their Sunday go to meetings, looked spruce and manly enough presented a very disappointing appearance when rigged out for "berryin." On the other hand, there were stalwart young fellows who seemed to need the uncouth garments that were suited to the berry patch to bring out all their good points. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that not often did any of the older men join the berrying parties.

As to the women, they declared themselves that they looked like "perfect frights" as far as dress went. But who ever knew a pair of bright eyes to be essentially dimmed because they were shaded by a flapping old fashioned gingham sunbonnet, or a lithe, well rounded figure to lose its grace because the feet were incased in boots, the skirts were short and the waist ill fitting? Certainly none of these things happened to "The Hook" beauties when they were dressed out for berrying—that is, if the opinions held by "The Hook" beaux were correct, and they probably were.

OLD SOLOMON SYKES.

Berrying parties from "The Hook" used to leave the village by daybreak, if they could, and get to the brow of the hill in time to see the sun rise, not that very many "Hookers" cared much about seeing the god of day when he first peeped over the edge of the beautiful rolling landscape that lay spread out about the little village, though there were a few whose eyes used to light up at sight of the beautiful colors used by Sol used in painting the clouds. But it had grown to be a sort of superstition there that whoso going berrying was not enterprising enough to be well on the way to the fields by sunrise was not likely to be rewarded by a good day's picking, and it did not matter one whit to those who held to this idea that occasionally those who reached the field last filled their pails first.

There were several kinds of berry pickers among the "Hookers" of other days. Some there were who picked berries as they performed their regular work, for the sake of getting everything in sight. These individuals were not all of them stalwart among the young men nor star eyed and cherry lipped among the young women. Indeed truth compels me to say that the best berriers were usually the plainest looking ones. They seemed to have a sort of instinctive knowledge of just where the biggest clumps of the most productive bushes were to be found, and their fingers seemed to be so constructed that they could pick berries with at least five times the speed attainable by their companions. It was not at all uncommon, for instance, for ugly old Solomon Sykes, about the only gray haired man who used to go berrying, to fill all the pails and baskets he had brought with him and all he could borrow from lazier, less enthusiastic pickers before noon. Then he would lie around on the rocks in the sun, chewing tobacco and guying those who had frittered away the early part of the day and whose pails and baskets were only partly filled.

There was another expert at picking berries whose fame had been spread abroad through all the neighboring towns. If the good old soul—she was a good old soul, despite her acrid words and her vinegar visage—is still alive, she is no doubt today filling a 16 quart tin pail while the pretty young girls of the same party are bothered to find enough berries to cover the bottoms of their little baskets. She was Matilda Ann Stoughton, a single woman of 50 when I knew her—"single by the mercy of heaven," she used to say; "a sour old maid," some of her neighbors said. They changed their opinions of her the year that diphtheria visited the village, and "Tildy Ann" developed into the kindest, most untiring, most efficient nurse in the entire settlement. After that she gradually became to be known as "Aunt Matilda" by everybody in "The Hook," and to be treated by every one, too, with a consideration and a homely courtesy that were almost tender. After that, too, she was herself far less angular in her manners, less bitter in her conversation and less exacting in her judgment of her neighbors.

THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE VILLAGE.

But I am straying from the subject. The reader should not imagine for a moment that the two of whom I have spoken were the only expert berriers. There were many such, and one of them was the prettiest girl in the village. Whoever would pay court to her at berrying time must pick berries, too, and pick them fast, and it thus fell out that several of the village beaux became exceedingly nimble fingered. There were those who said that her pail was filled more times than those of the other girls because of the help she had from these young men. This coming to her ears one year she became extremely indignant and insisted on being accompanied only by a number of her female friends, leaving her male admirers disconsolate. Right well did she then exemplify her right to the title of "champion berry picker of The Hook." There was a romance in the berry field that year. I have forgotten the details, but she was its heroine, and two of the village young men figured prominently therein. A berry picking contest between these boys was also a feature, but whether she was the prize won by the victor I have forgotten. I remember clearly that the match was carried on with great formality and in the presence of a number of judges.

While those who went out to pick berries were diligently filling the receptacles with the luscious sloe black fruit of the bushes the housewives of the village were enveloped in the cares of preserving and pickling and canning and "doing up" berries generally, and great was the excitement thereof and heavy were the village grocers' sales of sugar. Nor were blackberries the only ones gathered near "The Hook." When I began to write I intended to say something about huckleberries and raspberries and a great variety of other berries; but, see, I have not half finished with blackberrying yet, and the space is all used.

L. D. MARSHALL.

Heat Ten Miles Above Ground.

Additional evidence on the subject of the supposed heat from the sun's rays is furnished by an experiment recently reported in France. A balloon with registering instruments was sent up a distance of 10 miles above the earth's surface, where the temperature registered was found to be 104 degrees F.

A Study In Wrinkles.

When George Rignold was playing "Henry V," a friend visited him in his dressing room and remarked a large and handsome photograph of Wordsworth hanging on the wall. Said the friend, "I see you are an admirer of Wordsworth."

"Who's Wordsworth?" queried the actor.

"Why, that's his picture—Wordsworth, the poet."

"Is that old file a poet? I got him for a study of wrinkles."—London Answers.

The Face.

"Why do they always say kiss and make up?"

"That's the reasonable way. Nobody would want to kiss after having made up and run the risk of having to do it all over again."—Detroit Tribune.

Talent Well Applied.

"Miss Economy will make some fellow a good wife."

"What makes you think so?"

"She can make up and wear 5 cent goods so that it looks like it cost $1 a yard."—Cincinnati Tribune.

ATTITUDE OF JAPAN.

CONCILIATORY IN DIPLOMACY, BUT STERN IN WAR

Interview With the Chancellor of the Japanese Consulate In New York—Fighting For the Independence and Civilization of Korea—A History Not Generally Known.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—Given a slight but compact figure, elastic and graceful in every movement, always faultlessly attired, with hands and feet dainty, a manner suggestive of high breeding, a voice musical and low, eyes indicative of quick intelligence, gentle traits of character so often found among educated orientals, and you have an offhand description of the chancellor of the Japa-

CHANCELLOR TANABE.

nese consulate in New York, Hon. Kumataro Tanabe. Associated with him is the Japanese consul, Hon. H. Hashiguchi. To these two bright representatives of their country has been intrusted the conduct of commercial affairs in this particular portion of the United States, which, in the event of a continued war with China, may soon assume unusual importance. Both speak English and French fluently, and none can be more courteous than they are in communicating to members of the press all proper information of public interest.

No New Thing.

"Troubles with Korea," said Mr. Tanabe recently in commenting upon the situation, "are not a new thing in our country, and China has generally been a participant. Friendly relations between the three countries ceased as long ago as 1587, and as a penalty for hostile acts Hideyoshi, the Japanese commander in chief, who, by the way, was the son of a humble foot soldier, demanded tribute. This being refused, an immense army, consisting of 130,000 men and accompanied by a fleet aggregating 9,000 officers and sailors, invaded Korea, and moving rapidly overcame all resistance.

"Meanwhile the emperor of China had dispatched a large force to succor the Koreans. These also met with defeat, but a second Chinese army followed, and the war on both sides was prosecuted with great vigor until, the plague having broken out in the Japanese camps and supplies becoming exhausted, proposals of peace were made by a Chinese envoy, and Hideyoshi dictated certain articles as a basis of treaty. They were not accepted, however, and Hideyoshi prepared to attack China, and in the event of conquest to transfer the capital of Japan to that country.

"The war continued, with varying success, until 1593, a period of six years, when, the Chinese being routed on both land and seas, Hideyoshi, then lying at the point of death, issued orders for the recall of the Japanese armies from Korea. A few years later Korea sent an envoy to Japan carrying gifts and suing for peace. The overtures were favorably received, and amicable relations were established between the two countries."

Japan's Policy.

In the course of the conversation the writer remarked to the chancellor that, "inasmuch as China and Japan are so similarly situated in the east, they ought naturally to give support to each other rather than resort to the arbitrament of arms."

"That has certainly been the policy of Japan," was the reply, "since upon a union of friendship and confidence depends much of their advancement in the path of enlightenment and that mutual prosperity upon which depends the development of all other nations in the far east. And this feeling has repeatedly found expression by our high officials, even in the presence of the most provoking circumstances.

"For instance, throughout the period of nearly 300 years following the war I have described, known as the Tokugawa period, it had been customary for Korea on each occasion of a coronation to send an embassador for the purpose of confirming the friendly relations between the two states. Soon after the restoration in Japan, in 1867, the government dispatched an envoy to Korea to convey intelligence of the fact and to renew expressions of amity. The Koreans, however, refused to recognize the envoy or accept his message, owing ostensibly to the fact that the term 'great empire of Japan' was employed in the imperial letter. Despite this treatment, at a later date the Japanese sent home certain Koreans who had been shipwrecked and took the opportunity of renewing expressions of friendship by the mouths of the officials who escorted the castaways. Korea received the shipwrecked sailors, but declined to receive the officials. In consequence of this insulting conduct retaliation was insisted upon, but happily, owing to the existence of a strong peace party in the cabinet, war for the time was averted.

Korea's Independence Recognized.

"In August, 1875, a Japanese man-of-war en route to China and carrying a Japanese plenipotentiary stopped at Chemulpo for fuel and water, but her boats were fired on by the Koreans, and two of her men were wounded. Thereupon the crew of the vessel attacked and burned the Korean fortress. Subsequently Korea sent a [illegible] and a treaty was concluded in which the independence of Korea was recognized by Japan. It was also agreed that each country should be represented at the court of the other.

"Korea now began to make progress in civilization. A military school was established in which Japanese instructors were employed, her young men were sent to Japan to be educated, and her local [illegible] were [illegible]. These reforms, however, led to further difficulties, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with Japan [illegible] [illegible] relations have been resumed. The present war is an indirect result.

China's Desire For Control.

"In December, 1884, the partisans came to blows, the king asked protection from the Japanese, the king's mother was seized by the Chinese, the king subsequently repaired his [illegible], and the residence of the Japanese legation was [illegible] burned and [illegible]. One more reparation was demanded, but affairs between China and Japan had become so serious as to require the personal intervention of special envoys extraordinary. Japan was represented by Count Ito, her chief minister of state, and China by Li Hung Chang, the viceroy whose name has long been a household word [illegible] statesman outside.

"In the convention that followed it was agreed that China and Japan should withdraw their troops from Korea; that neither power should thereafter send a force thither without giving previous notice to the other, and that the Chinese soldiers who had taken part in the attack on the Japanese should be punished. Friendly relations were thus established between the two empires, and these might have continued but for a renewal of the old disturbances and the evident determination of China to exercise chief control over the Hermit Kingdom. This Japan will never permit as long as she is able to occupy her place as the vanguard of eastern civilization. All we ask is that Korea shall be let alone.

"I wish you to bear in mind," said Mr. Tanabe in conclusion, "that in thus referring to past history I speak only as a Japanese citizen and not as an official. The facts are part of the annals of my country."

F. G. DE FONTAINE.

SWIMMING FOR WOMEN.

Isabella Proctor Says Fright Is the Cause of Most Cases of Drowning.

[Special Correspondence.]

ATLANTIC CITY, Aug. 30.—Of all the outdoor amusements in which a woman can indulge swimming is probably the most important. Not only does it bring nearly all the muscles of the body into play and increase the expansive power of the lungs, but possession of the accomplishment frequently decides the question of life and death. While it is rather difficult to learn a good stroke without the aid of a master unless the beginner is a child, a few lessons from a competent teacher are enough to give the pupil a sufficient knowledge of the correct motion to allow her to perfect herself alone.

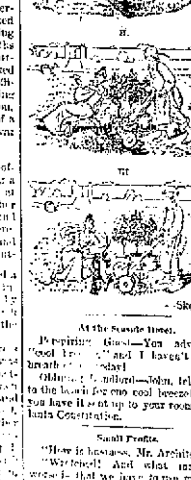
The ability to swim a long distance without giving out is of great value and is seldom possessed by women, who can swim 10 or 15 feet very well, but then collapse as hopelessly as if they could not swim at all. It is a good plan to swim parallel with the shore in shallow water, and when tired attempt to turn over on the back and float without letting the feet touch the bottom. The power of changing from swimming to floating, and vice versa, is important in deep water, as it gives the swimmer a chance to rest and then resume her progress when she has taken breath. The turning is accomplished by taking the stroke on one side only and straightening out the body as it rolls over. Treading water is most easily learned by slipping into it from swimming. The pupil should swim out a foot or two beyond her depth, gradually shorten and lower the arm stroke and let the feet sink and the leg stroke become alternate. At first the head will sink to the lips, but it will not go under unless confidence is lost and the stroke becomes rapid and confused. After a little the head and shoulders will rise above the surface, but as this practice is rather exhausting it is safer to swim back into shallow water before becoming tired. For the side stroke, which is very rapid and graceful, turn the body slightly, holding the head in a horizontal position, and take a slow up and down stroke with the lower arm, while the upper one is straightened to make a long sweep from the shoulder almost to the feet. The feet may be moved together or alternately. If the pupil wishes to learn to carry another person, she should practice with some one who can swim and can therefore be trusted not to be seized with panic at the first failure. Always begin to practice this in shallow water to avoid the chance of accident.

It is nearly always fright that drowns even nonswimmers, for nature has arranged it so that whatever position the living body occupies in the water, except flat on the face, the breathing apparatus remains above the surface unless forced under by violent and unskillful movement. It is possible to float quite safely with the knees doubled up under the chin and the arms wrapped around them, or with the feet bent back under the body and the hands grasping the toes.

Finally remember that splashing and noisy swimming are the sure signs of the tyro. Breathe through the nostrils, take a slow stroke, keep the hands under water and aim to move as silently as a fish.

ISABELLA PROCTOR.

A Tragedy of the Lawn In Three Acts.



—Sketch.

At the Seaside Hotel.

Perspiring Guest—You advertised "cool breezes," and I haven't felt a breath of one today!

Obliging Landlord—John, telephone to the beach for one cool breeze! Will you have it sent up to your room?—Atlanta Constitution.

Small Profits.

"How is business, Mr. Architect?"

"Wretched! And what makes it worse is that we have to use more expensive building material, because it sometimes takes two or three years to sell a house."—Fliegende Blätter.

Not Proved.

"I never saw a man more thoughtful of his wife's happiness than Miggs."

"Mercy! I thought he spent a good deal of his time at home."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SHE HAD A WARNING.

MRS. GALLUP DECLARED THAT HER TIME HAD COME.

And Waking Up Her Sound Father In the Night She Endeavors to Impress Him With the Fact, but He Doesn't Impress For a Cent.

[Copyright, 1894, by Charles B. Lewis.]

"Samuel Gallup, git up!"

The hour was midnight, and Mr. Gallup was sleeping soundly when Mrs. Gallup's elbow struck his ribs.

"Samuel Gallup, do you hear me?"

He sat up in bed, and in a voice calculated to express to her that he was sleepily demanded to know what was wanted.

"Git up'n light the lamp and dress yourself," she replied, "for I hain't got an hour to live! Samuel, I've had a warnin, and my time is at hand! I'd rather it had come by daylight, so that I could hev told the nayburs goodby, but I'm not goin to complain. Folks that die in the night are thought jist as much of, I s'pose, and I've bin ready to die at any hour for these last 15 years."

Mr. Gallup thrust one foot out of bed, drew it slowly back again, and his head fell on the pillow.

"Yes, I've had warnin!" sobbed Mrs. Gallup as she gathered up a liberal supply of sheet to wipe her weeping eyes with. "I was sleepin as sound as I ever did in my hull life when a noise woke me up. I thought it was the smokehouse door bangin in the wind, but while I was wonderin if I'd better wake you up I heard a voice from out by the lockbox call out, 'Mrs. Gallup, the time has come for your sufferin sperit to soar away and be at rest!' I thought I was mistaken at first, but that voice repeated them very words over three times. It's the warnin, Samuel—the warnin that Mrs. Gray said would surely come to me when my time was at hand."

"Might have bin the hogs movin around in the pen," sleepily suggested Mr. Gallup.

"H-o-g-s!" gasped Mrs. Gallup as she raised up on her elbow. "Don't you s'pose I know the difference between the grunt of a hog and the voice of a sperit sent to tell me my hour has come? Samuel, I see how it is. Rather than to go to the infinite trouble, you are willin to let me die in the dark. Very well. I did want to expire with father's daguerreotype in one hand and mother's in the other, but they won't lay it up ag'in me if I don't. The Fullers are no hands to lay up grudges ag'in anybody. Samuel, hev you got anything to say to me afore I go?"

He hadn't. The reason he hadn't was because he had fallen asleep again. She sobbed for a minute, pulled up the bed quilt to wipe her nose on and continued:

"Even if you are glad to hev me go, and of course you are, you might say that I'd done my best all these long years. I'd say that much to a dyin cow. I've worked like a slave, Samuel, when another wom-

"GIT UP 'N LIGHT THE LAMP."

an would hev bin playin on the pianer and gaddin around in society, and I've practiced economy where another woman would hev flashed out in silks and diamonds. I've made all my own soft soap, all my rag carpets and done all my sewin and knittin, and we've allus had dried apples when the nayburs was out. You might hev married a wuss wife, Samuel Gallup—a fur wuss wife!"

If she hadn't been so overcome with emotion she might have discovered that Mr. Gallup was snoring, but as it was she choked down her feelings after two or three minutes to go on:

"Yes, Samuel, I'm expirin with a clear conscience. I've slaved and niggered and saved like a true wife orter, and mebbe I shouldn't expect a word of praise for it. You needn't say anything unless it comes from the heart. I hope your next wife will do as well, but of course she won't. It won't be a week before she'll hev a hole through the bottom of that new wash dish and the nose knocked off the teakittle. She'll want new cane seat cheers, a new ingrain carpet, and she may jaw around till you put a bell on the front door. If you do put a bell there for a second wife, Samuel, I won't git out of my grave and come on the steps and ring it and skeer you both half to death. Some wives would, but I'm a Fuller, and the Fullers never haunt anybody after they die. They jest lay right in their graves and behave in a respectable manner. What day d'ye think you'll hev the funeral, Samuel?"

Samuel didn't say. He couldn't say unless he talked in his sleep. At the thought of a funeral Mrs. Gallup's tears started afresh, and she had to hunt for more sheet to use for a handkerchief.

"If I die tonight, you could have the funeral on Wednesday," she said, after awhile, "but don't put yourself out. It don't make any perticklar difference to a Fuller what day in the week they are buried on. I've spoken to Mrs. White, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Bebee, and each one of 'em will lend you seven cheers. With the eight we got that ought to seat all who come to the house. Shall you git a reg'lar weed for your hat, Samuel, or jest pin on a piece of black cambric? I s'pose you could save 50 cents by gittin cambric, and your second wife would hev more money to squander. How many wagons and buggies d'ye think will turn out, Samuel, providin it's a pleasant day?"

She was waiting for a reply, when she heard him snore. Her tears dried up in a flash, dig went her elbow into his side, and there wasn't the slightest suspicion of a sob in her voice as she exclaimed:

"Samuel Gallup, you wake up, or it'll be the worse for you!"

Mr. Gallup groaned and grunted and sat up.

"Samuel, do you know that I've got my warnin!" she solemnly asked.

"No!"

"Well, I hev, and I don't expect to live to see daylight. Will you git up'n light the lamp and hold my hand while I expire?"

"No," replied Mr. Gallup as he fell back and resumed the interrupted snore.

"Then warnin or no warnin, I'll live till mornin and jest as much longer as I kin!" exclaimed Mrs. Gallup, and after a pull or two at her red nose and a dig at her eyes she turned over and went to sleep.

ENCOURAGING A TRAMP.

He Helped Him and All He Could Without Any Rash Promises.

The village squire and I were talking at his gate when along came a tramp who halted to inquire:

"Is this Squire Watson, may I ask?"

"Yes, sir."

"You own some vacant lots up the street?"

"Yes."

"I should like the privilege of entering upon the grounds and eating as much grass as I want[illegible]."

"I couldn't grant it," replied the squire. "There is going to be a light crop this year, and I expect to have to buy more or less hay."

"Have you any old cans or bottles in the back yard you'd let me have [illegible] till I strike something better?"

"No, I have not. I'd like to oblige, but I really can't think of anything of the sort."

"I suppose you haven't got a [illegible] loose boards or plank piece?"

"No, I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. It's hard times, and I can't [illegible] anything [illegible]."

"Squire, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], have you any [illegible] [illegible] being found dead in your alley tomorrow morning?"

"I should [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] go over the schoolhouse yard and pick out a soft spot. I don't want anybody dying around my lots and drawing a crowd."

"CAN'T YOU USE A RAIL FENCE?"

"How about the weeds along the fence here?"

"I'd rather you wouldn't disturb 'em."

The tramp looked up and down the street and seemed to be greatly disappointed, but after a moment he brightened up a little and asked:

"Suppose I come along here next January, squire, will you allow me to fill up on snow out of your yard?"

"I couldn't promise," replied the squire after a moment's thought—"couldn't promise you might. If it happened to be six or eight feet deep and you didn't want too much, I might accommodate, but I shouldn't want to bind myself. I don't want to give my promise and then break it."

"Well, you'll at least allow me to scratch my back on one of these shade trees?" queried the man.

"Does your back need it?"

"Very much."

"Can't you use a rail fence?"

"I can't."

"Well, go ahead, but be careful about rubbing off the bark or shaking the top to disturb the roots."

The tramp rubbed for a minute or two and then lifted his hat and walked off, and the squire turned to me with:

"Seems like a cleverish sort of feller, and I'm glad it lay in my power to encourage him to go ahead and make something of himself in this world!"

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Little Vacation In Which the Editor Faces a Grizzly.

AN EDITORIAL OUTING.—We must beg the indulgence of our readers this week for issuing THE KICKER two days late, and for the woeful lack of editorial and local matters. Last Saturday we had an invitation to join a party of campers on Bill Williams' mountain, and our family doctor looked at our editorial tongue and advised us to accept. We found the party pleasantly located at an altitude of 2,784 feet above the sea. There were five gentlemen from Cincinnati, a poet from St. Louis and an artist from Chicago. On the morning of the second day we set out to show the artist a grand cliff which he proposed to transfer to canvas, and the poet went along in hopes to catch a happy inspira-

THE BEAR WAS LOOKING AT US.

tion. The three of us had nearly reached the cliff when we suddenly encountered a grizzly bear who was out for business. The surprise was mutual, but the pleasure seemed to be all on one side. The artist disappeared among the rocks to the right and the poet among the brush to the left, and for 60 seconds we were left facing old Ephraim with a dim consciousness that something was about to happen.

For the benefit of such of our readers as haven't studied natural history, we will state that the grizzly bear is an animal about the size of a Queen Anne cottage and appears to have a veranda built all around him to improve his style of architecture. He differs from an elephant in having teeth about a foot long, and no one hearing his claws rattling on the rocks could mistake him for a buffalo bull. Way back, before Christopher Columbus discovered America, something happened to make the grizzly bear mad at all mankind, and this feeling has descended down to the latest edition. That bear not only got his dander up inside of 10 seconds, but it wasn't half a minute before he had fully made up his mind that we were his mutton. When he moved for us, we moved for a tree. We beat him by a few seconds. We never had any particular business dealings with a grizzly bear before, but it struck us that we couldn't move too rapidly nor climb too high. When we recovered consciousness, we were seated on the limb of a tree 20 feet above the earth, and the bear was looking up at us with an expression of curiosity and disappointment. At some stage of the game he may have run across an Arizona editor who had failed in business and committed suicide, but we don't believe he had ever seen a live one before. He had counted on a sure thing and got left, and for some minutes his chagrin was plainly apparent. We supposed, as a matter of course, that after realizing the situation the critter would start off with an ambition to pick up the artist or the poet, but he wanted editorial meat and was willing to wait for it. It was 10 o'clock in the morning when he treed us. We were there at high noon, at sundown, at daybreak next morning. The bear staid right by us, and we staid right by the tree. There was but little romance in the situation for us, and we couldn't say that the bear appeared to take solid comfort. We had never seen anything in natural history about a man up a tree in Arizona and a grizzly waiting for him to drop into a red hot oven or [illegible] with [illegible] spikes and could only give a rough guess as to how long the situation would continue to be strained. We were somewhat troubled with insomnia, but so was the bear, and this latter fact was something of a consolation. We had to keep awake to [illegible] our hold on the limb, and he had to do the same thing so as not to miss us in case we came off the perch.

About midnight a large and well kept mountain lion discovered our situation and came down on us with many pleasant salutations, and we almost felt sorry for him when he made out the true state of affairs. The grizzly [illegible] refused to whack up on the [illegible] and after [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] his valuable time the lion went off toward camp to see if he couldn't pick up something good on his own account. We couldn't go to the gentleman in camp, and they couldn't [illegible] direction. After we had been perched in the tree 25 hours, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the bear [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The bear [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The gentlemen [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] enough to [illegible] [illegible]. We were in a hurry to see the doctor who [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] we put in two full weeks on the mountain we would [illegible] [illegible] strokes of [illegible]. We have been unable to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] away and could not [illegible]. I [illegible] We have been unable to realize that we are on the ground, and every two or three minutes we instinctively reach out for something and feel our hair stand on end. We shall be all right in a day or two, however, and the next issue of The Kicker will be up to the usual standard in all respects.

She Finally Went.

At a crossroad I encountered an old man seated in an ancient vehicle drawn by an ox, and as he came up he gave me a nod and smiled.

"Say, how, but did you meet a tin peddler back there on the road?"

"Yes, I met one about three miles back," I replied.

"Did he hev a woman on the seat with him?"

"He did."

"Drivin purty fast?"

"Yes."

"Woman appear to be happy?"

"Well, they were talking and laughing and seemed to be in pretty good spirits."

"Wall, I guess I'll turn around and go home. Nice weather, ain't it?"

"Very nice."

"Business seems to be pickin up a leetle?"

"Yes."

He went on talking about the crops, politics and other things and might not have said another word about the woman and the peddler had I not observed:

"You didn't set out to overhaul that couple, did you?"

"Wall, I sorter set out, but give it up when I got along here. She's my wife, and fur the last 20 years she's bin declarin she'd run away with a tin peddler. She's finally gone. I'd a heap druther it would hev bin a patent churn man or a lightnin rod feller, but mebbe it'll turn out all right, and she'll git into high society and be dreffully happy. Did you say that the tatcrbugs was perticklarly bad up your way this year?"

M. QUAD.

A LETTER FROM MOTHER.

Never to Be Finished by the One Who Received It.

It lacks a quarter of an hour of midnight as the relief guard goes tramping down through the woods to relieve posts 9, 10 and 11 along the creek. These have been "danger posts" for the last three nights. The enemy's pickets are scarcely a hundred rods away, and guerrillas and bushwhackers have been skulking on the narrow strip of neutral ground between. The relief is halted, the countersign taken and posts 9 and 10 relieved. Post No. 11 is taken by a beardless boy, who was following the plow on his father's farm only four months ago. The sergeant looks at him in a doubtful way and then out into the darkness beyond. Then he turns and whispers:

"Watch! Listen! Fire if you suspect that any one is creeping upon you. Above all, don't fall asleep. To be found asleep on post in the face of the enemy means court martial and death!"

The recruit knew that it was a "danger post," and for the first 10 minutes after being left alone his heart beat faster and his breath came with an effort as he peered into the darkness and listened. Then the babble of the brook at his feet began to reassure him and bring back his nerve. The waters of a stream flowing over rocks and pebbles and lapping at the banks give out soothing and peaceful sounds. You can imagine they are voices; that you hear songs and words and merry laughter. There is no hint of war and its horrors, of fierce faced men creeping over the earth like Indians to stab in the darkness.

Somewhere out there in the forest is a raccoon moving about. Now and then he chatters, as if pleased at some discovery. The recruit laughs as he hears the chatter. That sound is a familiar one to him. Off to the right he hears a hop, hop, hop on the dead leaves. It is a rabbit moving about, perhaps disturbed from her sleep by the tramp of the relief guard half an hour ago. Now and then a firefly comes sailing along in its erratic way, and in the branches of the very tree against which he leans a sleepless squirrel is changing its quarters and crying "Chit! chit!" at being disturbed at such an hour.

It is peace in the camp, peace in the forest, peace along the banks of the babbling brook. Tomorrow 10,000 men may grapple in these woods and the waters of the creek run red with their blood, but tonight all men sleep and dream of home—all but the pickets, who must stand and count the minutes of darkness away. The recruit had received a letter from home that evening. He had read it twice over at his campfire, but he goes over the words and lines again in his mind. It is the handwriting of the dear old mother—a cramped hand, a word wrongly spelled here and there, and the ink none of the best, but a letter to be carried about and reread for days and days.

"Let's see!" muses the soldier as he sits down to rest his tired limbs. "Father is cutting the corn I helped to plant—wheat all thrashed—hay a good crop—Uncle William was over and staid two days—brother Ben has trapped a woodchuck—sister Nell is——"

What is it? The soldier had caught himself nodding. No, it couldn't be! He was wide awake. He had passed a single minute in reverie, in a waking dream of home—nothing more. He remembered the sergeant's warning. No fear of his going to sleep after such a caution as that. It wasn't forbidden to sit down and lean against a tree. He could listen and watch as well as if standing up.

"Let's see! Sister Nell has passed examination as a teacher—the Taylors have sold their farm and are going west—the Henderson boys talk of enlisting—lightning struck the big elm tree across the road and nearly scared us to death"—and soon and so forth. It was a mother's letter to her boy far away, and she tried to mention everything that might be of interest to him. In his mind's eye the soldier had a picture of the dear old farm—the buildings—the orchard—the cider mill—the——

And he slept. Sleep stole upon him like a shadow. The raccoon chattered in a shrill voice, as if sounding an alarm, but the picket on post No. 11 heard no sound. The rabbit came hopping through the brush to the creek and drank of its waters, but no movement alarmed it. A quarter of an hour went by. Then the bushwhacker who had been creeping nearer and nearer, pausing every foot or two to locate the picket, made him out through the gloom. There was no sound to be heard 10 feet away—no death cry—no musket shot. At 2 o'clock the relief guard came again. There was no challenge—no one to be relieved. There was a corpse at the foot of the tree, and when the sergeant had flashed the light of his lantern upon it he turned and said:

"He was asleep on his post in the face of the enemy, but there will be no report—no court martial!"

M. QUAD.

What Gives the Color to Beeswax?

An apiarian of note says, concerning this question in Gleanings In Bee Culture:

"Who of us hasn't wondered what it is that gives the bright yellow color to beeswax? Wax is generally considered white when first produced in little scales. Cowan says it is always tinted, the color coming from the pollen consumed. But what makes it get yellower in the hive? A German writer says that, like the young of nearly all animals, the young bee on first emptying its bowels discharges the feces in a hive yellow, and this colors the comb. White comb confined to the center of a colony, but inclosed in wire cloth, remains white."

Too Few at Best.

First Shark—I have just eaten a man off the beach in front of the hotel.

Second Shark—I shouldn't think you'd have the nerve to look the girls in the face again as long as you live.—Detroit Tribune.

Open to Conviction.

Poet—You say in that editorial that the [illegible] is "a born liar." Isn't that rather severe?

Editor—Just change it to "professional."—Atlanta Constitution.

LIVE STOCK

THE HORSE.

Map, Names and Classification of Its Various Parts.

Each year there are new people who want to learn the names applied to the various regions of a horse's anatomy. New men go into the horse business, and young people on farms arrive at the age when they want to learn all about domestic animals. For these we reproduce here the classification made by Dr. E. A. A. Grange, veterinarian of the Michigan agricultural college experiment station:

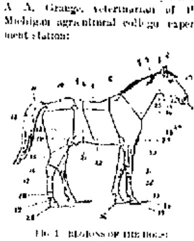


FIG. I.—REGIONS OF THE HORSE.

1, Muzzle. 1a, Cheek. 2, Crest of the neck[illegible]. 3, Poll. 4, Crest of the neck. 5, Neck. 6, Withers. 7, Back. 8, Loin. 9, Point of hip. 10, Croup. 11, Dock and tail. 12, Point of quarter. 13, Buttock or upper thigh. 14, Stifle. 15, Gaskin or lower thigh. 16, Hock. 17, Shank. 18, Fetlock joint. 19, Hind pastern. 20, Hind foot. 21, Abdomen and flank. 22, Chest. 23, Jugular gutter. 24, Jowl. 25, Throat. 26, Shoulder. 27, Point of shoulder. 28, Arm (from point of shoulder to elbow). 29, Elbow. 30, Forearm. 31, Knee. 32, Front cannon. 33, Front fetlock. 34, Front pastern. 35, Front foot. 36, Front cannon[illegible].

Dr. Grange says that when a horse is blind "the ever restless ear will be thrown first in one direction, then in another." This veterinarian's experience leads him to attach less importance to the expression of the equine eye than is generally ascribed to it:

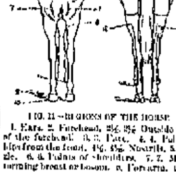


FIG. II.—REGIONS OF THE HORSE.

1. Ears. 2. Forehead. 2½, 2½. Outside points of the forehead. 3, 3. Face. 4, 4. Points of hips from the front. 4½, 4½. Nostrils. 5. Muzzle. 6, 6. Points of shoulders. 7, 7. Muscle forming breast or bosom. 8. Forearm. 9. Coronet. 10. Wall of the foot. 11. Crest of the croup. 12. Crest of the neck. 13. Points of the hips from behind. 14, 14. Croup from behind. 15, 15. Buttock or upper thigh. 16, 16. Gaskin or lower thigh.

A horse with a long back looks well in harness, but would be quite ungainly looking under the saddle. For a saddle horse one with short back, strong loins and the faintest possible dip to his back is preferred—not enough of a dip to make him hollow backed, but just a slight depression below the straight edge. For the draft horse a short, broad, straight back is best. Shallow chested horses are apt to have heaves. The straight shouldered horse is best for heavy slow draft; for saddle or trotting select the oblique shouldered one. "Dark horses are able to do just as much work on the farm or the road without showing fatigue as lighter colored ones."

Sheep Gadfly.

The sheep gadfly (Œstrus ovis), the parent of "grub in the head," is quite small and is very difficult to catch when it is flying about among the sheep. The presence of this fly may be suspected when the sheep and lambs are seen to huddle together, thrust their noses into the earth or beneath each other and stamp about with their fore feet, now and again running a few yards, as if to escape.

These flies are ever on the alert to secure an opportunity to deposit larvæ in the sheep's nostrils. There are at least two erroneous opinions which have become quite firmly established in the minds of farmers. One is that the fly deposits eggs in the nostrils; but, as noticed above, the gadfly is viviparous, giving birth to its young alive, in this instance as larvæ. The other false idea is that the larvæ, after ascending the nostril, attack the brain itself. When the larvæ obtain a lodgment in the rim of the nostril, they gradually work their way upward into the head. They are usually found to be present in greatest numbers in the frontal sinuses.

There are three natural and simple preventives which are helpful: Plenty of dust for the sheep to lie and stamp in; tall grass to graze in, which has a tendency to brush off and frighten away the fly, and dark, cool sheds, where the sheep can be folded during the heat of the day and again liberated after sunset.—Herbert W. Mumford in American Agriculturist.

Stock on the Farm.

It pays to keep stock on the farm, even when the price is very low. Animals can always be disposed of at prices that pay for cost of feed and labor spent on them. One of the best reasons for keeping live stock, however, is that with it the farm steadily grows richer and produces larger crops. An exchange says, speaking of this subject, "The farmer who sells a ton of wheat worth, say, $20 to $25, sells $7.75 worth of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, while the farmer who sells a ton of sheep worth $80 to $100 sells only $2.45 of fertility."

A LIVE STOCK FARM.

Here Is One New England Farmer Who Is Really Making Money.

In an interview with a correspondent of The Rural New Yorker Mr. Charles E. Lyman of Middlesex county, Conn., says:

"I endeavor so to manage that each year finds the farm, as a whole, more fertile than before. For strictly cash crops I grow potatoes and timothy hay, but in the rotation clover hay is grown, and also large quantities of corn for ensilage, which constitutes the principal coarse feed for the lambs. Much of the corn would yield 100 bushels per acre if husked.

"I have about 1,500 lambs, which were bought in Buffalo last November, costing, delivered here, about 4½ cents per pound. I house them all under one roof. They are divided into flocks of 100 to 150 each. The larger number seem to do as well together as the smaller. I keep rock salt by them always, of which during the winter they consume 1,500 to 2,000 pounds. As you see, they have running spring water by them. When at pasture, sheep drink very little water, as they feed when the grass is wet with dew, but confined and fed as we feed them they drink much water. As soon as the lambs are brought into winter quarters they are sheared, for experience has taught that they do better without their fleeces than with them. Everything is so arranged that in the coldest weather they do not suffer from the cold.

"I avoid the wrinkled Merinos, as they do not make first class mutton and are not good feeders. I like the best grade Shropshire and Hampshire Down, but as I am not able to get all I want of those I buy medium wooled lambs of other crosses of 60 or 70 pounds weight.

"I have not lost over 15 lambs from the lot. I estimate a loss of 1 per cent in bringing them from Buffalo. I calculate a gain of two pounds a week per head. There is a lamb there that will dress 50 pounds now. There is another that will do as well. I do not, however, expect to begin to put them on the market before the middle of February, and the last will be gone before May 15. The men are giving them their daily feed of clover hay—what they will eat up clean. Come this way and see what comprises the principal part of their daily ration. Here in this pile is a bottom layer of ensilage, then a layer of equal parts of bran, pea meal and corn, which are mixed thoroughly together and fed two parts of grain and three parts of ensilage by weight. Of this I give a light feed, and by the time they have been fed around the first are ready for more. This operation is repeated night and morning. No more is fed than will be eaten clean.

"I have been at the point of despair in feeding ensilage to them, but I was determined to learn how, and now I think I have learned how to feed it to the best advantage. I have made a thorough study of how to manage this business successfully, and it has cost something, but I have learned how to keep the lambs in a healthy, thriving condition upon a heavy grain ration until ready for the butcher."

"How much grain are you feeding per day?"

"About 2,700 pounds. I expect to work up to 3,000 daily. My lambs are better than any that come from the west. Butchers say that they cut up better. They are kept growing from start to finish, and their feed makes meat of the very best quality—nearly equal to genuine spring lamb. All my lambs are sold to wholesale butchers, who have worked up a good market for them as 'Lyman's lambs,' and they bring several cents per pound more than ordinary lambs.

"There are about 7,000 pounds of wool in that pile. I do not expect any severe shrinkage in price permanently on account of tariff reduction, but I can keep it awhile if the price is too low temporarily to tempt me to sell. Come and see our silo. Here are stored 500 tons of ensilage, which is fed to all the stock except the horses. I would not know how to do without it. In fact, I could not do without it in my management of the farm, for it affords the bulk of coarseness of the heavy feeding. It allows me to sell timothy hay and buy the cheaper grains. Timothy hay is nearly worthless to feed lambs."

Live Stock Points.

Not everybody is aware that there is in the southwest an admirable breed of horses known as draft Morgans. One breeder in Missouri makes quite a specialty of them. A number of years ago some man whose name we do not know decided to commence breeding the spirited Morgan blood for size. He selected the tallest members of the family he could find and bred them. The work was continued until a distinct family called draft Morgans has been produced. They average well with large ordinary horses and have all the intelligence, docility and spirit of the true Morgan stock. They will pull till they drop dead. They are quite large enough for coach horses, and some fashionable drivers in the south make a great dash with them harnessed to tallyho coaches. These splendid horses ought to be spread all over. They are not so fast as the swiftest of the small Morgans, but they are fast enough and have the Morgan everlasting "go" in them.

Begin now and fatten your old hens for market.

Horse lovers everywhere will regret that young John A. Logan has been obliged to sell out his famous Oriole stud. He was an enthusiast in improving the horse stock of this country, and we cannot have too many of these. But the hard times caught the gallant general's son just in the wrong place.

A genius who has tried oiling harness with cod liver oil to keep rats and mice from gnawing it says the thing works to a charm.

Don't forget to save ground for sowing rye to make late fall and early spring pasture.

How to Prevent Fading of Cotton Stockings.

In a general way it may be said that salt and celerity are the best helps to save colors.

Few fancy colors in cotton will bear more than one or two washings without growing dingy. Ammonia in the wash water will help to brighten some reds. There is, however, so much variation in the dyestuffs and the dyeing that no certain rule is possible. Sugar of lead water and black pepper tea are held by some good laundresses sovereign for any colored cottons.

Shake your stockings free of dirt and dust, wash them in plenty of fresh, clean suds, rinse well and dry quickly while wrong side out. Iron while slightly damp, folding the stockings carefully along the back seam and pressing the iron forward.

Wet very dirty socks, as those of a workingman or small boy, with kerosene oil. Let them lie half an hour; then scald with boiling water, to which ammonia or washing soda has been added, till it feels slick to the touch. Stir the socks rapidly round and round in it with a wooden paddle, fish them out in a minute or two and wash as you do the rest. You will be simply amazed to see how much dirt they have lost. Remember not to let them stand too long.

A Hot Stoke Hole.

The usual temperature in the furnace room of the cruiser Minneapolis, where the fires are fed, when all the boilers are in use, is 105 degrees, which, however, is not surprising when you consider the enormous surface of the boilers, which is equal to an acre of ground, and the size of the furnaces which furnish 1,750 square feet of blazing coal. The men cool themselves with salt water from a spouting hose and drink oatmeal water while they are at work.

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GOULDS IN SOCIETY.

THEIR KNOCKINGS AT THE ENGLISH GATE HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL.

George Becomes a Yachtsman to This End and Likes It So Well That He Will Live Part of the Time In England After This. Society and Money.

Information now comes to the United States that George Jay Gould will in future reside a part of each year in England.

It is not surprising that the young millionaire has decided to partially follow Mr. Astor's example in expatriating himself. He has never been welcomed by what is called society in New York, but, though his boat has been able to win very few races against the crack British yachts, his own race for British social recognition has been quite successful.

The standards of society are arbitrary and different in every land. Birth alone is supposed to unlock its portals in Austria. Birth or money is spoken of as essential in London, and it has been said that a golden key will always open the doors in America. This last is not wholly correct. Money is a necessary part of the equipment of one who would live as a society man anywhere, for the circumstances of such a life require the expenditure of much cash, but there have been many knocks upon the portals in New York by bonds, bulging with coin, to whom there has been no welcoming response. George Gould's father never attempted social distinction, but it is understood that one of the reasons was that he knew it could not be secured. His career as a wrecker of

MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD.
JAY. KINGDON.

wealth was of such a character as to cause many tender spots, sure to be dinned into open sores whenever he should seek to be considered fit for society's smiles.

James Gordon Bennett, the elder, strove long and hard, but without avail, to enter society after his newspaper had won his millions. The Vanderbilts finally got in not more than a dozen years ago, and their entrance cost them a pretty penny. A. T. Stewart was barred out. Among living celebrities Charles A. Dana, brilliant, brainy and rich, has no social standing in the city that supports his paper so well. Theodore Havemeyer, the sugar man, is of the elect, but his brother Henry O. is excluded. Harry Le Grand Cannon, the artist, comparatively poor, is in. Collis P. Huntington, with all his millions, is out.

But to return to the Goulds. It is stated that George had no hesitation to Londoners to secure the stamp of social approval, that the wounds inflicted years ago by the father in his financial life have so far healed that the only thing necessary for the son to have done in order to have obliterated them from the memory of society was to give a few expensive entertainments in New York. His invitations, it was claimed, would have been accepted by every one, and the expense of such a course, though considerable, would have been much less than has been that of his yachting campaign in English waters. Evidently Mr. Gould, though shy of paying heavy taxes, concluded that, when it came to buying a stamp of social standing, it was worth while to get the best article in the market. Once it was known, he reasoned, that the obese little man who is heir to the British throne had approved, no one in New York would declare the mark a spurious one.

It does not make your thorny path to social recognition any smoother in London beyond introductions to a few of the clubs that you are well received in New York, but if you present yourself in New York with even the appearance of being used to London society the way is open, as witness the great number of grooms and waiting women who have imposed themselves as lords and ladies upon the credulous society folk of Manhattan Island in years past. George Gould's beautiful actress wife, then, may expect that when she returns to New York the cards of the most exclusive of that city's society matrons will be "left" upon her. It will be a huge joke if she shall decline to return the calls.

The Goulds have certainly received all the recognition they could well care for in England. They have been entertained by many others besides the Prince of Wales, and the newspapers have followed society's

VIVIAN. MARJORIE.
JAY. KINGDON.

lead in saying pleasant things about them. In return for these journalistic courtesies the Goulds themselves have been good to English newspaper folk, as witness their giving out not only new photographs of themselves, but also of their four children—Masters Jay, Kingdon and Vivian, the baby, and little Miss Marjorie. They never gave out the children's pictures on this side the water, and the printed pictures of Mrs. Gould have heretofore all been from photographs taken when she was Edith Kingdon, actress.

M. J. DEWEY.

How to Prevent Sickness Caused by Motion on Land or Sea.

Seasickness, as it is always termed, is caused by a rolling about of the inner parts of the body—the vital parts and intestines—a shaking or disturbance. Now, a simple remedy for that dreadful malady is to get a couple of sheets of ordinary foolscap paper and place them over your breast and stomach, binding them on with a wide bandage of cloth, flannel preferable, long enough to go quite around the body, all this, of course, under all clothing. This has been tried with good results by many.

How Sketching Should Be Done.

Begin by "blocking in" the whole figure, indicating the pose and shape of the most marked lines. Correct this, correct the outlines and scale, bold at once of the leading lines and prominent characteristic of form and posture. Next proceed to put in lightly the masses of shade and shadows, gradually working up from the most strongly marked to the lighter ones, and [illegible] [illegible] the face, its features and shape as compared with the rest of the head, and putting in the features look for those marked points which give individuality. Notice the angle between eyes and mouth and be careful about shaping the shadows under eyes, nose and lips. Notice the slants or directions of the various lines. In drawing feet note the perspective slant of the plane upon which the figure stands, placing the foot accordingly, so that firmness and stability be suggested. Aim at simplicity. Try to suggest what you see with as few lines as possible.

How to Exercise a Piano.

A piano should, as a rule, not be used more than two hours a day to keep it in the best condition. More than this slowly saps the instrument of its best energy. Another thing is that a piano must be allowed to breathe. The fashion of smothering a piano in heavy draperies is as bad as putting it close against a wall. It should be placed a few inches from a wall. Never leave it open in damp weather, but always leave it open on clear, dry days, protected from dust. Keep a chamois skin over the keys when not in use.

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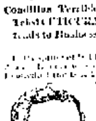

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EVERLASTING REST.

Rev. Dr. Talmage On the Rest Beyond the Grave.

If There is No Rest on Earth There Is Rest in Heaven—The Glorious Consolation for Those Treading God's Pathway.

The following sermon is the selection of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage for publication this week. The subject is "Everlasting Rest," being based on the text:

Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest.—Micah ii. 10

This was the drumbeat of a prophet who wanted to arouse his people from their oppressed and sinful condition; but it may just as properly be uttered now as then. Bells, by long exposure and much ringing, lose their clearness of tone; but the rousing bell of the Gospel strikes in as clear a tone as when it first rung on the air.

As far as I can see, your great want and mine is rest. From the time we enter life, a great many vexations and annoyances take after us. We may have our holidays, and our seasons of recreation and quiet, but where is the man come to mid-life who has found entire rest? The fact is that God did not make this world to rest in. A ship might as well go down off Cape Hatteras to find smooth water as a man in this world to find quiet. From the way that God has strewn the thorns, and hung the clouds, and sharpened the tusks; from the colds that distress us, and the heats that smite us, and the pleurisies that stab us, and the fevers that consume us, I know that He did not make this world as a place to loiter in. God does every thing successfully; and this world would be a very different world if it were intended for us to lounge in. It does right well for a few hours. Indeed, it is magnificent! Nothing but infinite wisdom and goodness could have mixed this beverage of water, or hung up these brackets of stars, or trained these voices of rill, and bird, and ocean—so that God has but to lift his hand, and the whole world breaks forth into orchestra. But, after all, it is only the splendors of a king's highway, over which we are to march on to eternal conquests.

You and I have seen men who tried to rest here. They builded themselves great stores. They gathered around them the patronage of merchant princes. The voice of their bid shook the money markets. They had stock in the most successful railroads, and in "safety deposits" great rolls of government securities. They had emblazoned carriages, high-mettled steeds, footmen, places that confounded lords and senators who sat at their table, tapestry on which floated the richest designs of foreign looms, splendor of canvas on the wall, exquisiteness of music rising among pedestals of bronze, and dropping, soft as light, on snow of sculpture. Here let them rest. Put back the embroidered curtain, and shake up the pillow of down. Turn out the lights! It is eleven o'clock at midnight. Let slumber drop upon the eyelids, and the air float through the half-opened lattice drowsy with midsummer perfume. Stand back, all care, anxiety and trouble! But no! they will not stand back. They rattle the lattice. They look under the canopy. With rough touch they startle his pulse. They cry out at twelve o'clock at night, "Awake, man! How can you sleep when things are so uncertain? What about those stocks? Hark to the tap of that fire bell; it is your district! How if you should die soon? Awake, man! Think of it! Who will get your property when you are gone? What will they do with it? Wake up! Riches sometimes take wings. How if you should get poor? Wake up!" Rising on one elbow the man of fortune looks out into the darkness of the room and wipes the dampness from his forehead, and says: "Alas! For all this scene of wealth and magnificence—no rest!"

I passed down a street of a city with a merchant. He knew all the finest houses on the street. He said: "There is something the matter in all these houses. In that one it is conjugal infelicity. In that one, a dissipated son. In that, a dissolute father. In that, an idiot child. In that, the prospect of bankruptcy." This world's wealth can give no permanent satisfaction. This is not your rest.

You and I have seen men try in another direction. A man says: "If I could only rise to such and such a place of renown; if I could gain that office; if I could only get the stand and have my sentiments met with one good round of hand-clapping applause: if I could only write a book that would live, or make a speech that would thrill, or do an action that would resound!" The tide turns in his favor. His name is on ten thousand lips. He is bowed to, and sought after, and advanced. Men drink his health at great dinners. At his fiery words the multitudes huzza! From galleries of beauty they throw garlands. From housetops, as he passes in long procession, they shake out the national standards. Here let him rest. It is eleven o'clock at night. On pillow stuffed with nation's praise let him lie down. Hush! all disturbant voices. In his dream let there be a hoisted throne, and across it march a coronation. Hush! Hush! "Wake up!" says a rough voice. "Political sentiment is changing. How if you should lose this place of honor? Wake up! The morning papers are to be full of denunciation. Harken to the execrations of those who once caressed you. By to-morrow night there will be multitudes sneering at the words which last night you expected would be universally admired. How can you sleep when everything depends upon the next turn of the tragedy? Up, man! Off of this pillow!" The man, with head yet hot from his last oration, starts up suddenly, looks out upon the night, but sees nothing except the flowers that lie on his stand, or the scroll from which he read his speech, or the books from which he quoted his authorities, and goes to his desk to finish his neglected correspondence, or to pen an indignant line to some reporter, or sketch the plan for a public defense against the assaults of the people. Happy when he got his first lawyer's brief; exultant when he triumphed over his first political rival; yet, sitting on the very top of all that this world offers of praise, he exclaims: "No rest! no rest!"

The very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world said of the great Webster: "What a statesman! What wonderful exposition of the constitution! A man fit for any position!" That same world said, after awhile: "Down with him! He is an office-seeker. He is a sot. He is a libertine. Away with him!" And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield. Jeffrey thought if he could only be judge that would be the making of him; got to be judge, and cursed the day in which he was born. Alexander wanted [illegible] with his greatness, [illegible] and then drank himself [illegible] could not [illegible]. [illegible] thought he would give everything if he could win the favor of courts and princes; won it and amid the shouts of a great entertainment, when poets, and orators, and duchesses were adoring his genius, wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he dwelt when he wrote of the [illegible]

[illegible]

Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power; made it tremble, then died; his entire military achievements dwindling down to a pair of military boots which he insisted on having on his feet when dying. At Versailles I saw a picture of Napoleon in his triumphs. I went into another room and saw a bust of Napoleon as he appeared at St. Helena, but oh, what grief and anguish in the face of the latter! The first was Napoleon in triumph, the last was Napoleon with his heart broken. How they laughed and cried when silver-tongued Sheridan, in the midway of prosperity, harangued the people of Britain, and how they hooted at and execrated him, when, outside of the room where his corpse lay, his creditors tried to get his miserable bones and sell them!

This world for rest? "Aha!" cry the waters, "no rest here—we plunge to the sea." "Aha!" cry the mountains, "no rest here—we crumble to the plain." "Aha!" cry the towers, "no rest here—we follow Babylon, and Thebes, and Nineveh into the dust." No rest for the flowers; they fade. No rest for the stars; they die. No rest for man; he must work, toil, suffer and slave.

Now, for what have I said all this? Just to prepare you for the text: "Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest." I am going to make you a grand offer. Some of you remember when gold was discovered in California, large companies were made up and started off to get their fortune. To-day I want to make up a party for the land of gold. I hold in my hand a deed from the Proprietor of the estate, in which He offers to all who will join the company ten thousand shares of infinite value, in a city whose streets are gold, whose harps are gold, whose crowns are gold. You have read of the crusades—how that many thousands of them went off to conquer the Holy Sepulcher. I ask you to join a grander crusade—not for the purpose of conquering the sepulcher of a dead Christ, but for the purpose of reaching the throne of a living Jesus. When an army is to be made up, the recruiting officer examines the volunteers; he tests their eyesight; he sounds their lungs; he measures their stature; they must be just right, or they are rejected. But there shall be no partiality in making up this army of Christ. Whatever your moral or physical stature, whatever your dissipations, whatever your crimes, whatever your weaknesses, I have a commission from the Lord Almighty to make up this regiment of redeemed souls, and I cry: "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest." Many of you have lately joined this company, and my desire is that you may all join it. Why not? You know in your own hearts' experience that what I have said about this world is true—that it is no place to rest in. There are hundreds here weary—oh, how weary—weary with sin; weary with trouble; weary with bereavement. Some of you have been pierced through and through. You carry the scars of a thousand conflicts, in which you have bled at every pore; and you sigh: "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!" You have taken the cup of this world's pleasures and drunk it to the dregs, and still the thirst claws at your tongue, and the fever strikes to your brain. You have chased pleasure through every valley, by every stream, amid every brightness, and under every shadow; but just at the moment when you were all ready to put your hand upon the rosy, laughing sylph of the wood, she turned upon you with the glare of a fiend and the eye of a satyr, her locks adders, and her breath the chill damp of a grave. Out of Jesus Christ not rest. No voice to silence the storm. No light to kindle the darkness. No dry dock to repair the split bulwark.

Thank God, I can tell you something better. If there is no rest on earth, there is rest in Heaven. Oh, ye who are worn out with work, your hands calloused, your backs bent, your eyes half put out, your fingers worn with the needle that in this world you may never lay down; ye discouraged ones, who have been waging a hand-to-hand fight for bread; ye to whom the night brings little rest and the morning more drudgery—oh, ye of the weary hand, and of the weary side, and the weary foot, hear me talk about rest!

Look at that company of enthroned ones. Look at their hands; look at their feet; look at their eyes. It can not be that those bright ones ever toiled? Yes! yes! These packed Chinese tea boxes, and through missionary instruction escaped into glory. These sweltered on southern plantations, and one night, after the cotton picking, went up as white as if they had never been black. Those died of overtoil in the Lowell carpet factories, and these in Manchester mills; those helped build the pyramids, and those broke away from work on the day Christ was hounded out of Jerusalem. No more towers to build; Heaven is done. No more garments to weave; the robes are finished. No more harvests to raise; the garners are full. Oh, sons and daughters of toil! arise ye and depart, for that is your rest.

Scovill McCallum, a boy of my Sunday school, while dying, said to his mother: "Don't cry, but sing—sing

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary."

then, putting his wasted hands over his heart, said: "There is rest for me."

But there are some of you who want to hear about the land where they never have any heartbreaks and no graves are dug. Where are your father and mother? The most of you are orphans. I look around, and where I see one man who has parents living I see ten who are orphans. Where are your children? Where I see one family circle that is unbroken I see three or four that have been desolated. One lamb gone out of its fold; one flower plucked from that garland; one golden link broke from that chain; here a bright light put out, and there another, and yonder another. With such griefs, how are you to rest? Will there ever be a power that can attune that silent voice, or kindle the luster of that closed eye, or put spring and dance into the little foot? When we bank up the dust over the dead, is the sod never to be broken? Is the cemetery to hear no sound but the tire of the hearse wheel, or the tap of the bell at the gate as the long procession comes in with their awful burdens of grief. Is the bottom of the grave gravel, and the top dust? No! no! no! The tomb is only a place where we wrap our robes about us for a pleasant nap on our way home. The swellings of Jordan will wash off the dust of the way. From the top of the grave we catch a glimpse of the towers glinted with the sun that never sets.

Oh, ye whose hearts are wet with the tears of the tragedy of grief, ye whose hearts are heavy because those well-known footsteps sound no more at the doorway, yonder is your rest! There is David [illegible] Absalom. There is [illegible] Hebron cathedral, [illegible] for Sarah. There is Paul [illegible] ecstatic, but once he sat with his feet in the stocks. There is Payson radiant with immortal health, but on earth he was always sick. No toil, no tears, no partings, no strife, no agonizing cough to-night. No storm to ruffle the crystal sea. No alarm to strike from the cathedral tower. No dirge throbbing from seraphic harp. No tremor in the everlasting song, but rest—perfect rest—unending rest.

Into that rest how many of our loved ones have gone! The little children have been gathered up into the bosom of Christ. One of them went out of the arms of a widowed mother, following its father, who died a few weeks before. In the last moment it seemed to see the departed father, for it said, looking upward with bright and countenance: "Papa, take me up!"

Others put down the work of midlife feeling they could hardly be spared from the office or store or shop, for a day, but are to be spared from it forever. Your mother went. Having lived a life of Christian consistency here, ever busy with kindness for her children, her heart full of that meek and quiet spirit that is in the sight of God of great price, suddenly her countenance was transfigured and the gate was opened, and she took her place amid that cloud of witnesses that hover about the throne!

Glorious consolation! They are not dead. You can not make me believe they are dead. They have only moved on. With more love than that with which they regard us on earth, they watch us from their high places, and their voices cheer us in our struggle for the sky. Hail, spirits blessed now that ye have passed the floods and won the crown! With weary feet we press up the shining way, until in everlasting reunion we shall meet again. Oh! won't it be grand when, our conflicts done and our partings over, we shall clasp hands and cry out: "This is Heaven!"

BEING PATIENT.

A Temper of the Soul, Manifesting Itself in a Willingness for Careful Preparation and a Waiting for Orderly Unfolding of Results.

The virtue of patience is commonly held to denote the equanimity with which one bears disappointment. It is supposed to be elicited by hardships, trials and reverses. But these are only a few of the conditions in which this quality reveals itself. In its essence patience is a temper of the soul which is willing to wait for the orderly unfolding of results without attempting to hasten or force their processes.

For instance, it is as truly a mark of patience to be willing to undertake the pains and cost of a thorough preparation for a life work as it is to bear a bereavement without complaint. Young men, on every hand, see ministers, lawyers, physicians and other professional men whose work is supposed to require peculiar discipline, rushing into their careers with a smattering of real knowledge and discipline. The temptation is strong for them to do likewise. But one who in spite of this temptation, subjects himself to thorough discipline in academy and college and professional school, in order that he may address himself intelligently and skillfully to his life task, is manifesting patience of a high order. We have often been surprised to hear those who profess to have received special Christian graces defend their course in taking "short cuts" into the ministry, when by a little grit and effort it was possible for them to obtain a thorough equipment. They appeared to forget that their haste and overweening desire to achieve immediate results were not a good comment up the success in acquiring the grace of patience.

Our moralists are constantly warning us against the peril of seeking to be suddenly rich. What they urge us to guard against is impatience with the slow, laborious methods of acquisition. But why limit this warning? Ministers, college professors, lawyers and physicians need it quite as much as business men. They are all tempted to achieve results by a "spurt," to strain and tax themselves to gain by a dash what should naturally be the product of the years of careful and faithful toil. Indeed, we are not sure, but these men need this warning quite as much as business men. The "short-cut" temptation appears to be to many of them quite overpowering. The result is seen in the fact that, despite all the colleges are doing, the average level of professional capacity is not rising. The ministry still remains the best educated of the professions; but the ranks of lawyers and physicians are crowded with men who have had no thorough mental discipline.

At this season it is worth while also for some of us to remember that we may manifest quite as much of this virtue by taking a vacation as by preserving our serenity under a reverse. There is many a man who is called in these weeks to drop his task, and betake himself form store or shop or office to the fields. He thinks he can not do it, that he may miss some advantage or lose a little money, and not get on quite so fast if he takes the needed rest. But what does patience mean except the willingness to take things naturally, the ability to look ahead and see that in the long run worn nerves and shattered health are a worse loss than a few weeks of time?—Boston Watchman.

Trifling With Reputation.

We never can be too careful of character, but it is easy to be too careful of our reputations. "When I gave up all I had to God's service," says Wesley, "did I keep back my reputation?" Yet many a true Christian is over-sensitive as to what people say of him, or think of him, and wastes on the guarding of this bauble time and strength which were given him for worthier uses. We serve a Master who "made Himself of no reputation." And those who share His singleness of purpose to do the will of God will never show an excessive solicitude about the opinions men have of them. In the long run, it is only God's thought of us which counts for anything. The more real that thought is to us in its tenderness and its fairness, the less we shall occupy ourselves with the noisy and shallow judgments of them.—S. S. Times.

It does not follow from the circumstance of a Christian being blessed with large means that good ends are thereby to be subserved. Back of the ability to do, and better than it, is the disposition to do. Readiness of mind must accompany fullness of hand or the world is none the better for Christian wealth.

A woman who has practiced dentistry for some time says: "Once in awhile there are some disagreeable features, but not often. On the contrary, the work becomes very fascinating and interesting. It does not require a great deal of strength to pull teeth. More can be done by skill and knowing how."

—Beef [illegible] cut up in small pieces [illegible] lean beef, place in a [illegible] with one-half pint of [illegible] for [illegible] for two hours. Strain and [illegible] Housekeeper.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

"ROCK OF AGES."

[illegible]

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
[illegible]"

[illegible]

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

[illegible]

Life's harp the only one
As she sang so sweetly there,
[illegible]
—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

UNHAPPY PEOPLE.

A Discontented Lot Who Try to Impede the Progress Made by Others.

In the improved definitions of our times we speak of "pessimists" rather than grumblers. It is a term that takes better with ears polite and is much more grateful to those who complain of everything that is and prophesy only evil of all that will be. A man who would be indignant at being called a "grumbler" will accept without disfavor the name of pessimist. Nevertheless, most pessimists, are, after all, only chronic grumblers.

Pessimists, as they prefer to be called, are grumblers, are a very ancient stock. They, probably, were evoluted with the beginning of the human race, and they have never failed of succession through all its generations. Pharaoh had his plagues, dire and dreadful; but if Moses escaped them in Egypt, he found enough plagues after he left to weary his spirit. The people were perpetually "murmuring." In other words, they were always grumbling and pessimistic in spirit. Down through the ages the same discontent, complaining, moaning spirit has shown itself. David had to complain of it and other ancient worthies suffered frequent annoyance from it. Discontent and despair constantly weakened the Lord's hosts. Under the New Testament dispensation there have always been people with a keen vision for discouragement and possessed of a ceaseless disposition to complain. Our Lord had to rebuke men for their little faith. Paul has to write: "Do all things without murmurings or questionings," and James tells us of "murmurers and complainers."

The bane of many households is found in grumblers—forever murmuring over what they have and unhappy for what they have not. But it is the grumblers, murmurers, and pessimists in the churches that especially awaken our aversion and call for rebuke. There are people whose vocation seems to be to complain of their fellow-members. They can always find a lack of brotherly or sisterly love. Everyone around is cold and distant. The pride and self-importance of their fellow-members is a perpetual eyesore to them. There are others whose function of grumbling is bemoaning the inconsistencies of their fellow-members. In their keen perception of the defects of their brethren they find the best evidence of their own religion. Other grumblers, especially if a contribution is asked of them, expect a church to be carried on without expense, and any application for money is a grievous infliction. Some find a constant annoyance in any forward movement by their brethren. They are forever crying out: "Go slow!" and would be better pleased if they could put the brakes on all progress.

Now, it need hardly be said that the grumbler and pessimist sees everything with regard to the church as on the down grade, and rapidly tending to destruction. The pastor is constantly criticised and censured. His prayers are stereotyped and cold. His sermons never feed his hearers. He visits too little. He shows favoritism among the people. Just now, he is blamed for taking a vacation, and direful prophecies are uttered as to the consequences of his leaving his church and home. Some people are naturally splenetic. Their lives are one prolonged grumble. With them the disposition has been cherished when it might have been repressed. Yet, if such would carefully investigate themselves, they would be convicted of their sin and folly. Such Christians only need to see themselves as they truly are to see things very differently. If we will only look for the best in all with whom we meet, exercise charity and large-heartedness, we shall find far less reason for grumbling and pessimistic railing.—Christian Inquirer.

WHAT A MAN IS.

Faith the True and Essential Basis of Character.

A common mistake with the unreflecting is to confound character with mere reputation. The two are no more the same than is a mask identical with its wearer. Character never can be a mask, but reputation may be. A man's character is what he is; his reputation what he appears to be. An honest and upright man may have a reputation which is a true mirror of his character, and so may a thoroughly depraved and debauched man. This is where extremes meet. But in too many cases the reputation is one thing and the character another. Too many professing Christians are open to this accusation. The man who is conspicuous by his piety on Sundays, and by his oppression of those with whom he has business dealings during the week, is an example of this type. So is the man who cultivates a reputation for benevolence by large donations to public charities, and compensates himself by extorting from his employes an excessive amount of labor in return for a pittance barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. [illegible] the best [illegible]

[illegible] It is not a mere thing in possession to be cast off at pleasure like a [illegible] not a [illegible] may be true [illegible]

What is the basis of character?—Faith, [illegible] believes [illegible] faith [illegible] exercise of [illegible] faith, and [illegible] Faith [illegible] intellectual [illegible] and [illegible] certainty, while faith [illegible] And all his force [illegible] his faith in its roots. This is the faith which [illegible] his Heavenly Father [illegible] faith [illegible] which is essential [illegible] character. For what a man believes that he does. A man who has but [illegible] faith in God [illegible] seeking to God's command, and thus [illegible] Not [illegible] faith and no character. He has no [illegible] purpose, he [illegible] shadow. He may have a reputation, but it is a sham, and will vanish before investigation like specters before a searchlight.

Faith is essential to character. The [illegible] and implicit faith in anything will develop some character good or bad, in any man. It may be faith in [illegible] himself [illegible] led by such conviction he may become, perchance, a Napoleon. It may be faith in the rectitude of a cause which will raise him to the rank of a William of Orange or of an Abraham Lincoln. Or, greater than all, it may be faith in God, a faith so great that his memory, like that of Paul, of Luther and an innumerable throng of others, will remain a living testimony to the truth through all ages.

Character is the force that [illegible] adversity, overcomes difficulty and impresses the personality of one man upon his fellows, and the foundation of all character is faith.—Young Men's Era.

BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

How a Godly Man Views the End of His Earthly Existence.

If there is one thing especially of which many people can not possibly believe that, under any circumstances, it would seem beautiful, I suppose it must mean death. That must always be dreadful. Men seldom see any misery in life so great as to outweigh the misery of leaving it. But yet it comes to all of us that He who made death made it, like all things else, to be beautiful in His time. When a life has lived its days, but in happiness, grown old with constantly accumulating joys, and then at last, before decay has touched it, or the ground grows soft under its feet, the door opens, and it enters into the new youth of eternity; when a young man has tried his powers here, and dedicated them to God, and then is called to the full use of their perfected strength in the very presence of the God whom he has loved; when a man has lived for his brethren, and the time comes that his life can not help them any longer, but his death can put life into dead truths and send enthusiasm into fainting hearts, when death comes as a rest to a man who is tired with a long fight, or as victory to a man who leaves his enemies beaten behind him on the shores of time—in all these times, is not death beautiful? "Nothing in all his life became this man like leaving it," they said of one who died.—Phillips Brooks.

A Christian Feeling.

Bishop Brooks truly says: "Not by mere moods may I know whether I am living the life of God, but only by knowing that God is using me to help others."

How many there are who seek to settle the question whether they are Christians or not by consulting their feelings! If they can not discern any particular hostility toward God, and do not feel hateful toward members of the church to which they belong, they conclude that they must be pretty fair Christians, whereas they may be very destitute of the life of God. The truth is, a personal possession of the life of God will constrain one to help others—to help them out of pure love for their best good without hope of fee or reward. There will be a positive yearning to do this. It will not necessarily take the shape of leaving one's own duties and neglecting home obligations; but it will manifest itself in a thousand little opportunities of needed assistance where neighborly help is needed, where kind words may be fitly spoken, where expressions of timely sympathy may find sweet lodging places. If God really lives in us we will show it by living in other lives.—Rev. C. H. Wetherbe.

RAM'S HORN WISDOM.

Epigrammatic Sayings Well Worth a Second Thought.

The devil probably loves a stingy man.

Happiness is never found by running after it.

Truth always lives in a house that is built on a rock.

Every good woman is a constant reminder that God lives.

Trials may frighten, but they can not hurt a child of God.

God's laws are never kept until they are written in the heart.

Every crown that comes from the hand of man has thorns in it.

The fact that enemies are loved is proof that Christ has been on earth.

It is when the devil looks least like a devil that he is most dangerous.

When you go to church to pray for a revival don't wear shoes that squeak.

A disinterested act of kindness is something the carnal mind can not explain.

The sermons that do the most to save the world are not preached in pulpits.

Nobody is ever awakened by the preaching of a man who is himself half asleep.

Hunger and thirst after righteousness is sure evidence that the face is toward God.

Some people are always blaming God for the troubles they bring upon themselves.

One reason why people tread crooked paths is because they keep looking back.

The principal work of unbelief is to make a foundation of sand look like solid rock.

It is seldom that a man with a big fortune is ever persecuted for righteousness' sake.

Whenever the world comes face to face with unselfish love it has to stop and think.

The only thing that prevents standing from where angels look is likeness to Christ.

No matter how dark things look, if God is leading we are on the way to something bright.

When men fulfill the law of Christ they don't need any other law to make them do right.

Some very good people can never see any harm in [illegible] good [illegible]

[illegible] that will [illegible]

[illegible] the strong that [illegible] to give some of its own blood.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

WRECKED BY DRINK.

The Sad Story of a Mother's [illegible] Wandering Son.

In [illegible] a young man [illegible] He was [illegible] friends [illegible] ship with Christ seemed to be the one thing lacking to round a character so naturally attuned to the higher.

The [illegible] town, was admitted [illegible] The mother waited and hoped. But the atmosphere of "good-fellowship" around him, his own warmth of nature, the prevailing [illegible] of the times, [illegible] raise a voice of protest "heard round the world"—all these were cultivating tastes and habits that made the mother anxious.

The California gold fever had reached even this quiet community, and that Mecca of youth and pluck and enterprise drew him with the irresistible force that to us, of a later generation, [illegible] all that Texas and the western Eldorado [illegible] So, one day, the mother's wayward boy [illegible] good-by to his friends with hope high in his heart and ringing in his voice; took a farewell look at the fields where he had plowed and sowed and reaped with a farmer boy's hardy strength; wrung the brother's hands, kissed the sisters a tender good-by, and heard the last word of counsel from the great-hearted father. On the mother's pale cheeks and trembling lips, as he kissed them, his hot tears fell like rain. He saw the unspeakable sorrow in those eyes, felt it in her clinging arms. But "willful lad will have his way, and the wind no man can hold." Would he not come back in a few years rich, and they should all "live happy ever after?"

The four years of the civil war made a great silence between him and his home. The war over, the letters frequent at first, in a clear, bold hand, gladdening the mother's misty eyes, became few and unsatisfactory. A fortune of thousands and thousands was made several times with the quickness and readiness of their peculiar conditions made easily, lost easily—recklessness became the order of life. Glimpses of the old tender, lovable nature were given. Preachers returning from missionary tours out there told of his successes, his losses, his popularity, his carelessness of life. The mother wept and loved and prayed and waited.

Fifteen years passed; twenty, twenty-five. The father died; the sisters married; the brothers scattered; the old home was broken up. To the younger members of the family the absent brother became almost unreal.

[illegible]

The letters now had almost ceased, poor fellow! The last one the aged mother carried in her old-fashioned leather pocket book. It was an irregular scrawl, barely legible; lines so wavering that they crossed one another. She could never find a word of blame—it was all love and hope and prayer with her. Sometimes when her grandchildren gathered about her she would tell them of their uncle's frolicsome childhood and boyhood, his bright sallies of wit, his daring escapades, his tender, chivalric love to everything weak and defenseless. When they asked: "Do you think he will ever come back to see us, grandma?" the sigh that gave an answer made them feel that they must not talk any more, but must run away and leave her by herself—poor grandmother! How that son would have wept to see her old, sad face! How tenderly he would have kissed the dear, wrinkled hands that were never idle.

There came a silence of three or four years. Then one summer day, to a young nephew bearing the same name, came a letter postmarked Sacramento. Inclosed was a letter the child had written over a year ago to the distant, never seen uncle, and a long clipping from a Sacramento newspaper stating that at the hospital in that city on a certain date, that mother's boy, now himself a middle-aged man, nearing fifty, had, in an attack of delirium tremens, cut his throat! The child's letter, carried for many months in the poor wanderer's pocket, the last feeble link between him and home and hope, was the only clue to the address of his family. The paper bore testimony to his success at fortune-making only to lose again, his noble possibilities, and the traits that won him admiration and esteem. Can anyone ever know a mother's thoughts as she pillows her head at night, not to sleep—but that her heart may break in the silence of darkness, where none but God can know? There was no complaining—she knew in whom she had believed. The day after she heard it found the blessed old saint in her place in God's house while the minister talked of the power of prayer. I believe she somehow felt that her prayers for nearly fifty years could not remain unheard. God knows.

But the tired body with the weight and wear of eighty-three years which she had tried to make last until she could see her boy again in the flesh, and could read in his face and life "the victory that overcometh the world," the weary body failed rapidly, and soon the lifelong heartbreak was ended. But oh the pity of it, and the [illegible] of it. This pitiless slaughter of its sons by permit of a nation that pretends to guarantee "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" to every creature under its flag.—Emily M. Allen in Union Signal.

A WONDERFUL MESSAGE.

The Fruitfulness of a Warning Word Against the Deadly Cups.

They had been introduced, of course, but he spoke to her first dinner.

"May I pour you a little wine?" he asked.

"Thank you," she said simply, "a little. I drink only claret."

"You don't care for sweet wines?"

"I don't think I really care for any wine, but this is what we drink at home. You did not pour any for yourself," she added a moment after.

He smiled.

"It would be for the first time in my life if I had."

"How strange!" She looked at him point blank with a pair of clear and very kind blue eyes. "Have you scruples? Do you think it wrong?"

"Well," he drew a long breath, "hardly. Yet, for me it would be wrong."

The color deepened on her cheek a little. He saw her check [illegible] a word from her lips, and the shadow that swept over her face was sweeter than any brightness. But [illegible]

[illegible] temptation [illegible] I have [illegible]

[illegible] danger [illegible] fear it.

[illegible]

[illegible] the deadly cup has no terror for me. [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] afraid."

There was a pause. She lifted the wine to her lips. A servant came [illegible] The course and [illegible] the table. When he could [illegible] attention again he was ready with a remark about the beauty of some roses in a vase near them.

"Yes, so pretty, pretty," she said, vaguely, and then with purpose in her tone: "We had not yet finished our topic, I think. May I ask is it your conviction that liquor should not be used in any form?"

"You are merciful," he deprecated. "This is hardly [illegible] it would seem to object to anything among such surroundings."

"Never mind about being comfortable here," she replied, gravely. "I am trying to reflect, to decide. I have never before given serious thought to this question of temperance. The people I live among, and they are all upright, intelligent and refined, regard a moderate use of liquor as almost indispensable. Surely you must admit that there are thousands and thousands who are not in any way injured by its use?"

"I know," he said quietly, "that there are millions and millions—the jails will tell you—the hospitals—"

He stopped abruptly.

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, "yes, but why not take the good and avoid the evil? We need not become drunkards because we use liquor?"

He met the appeal of her earnest eyes with a look as earnest.

"Since you desire it," he answered steadily, "let me say one word, and then, I think, I will say no more. If you never touch liquor, you not only need not, you can not become a drunkard. But, if once it cross your lips, the first step is made."

There was a long silence between them. The rest of the guests went on talking gayly. Presently she spoke, but so low that he had to bend his ear to listen.

"You have given me a wonderful message," she said. She set aside her glass of wine, and in the simple act he knew there was consecration.—N. Y. Advertiser.

A NOBLE SON.

The Story Told by a Man Who Used to Keep a Drink Shop.

Several years ago my brother was in Springfield one cheerless day, with about half an hour on his hands before train time. Strolling along near the depot, he noticed a tidy restaurant, and went in for lunch. A bright boy came to take his order, and as soon as he brought it sat down to his lessons. A respectable man, evidently the proprietor, was seated near the fire with a disabled foot propped up in a chair. When my brother had finished his meal, he approached him, saying:

"You have a bright boy to wait on your customers."

"Yes, indeed," said the man with parental pride, "I couldn't hire so good a boy as that; he is my son and was the means of my opening this place instead of keeping a drinkshop, which was the way I got my living for some years; and I'll tell you how it was. He came from school one day heavy-hearted, and when I asked him what was the matter he began to cry, but couldn't speak. After I had urged him he said that in recess some of the boys asked each other what their father did. One said his father was a plumber; another, that he was a carpenter; and when they came to my boy, who said his father kept a saloon, one of them said that it was the meanest kind of business and I could see they all felt the same way. That made me feel awfully ashamed, so, father, if you will only give up the saloon I'll do anything I can to help you. With that he threw his arms around my neck, and, sobbing, begged me to give it up. Well, the end of it was I sold out. I don't make so much money as I did selling liquors, but it goes farther, and we have a happy home; my wife can help along, because decent people come here for their meals, but before I did not like to have her around, there was so much low talk. My boy has been as good as his word. I couldn't ask for a better son."

My brother thanked the man for his confidence, and after giving his hearty approval went his way.—Julia Billings, in the Little Christian.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

A STATEMENT was recently made in the German Reichstag that there are eleven thousand persons in hospitals in Germany who are suffering with delirium tremens.

THE slave trade has been to Africa a great evil, but the evils of the rum trade are far worse.—Rev. James Johnson, Missionary in Africa.

IN 1890 one in seventeen deaths which occurred in Switzerland were ascribed to drinking habits (including women and children).

IN the city of Fort Worth, Tex., fifteen hundred arrests of women were made in the last year, nine-tenths of the number, at least, for drunkenness.

THE Canadian Temperance league recently presented a gold medal to the pupil in the public schools of Toronto who passed the best examination in the study of temperance and physiology.

THE Massachusetts legislature adopted an investigation law, giving the state bureau of statistics five thousand dollars with which to conduct an investigation of the relation of the liquor traffic to crime, pauperism and insanity.

"Do not ask me to give up what to me is a lawful gratification because another man is a drunkard?" Yes, if you do not need the total abstinence pledge for yourself sign it for the sake of those who are weak and need help.—John B. Gough.

THE native kings are petitioning the government to stop the liquor traffic. It is ruining their people. One king says, if they continue, it will cause him to leave his country and go where the white man's rum can not reach his people.—Hon. H. Bowen, United States Consul at Sierra Leone.

[illegible] Alesio, of Turin, who has lately celebrated her one hundredth birthday, [illegible] her husband [illegible] Moscow [illegible] was a bride of eighteen. Her faculties are still strong [illegible] her health permits her to spend several hours a day in [illegible]

[illegible] is regarded as the masterpiece [illegible] It was written [illegible] to be sung at the close of a Christian service in [illegible]

THE PUZZLER

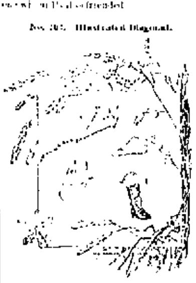
No. 201.—A Diamond Puzzle.

O
o O o
o o O o o
o o o O o o o
o o o O o o o
o o O o o
o O o
O

1. A [illegible]. 2. A [illegible]. 3. A [illegible]. 4. A [illegible]. 5. A [illegible]. 6. A prophet. 7. A [illegible] where God appeared to [illegible]. 8. A letter in [illegible].

The central column, reading downward, [illegible]

No. 202.—Illustrated Diagonal.



All the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous German writer, who during the 80 years of his life is said to have never traveled more than seven miles from his native city.—St. Nicholas.

No. 203.—A Charade.

My first [illegible]
[illegible]
My third is something we all like to take,
[illegible] philosophers make?

No. 204.—The Lover's Task.

I am [illegible]
To [illegible] the lady that I love.
This [illegible] to compose
[illegible] lines in [illegible] straight rows,
Five [illegible] I must place,
[illegible] her face.

No. 205.—Double Acrostic.

Notes: 1. Before. 2. To utter reproach. 3. To dazzle. 4. The colored circle around the pupil of the eye. 5. Approaches. 6. To confound. 7. Low. 8. Sound of metals.

My primals and finals, read downward, name a noted Frenchman.

No. 206.—Word Squares.

A small seed. One time. A measure of land. An English river.

To go quickly. A continent. A small brook. A story.

To lose color. A tree. A toy. Fish.

No. 207.—Central Acrostic.

x x X x x
x x X x x
x x X x x
x x X x x
x x X x x
x x X x x
x x X x x

1. A river of Italy. 2. An Athenian philosopher. 3. A river of Gaul, rising at the foot of Mount Jura. 4. A country of Africa. 5. A Greek who was the first king of Lacedæmon in Peloponnesus. 6. A Roman goddess. 7. A celebrated Athenian commander who fought against the Spartans. The centrals spell the name of an ancient city.

No. 208.—Beheadings.

Behead to petition and leave a loud noise.
Behead to image and leave a period of time.
Behead to zeal and leave a stratagem.
Behead to point out and leave a musical sound.
Behead to infect and leave a quiet state.
Behead to escape privately and leave a leap.
Behead to descend and leave a lesson.

A Good Card Trick.

Take any number of cards and deal them face upward upon the table, noting in your own mind the first card dealt. Ask any one present [illegible] number of [illegible] to remember at what number it falls. [illegible] Allow [illegible] as many [illegible] When the original first card [illegible] will again appear [illegible] turn the cards over again and counting from the top of the pack until the number is reached.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 191.—Numerical Enigma: "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

No. 192.—A Fishpond: 1. Halibut (hail I but). 2. Herring. 3. Pike. 4. Lamprey. 5. Haddock. 6. Carp. 7. Perch. 8. Pout. 9. Sucker ([illegible]).

No. 193.—Transpositions: Warred, warder, drawer, reward.

No. 194.—Charade: Railroad.

No. 195.—Pictorial Acrostic: Fling. Igloos. Bear. Reindeer. Eskimo. Sledge.

No. 196.—Riddle: Lead pencil.

No. 197.—Progressive Enigma: Aix-la-Chapelle.

No. 198.—A Poultry Problem: Twelve turkeys, 13 geese, 75 chickens.

No. 199.—Checkered Square:

O U T P O S T
U A A
T A R R I E D
P D S P
O R I N O C O
S E C L
T A D P O L E

No. 200.—Hidden Creatures: 1. Bee. 2. Moth. 3. Wasp. 4. Slug. 5. Snail.

ONE DRUMMER'S MISTAKE.

He Took the Wrong Traveling Bag and Didn't Find It Out Until Too Late.

The small traveling bag is used for a good many purposes nowadays. Office girls carry them, typewriter girls use them, and women who sell books disguise their real business with them. The latest use to which they have been put is for marketing. The idea is said to have been originated by a young married woman who wanted to go to market, but who wouldn't be seen coming therefrom with her arms full of packages or a basket in her hand.

At last she hit upon the idea of the traveling bag. That would do first rate. It looked businesslike. It was far better than a clumsy basket. The idea was approved by other young wives, and now when young women are seen in the street in the evening carrying traveling bags they are probably loaded for the market.

One of these neat, prettish young wives lives in an uptown flat. She is the right kind of a woman, for she helps her husband by driving close bargains on meat, vegetables and provisions generally. She enjoys marketing and has one of the popular russet leather bags in which to carry home her purchases.

This little woman has a brother who is a commercial traveler, and most of his time is spent on the road. The other evening the young wife returned from a marketing trip and placed her traveling bag on the dining room table while she went to remove her hat and gloves.

Suddenly there was the sound of steps outside the door, and a moment later a strong shake was given it, and a hearty voice outside said:

"Let me in, Lou. I've got just three minutes to spare."

It was her brother. She hadn't seen him for months. She threw the door open. The brother rushed in, put his traveling bag down on the table and wrapped his sister in his arms.

"I leave for Buffalo tonight, Lou," he said. "I was going by on my way to the train, and I thought I'd drop in to get a look at you."

Three minutes were spent in lively conversation. Then with a "Goodby, Lou! Give my regards to the old man," the traveling brother picked up a traveling bag and ran down stairs.

He reached Buffalo that night, and when he went to his room to retire he opened the traveling bag to get a nightshirt. But he didn't find it. What he did find were three tomatoes, a small head of cabbage, an eggplant, a box of baking powder, two boiled crabs, a bunch of celery, lettuce, four lamb chops and a small package in which were samples of dress goods. The traveling bag belonged to his sister.—New York Herald.

"How old is your mother, Bobby?"

"I don't know sir, but she must be pretty old. Why, she was married before I was born."—New York World.

Fruit House Prices for 1894.

There has been many changes and reverses the past year in politics, as well as in business affairs. The lessons taught ought to be of much value in the future. If it be true, the repealing of the Sherman act is a blessing to the country. Then the fewer we have of such blessings the better. If the country is to keep on growing half millionaires and half paupers, then we are in as much danger as when Lincoln made the declaration that we cannot exist as a nation half slave and half free.

There has been great depreciation in many goods, none more so than on sugar. It is so low now that you can purchase a barrel at about the same price as 100 lbs. a few years ago. The sugar "Barons" are uneasy that congress will take steps to break up their trust, hence the stocks have taken a tumble and the sugar went with it. The reduction is equal to 15% in the last two months.

Crushed and Powdered, 5¼c.	Coffee A, 5c.
Standard Granulated, 5⅛c.	Extra C, 4½c.

Of course, it cannot be expected these unprecedented low prices can long continue, hence would recommend liberal purchases now. There is no possibility of going lower. So with

TEAS.

They are unusually low. When you can purchase a pound of Good Tea at the same price as a pound of Coffee, it is natural the Tea will be preferred, for one pound of tea will go as far as two pounds of coffee, and in consequence is much more economical. Our Tea Trade is growing continually. We sell them at a small profit, this we can afford to do, for we purchase in large lots direct from the importers, and re-sell direct to our customers, thereby saving to our customers the intermediate profits of the jobber and speculator, which is at least 10c to 15c per pound.

Young Hyson, extra good, 30c.	Uncolored Japan, 25c, 30c, best 50c.
Young Hyson, choice, 35c; best 50c.	English Breakfast, 30c; best 50c.
Imperial, extra choice, 30c; best, 50c.	Oolong, extra Black Tea, 30c; best, 50c.
Gunpowder, extra, 30c; best 50c.	Tea Dust, 15c lb.

The 30c tea is good; in fact, we sell double the amount of this to any other. Our best 50c is high flavor—choice goods and no better in market.

COFFEE.

The coffee market has been controlled some by speculation, but mostly by the war in Brazil—in consequence of the war which is still going on, the supplies from Brazil are very uncertain, and not likely to be a settled market until the war ceases. The quotations are very firm and no decline looked for.

Rio Coffee, green, 20c; best, 21c.	Rio Coffee, roasted, best, 24c.
All package coffees, 25c.	Mocha, green, 30c; roasted, 35c.

Old Government Java, 30c; roasted, 35c.

Canned Goods, Fruits and Vegetables.

Standard Tomatoes, 3 lb can, 10c.	3 lb Baltimore Peaches, 15c.
California Green Gages, 15c.	California 3 lb. Peaches, 20c.
3 lb Pie Peaches, 9c.	California Apricots, 20c.

Machine Oils and Castor Oils.

Castor Oil down to 80c. per gal.	Black Machine Oil, 20c gal.
Fish Oil, 60c gal.	Neatsfoot Oil, 70c gal.
Golden Machine Oil, 30 gal.	Linseed Oil, boiled, 70c gal.

Syrups and Molasses.

New Orleans Molasses, 30c; best 40c gal.	Golden Drips, 40c, best 50c gal.
Sorghum, extra nice, from Kentucky, 40c.	Vermont Maple Syrup, 80c gal.

Raisins, Currants and Citrons.

These goods are exceedingly low, in fact, never in the history of the trade have they been so low. In place of being luxuries, they are so cheap they have become of every day use.

California Raisins, 5c per lb.	California Muscatels, 8c.
California London Layers, 10c.	Zante Currants, No. 1, 4c lb.
Citron, Leghorn, extra nice, 15c lb.	Warsaw Blackberries, 10c qt.

The 5c California Raisins are nice and fresh, all the difference not so large as the others.

Tobacco and Cigars.

Horse Shoe Plug, 43c lb.	J. T. Plug, 40c lb.	A B C Plug, 35c plug.
Tiger Plug, 43 lb.	Durham Smoking, 45c lb.	Briar Smoking, 30c lb.
Mail Pouch Smoking, 30c lb.	Sweet Conqueror Smoking, 15c lb.	Crowing Hen, 25c box.
Cigars from 90c to $1.25 box.	Harvest Gem, 90c box.	Sport, 200 box.
C.C., $1.25 box.	Royal Seal, 60c box.	
	All good smokers.	

Wines and Liquors for Medical Purposes Only.

We handle nothing but Pure Domestic Wines—no Foreign goods.

Kelly Island Catawba, best goods, 50c gal.	Port Wine from Kelly Island, $1.25 gal.
California Angelica, very fine, $1.25 gal.	California Muscatel, best, $1.25 gal.
Kentucky Bourbon, $1.25 gal.	Alcohol, full proof and pure, $2.50 gal.
Bourbon Extra, two years old, $1.50 and $1.75. 4 years $2.	Wine in Bottles, 30 and 50c bottle.
Blended Catawba Brandy, $1.75 gal.	
Scotch Ale, London and Dublin Porter, 20c bottle.	One-Year Old Rye, $1.60 gal.

You Will Save 20c on the Dollar by Trading at

FORT WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE.

The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1894

GOOD DETECTIVE WORK

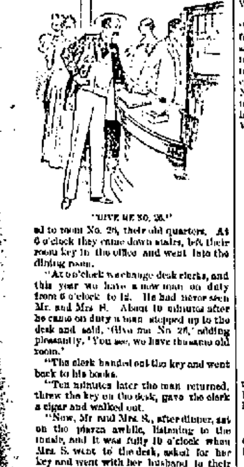
Guarding Unsuspecting Lodgers at Summer Hotels.

INGENUITY OF CUNNING THIEVES.

An Occupation That Requires Coolness and Judgment—Uses of Wigs, Spectacles and Skeleton Keys—Good Luck of a Diamond Drummer—A Well Laid Trap.

Just now the detectives in the summer hotels are decidedly busy. They must not only guard the guests from outsiders, but from within who have stealthily strayed into the fold. And they must make no mistake, for that would be awkward.

"My first case this summer," said a detective of one of the large Atlantic City hotels the other day, "was a queer one. Mr. S. and his wife have been coming here now for five years. This year they came up on the 4 o'clock train and were assigned to room No. 26, their old quarters. At 6 o'clock they came down stairs, left their room key in the office and went into the dining room.



"GIVE ME NO. 26."

"At 6 o'clock we change desk clerks, and this year we have a new man on duty from 6 o'clock to 12. He had never seen Mr. and Mrs. S. About 10 minutes after he came on duty a man stepped up to the desk and said, 'Give me No. 26,' adding pleasantly, 'You see, we have the same old room.'

"The clerk handed out the key and went back to his books.

"Ten minutes later the man returned, threw the key on the desk, gave the clerk a cigar and walked out.

"Now, Mr. and Mrs. S., after dinner, sat on the piazza awhile, listening to the music, and it was fully 10 o'clock when Mrs. S. went to the desk, asked for her key and went with her husband to their room. A minute after we were startled by the news of a burglary, and Mr. S., frantic with excitement, rushed down to tell us that all Mrs. S.'s jewels, her laces and valuable keepsakes of all kinds were gone, while trunks, gowns and satchels were torn in the hasty ransacking.

"I went to their room and found it all true, but who and where was the thief? 'I have not spoken to anybody in the place,' said Mr. S., 'except a man I met on the train, to whom I gave my card. I asked him to call and told him I should be in the room I had had for five years.'

"This was a good clew, and, with the description given by the clerk of the man who had asked for the key, I telegraphed all over the country. I was answered by other hotel detectives looking for the same man, and in a week we had our sleek bird landed in town, where he will remain for a year at least.

A Panel Jewel Thief.

"You know that hotel rooms mostly all lead into one another. When only one room is wanted, the door is locked between and a bureau placed against it. This was the case with Miss Varick's room. The dresser almost hid the door.

"One afternoon Miss Varick locked her door, took off her jewels, which were very handsome, and laying them upon the dresser with some other pieces which she intended to wear that night sat down in an easy chair by the window to read. The day was hot, and Miss Varick thought after that she might have dozed off. Anyway she awoke with a start, looked around the room, saw everything was all right, and was about to settle herself for another nap when she happened to glance at the dresser, only to find it empty of all her jewels. Not a ring even was left. She got up and stared at its marble top. It was as blank as a sheet.

"In the next room were two gentlemen, old men and very dignified. They left the afternoon of the robbery. As I afterward found, they left within five minutes after it was committed. I went to their room and searched the door, but there was nothing to show it had been unlocked. The big hook that held it was on Miss Varick's side of the door. Yet through that door seemed to me the only reasonable way of accounting for the robbery. The men had left very hastily.

"As I watched the door for the hundredth time I noticed that the paint around one of the panels was scratched. Picking at the fretwork around the panel, I lifted it out easily, and the panel I pulled toward me by inserting a nail in an old nail hole.

PUSHED THE MIRROR FORWARD.

"'Now,' said I to Miss Varick, 'seat yourself where you were on that afternoon and keep your eyes upon the dresser.'

"Very quietly I slipped into the next room, took out the panel, pushed the mirror of the dresser forward and removed a pincushion from the top. Miss Varick sat watching me, with eyes wide open. 'The very sound that woke me that afternoon,' she exclaimed. 'It was the swinging of the mirror!'

"After that things were easy. We caught the thieves in Boston, but not until we learned to know them without the wigs and spectacles which changed them from well known crooks to respectable middle aged citizens.

A Diamond Drummer's Luck.

"A diamond drummer came up from the city to sell diamonds to the local stores. At dinner he got acquainted with one of our guests, an old patron, who has been coming here for years, and who is also very rich.

"After dinner they went to drive to the roadhouse, where they took two unescorted ladies, and all had dinner together. At dinner the drummer drank too much. He became very communicative and imparted the fact to all that he had $50,000 worth of diamonds in his inside pocket. 'I ought to have left them at the hotel,' said he, adding, 'I have never carried a pistol in my life.'

"Well, the drummer got so much under the influence of the champagne that he would not go home, declaring that he would stay at the roadhouse with those congenial company. In vain our old patron, Mr. Lombard, urged him. He said home he would not. And after an argument that [illegible] almost to blows the drummer sank back in a drunken stupor, from which he could not be roused.

"Mr. Lombard, after many efforts, all unsuccessful, started home, but not until he had reached into the drummer's vest pocket and got the package of diamonds, which were in a [illegible] case. Next morning early Mr. Lombard read his mail, started in [illegible] and announced that he must go [illegible], saying 'I may not return [illegible], as I am going north and may sail for Europe upon an unexpected journey. I will pay my bill now. Call the [illegible].'

"Within two hours after his departure the drummer came back to the hotel white with fright and now thoroughly sober. 'Where is that man?' he cried. 'Where is my dinner companion? He has robbed me of my package of diamonds!'

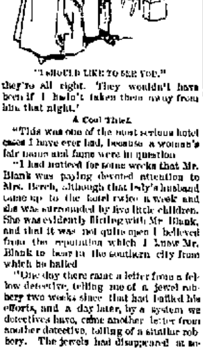
"Although the start had been a short one, the search for Mr. Lombard was very long. He had apparently gone north, but must have either got over the Canada border or have redoubled his steps south. An outgoing Atlantic steamer could have been taken by him before noon, or he might be in disguise almost watching our operations.

"One day, after a month's search, I met the drummer, who had never left the house. 'I believe,' said I, 'that Lombard is right in this very town, and we shall see.'

"'Right you are!' exclaimed a hearty voice, and with a slap on the shoulder Lombard wheeled me about and clasped my hand. In a second the warrant was upon him.

"'What's this for?' he exclaimed, laughing. 'This is a good joke! What? Accused of robbing—diamonds! What? What?'

"Then as light came upon him he said: 'Why, those diamonds, the ones I took from the drunken drummer, are in your safe. I put them there that night. Next morning came word of my mother's illness. I started north to see her, got a telegram that she was better, flew off to New York to attend to some business, got my mustache shaved off on account of the heat, went north again and now am here. What? Have you counted them? Be sure they're all right. They wouldn't have been if I hadn't taken them away from him that night.'



"I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU."

A Cool Thief.

"This was one of the most serious hotel cases I have ever had, because a woman's fair name and fame were in question.

"I had noticed for some weeks that Mr. Blank was paying devoted attention to Mrs. Beech, although that lady's husband came up to the hotel twice a week and she was surrounded by five little children. She was evidently flirting with Mr. Blank, and that it was not quite open I believed from the reputation which I knew Mr. Blank to bear in the southern city from which he hailed.

"One day there came a letter from a fellow detective, telling me of a jewel robbery two weeks since that had baffled his efforts, and a day later, by a system we detectives have, came another letter from another detective, telling of a similar robbery. The jewels had disappeared at social functions, dinners, balls and concerts.

"I searched Mr. Blank's room during dinner and found nothing at all. That night Mrs. Beech appeared with a chatelaine watch precisely like the one described in a letter in my pocket.

"I did not wait a minute. Calling a bellboy, I said to him, stepping up behind Mr. Blank, so he could hear me: 'If you see Mr. Blank, tell him a gentleman from the Avergne hotel, on the seashore, is here and wants to see him. Go look for him now.'

"When I turned, Mr. Blank was gone, as I suspected he would be, and half an hour later I had the pleasure of learning at the desk that he had left for home and would not return. It was now plain sailing.

"'I would like to see you a minute,' said I later that night, tapping Mrs. Beech upon the shoulder. 'I have a message from Mr. Blank.'

"Smiling, she followed me into the reception room. But her smile soon faded.

"'Here is a warrant for your arrest,' said I, 'as being the receiver of stolen goods. I have a description of the articles. Will you give them to me now? Or shall I serve the warrant?'

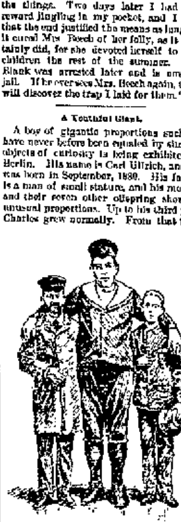
"'For God's sake'—she began.

"'Give me the jewels, then,' I said. 'I will go to your room with you while you collect them. No, Mr. Blank is not here. He has left. He told me he had given you the stolen articles. He took them from the seashore places he has visited. He said I could get them from you. He described the articles, the rings, the bracelets'——

"Half carrying the almost fainting Mrs. Beech, I went to her room and got the things. Two days later I had the reward jingling in my pocket, and I felt that the end justified the means as long as it cured Mrs. Beech of her folly, as it certainly did, for she devoted herself to her children the rest of the summer. Mr. Blank was arrested later and is now in jail. If he ever sees Mrs. Beech again, they will discover the trap I laid for them."

A Youthful Giant.

A boy of gigantic proportions such as have never before been equaled by similar objects of curiosity is being exhibited in Berlin. His name is Carl Ullrich, and he was born in September, 1880. His father is a man of small stature, and his mother and their seven other offspring show no unusual proportions. Up to his third year Charles grew normally. From that time on he took a spurt toward an unusually rapid development. He is now nearly 6 feet tall and weighs 320 pounds. His head measures in circumference 27 inches. Hands and feet are enormously developed, the middle finger of each hand being in diameter the size of a silver dollar.



THE BIG BOY.

Professor Virchow, who has closely examined this juvenile monstrosity, states that all the bodily organs perform their functions normally, and that in all probability the giant youngster will surpass all giant men when he reaches his majority. Carl was a bright and active pupil at school and converses intelligently with his audience, although he has been in the museum but a very short time. He is to-day one of the attractions for which every proprietor of a museum makes a lively bid.

Irish Arts and Crafts.

An Irish arts and crafts society has just been formed in Dublin for the purpose of stimulating the industries of Ireland and attempting to raise the craftsman to a higher artistic level.

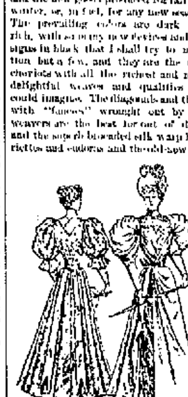
FOR NEW FALL GOWNS

OLIVE HARPER SAYS WORDS FAIL TO DESCRIBE THEM.

Dark Rich Colors and Handsome Weaves. Black Figured Wool Goods—New Fancies In Hosiery—Black Flannel Underwear. A Handsome New Cape.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—There are times when the English language fails to meet all the requirements, and that is when one wants to describe the flowers in a garden, the fabrics in the park and the new goods produced for fall and winter, or, in fact, for any new season. The prevailing colors are dark and rich, with so many new devices and designs in black that I shall try to mention but a few, and they are the new cheviots with all the richest and most delightful weaves and qualities one could imagine. The diagonals and those with "fancies" wrought out by the weavers are the best for out of door, and the superb brocaded silk warp henriettas and eudoras and the old-new empress cloth make the most beautiful visiting and church gowns. They bear the stamp of refinement about them. There are wonderful brocades of these goods, the most in small and curious patterns, but some of them have the persian palm leaf design. Such will be used for elegant wraps and be lined with fur or quilted cotton. Empress cloth and ribbed goods are seen in quantities in black, and I may here mention that all the daintiest and prettiest designs in the woolens are reproduced in the silks, not in black only, but in a multitude of colors.



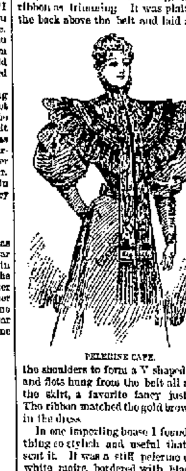
NEW FALL GOWNS.

The cravenettes, which resemble the finest serge or cheviot and are entirely waterproof, are shown in a variety of colors hitherto undreamed of. I cannot imagine how such a delicate and beautiful fabric could have been waterproofed without destroying its beauty as a dress material, but there it is. There is also a very pretty new stuff called marcellette, which is shown only in gray and black. It is brocaded and is lovely when folded so as to show all the lights it holds. The palm leaf and cockleshell seem to be the favorite designs for this. It is all wool, black and gray, with a few white and a few all black threads showing in spots.

The line of black figured wools is the finest of any ever presented and shows that black is expected to take the lead this season, but there are many very rich and pleasing stuffs in wool fancies of two tones. These have somewhat of an armure weave and show the two colors in iridescent gleams. Covert cloths in all the light tans, biscuits and all shades of brown will be much used for tailor gowns. These dresses are very stylish when well made and quite as dowdy when not. There is the usual line of cheviots, serges and plain mixtures, and also broadcloth in quite heavy weight. This last is produced in the greatest variety of color. Some of the light cheviots have tufts and dots of other colors.

Hosiery will all be of solid color this season. No more plaids nor nightmares nor flower gardens. The finest may be ribbed and openworked, also embroidered. Black flannel underwear for ladies will doubtless become a fad as well as the silken vests for those who prefer silk to wool next the body.

There was one very pretty gown for a young lady, made of a pale blue dotted silk, which had a novel arrangement of ribbon as trimming. It was plaited in the back above the belt and laid across the shoulders to form a V shaped yoke, and flots hung from the belt all around the skirt, a favorite fancy just now. The ribbon matched the gold brown dots in the dress.



PELERINE CAPE.

In one importing house I found something so stylish and useful that I present it. It was a stiff pelerine cape of white moire, bordered with black lace and two flat bands of black moire. The two tabs ended with a fringe of jet beads. This can be made in any material or color easily, and it can be worn with any gown indoors or out.

OLIVE HARPER.

A CENTER FOR REST.

Junius Henri Browne Among the Cape Cod Folk.

[Special Correspondence.]

QUISSETT, Mass., Aug. 30.—This hamlet, small as it is, is more than a century old and primarily bore the aboriginal name Quiquonquisset. This would seem to be a kind of Latin-Indian name, though there is nothing Latin in it. After awhile it became Quonquissett, finally Quissett, and so remains, having a score of scattering houses, several shops, four plants and a postoffice.

It is on Cape Cod, in Barnstable county, and is in a way the center of a widely dispersed populous summer colony, whose members have little knowledge of and almost no communication with one another. They usually stay far into October. It is situated within two miles or so of both Falmouth village and Wood's Holl and at some three miles from Falmouth Heights, a summering settlement of people from Boston and vicinity, who largely constitute the seaside community hereabout, with a number of New Yorkers to be found everywhere.

Many of the cottages in this district, to call it such, are handsome and costly, with fine, well kept grounds. Falmouth proper and Wood's Holl are ancient villages, owing their origin to hardy whalers and mariners who were the first settlers of these New England coasts. The Cape Cod villages have, like so many of the large Massachusetts towns, introduced manufactures to keep them alive, but the summer boarder, having introduced himself as a substitute, has served the same end. The whole length of the cape has within 12 or 15 years been invaded by summerers, most of whom board at hotels or what have been farmhouses, while the remainder occupy cottages of their own erection.

The Old Colony railroad, which has long run to Provincetown, has been effective in changing the character of the native population by modernizing it. The natives are still singular and primitive from the social center standpoint and are interesting on that account. They are pure Anglo-Americans, and like all people who are isolated and who associate exclusively with their own kind are individual, unconventional. I like them. They are shrewd, thrifty, but not remarkable for enterprise or financial accumulation, which circumstances do not favor, nor would they be if it did. The greed of money, charged often on the inhabitants of large cities, is in nowise shared by them. They are willing to earn money unless it is too much trouble, and they enjoy a leisurely sort of activity, a species of busy idleness, peculiar to this peninsula. They are indifferent and unimpressible, and showy folk from Boston or New York cannot awake their admiration or surprise by any kind of display or lavishness.

Their independence is complete. They are without reverence for king or kaiser, magnate or millionaire. Of humor they have a fund of the dry, quaint order, representative of this section, especially of this neck of land, that is congenial and unconscious. They are of sturdy stock and preserve their sturdiness unimpaired. The spirit of the old Norsemen is in them. They are quiet, reticent, courageous, daring and omniscient of the sea. They will perform a most heroic act without suspecting that it is beyond the ordinary and will brave death or offer to sacrifice life in the line of duty with expression unchanged, no superfluous syllable escaping their lips. They are Americans of Americans and should make us proud of our new old race.

Quissett, with its immediate neighborhood, is on the east side of Buzzard's bay, has a small, deep harbor to the west adjacent to a strip of land on which are a simple inn and a few cottages, skirted by the bay. Around the hamlet on high land overlooking the harbor are a number of cottages, whose inmates rarely visit the temporary dwellers on the other side of the harbor, nor do these visit those, so sufficient in the main are the summerers hereabout to themselves. The bay is separated from Vineyard sound only by the Elizabeth islands (Naushon, Pasque, Nashawena, Cuttyhunk and others), lying to the southwest, and the sound opens at either end to the Atlantic.

Thus Quissett, nearly surrounded by water, has breezes from the harbor, the bay, the sound and the open sea, from every point of the compass. Unlike most seaside places, it is environed with greenness and trees, having what would be called in the west rolling prairie, much resembling moors, as well as knobs, headlands and no little diversified scenery, splashed here and there with fresh water ponds and lakes. The place is scarcely known save in the neighborhood.

John M. Forbes, the Boston millionaire, owns Naushon and several contiguous islands connected by bridges and has his summer home there. So do his sons, Colonel William Forbes, whose wife is the elder daughter of the late Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Malcolm Forbes, owner of the famous yachts Mayflower, Volunteer and Puritan, often seen in these waters. The paternal Forbes is past 80, still hale and hearty and sails to many ports, domestic and foreign, in his superb steam yacht, the Wild Duck. He has used his vast fortune discreetly and generously and deserves the esteem and affection in which he is held by his wide circle of friends. On the other side of the bay are Nonquit, Mattapoisett, Marion, and on this side Buzzard's Bay, Monument Beach, Onset Bay, Gray Gables and other summer places. These abound throughout the vicinity.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

At the Brussels monetary conference it was developed that at present there is no less than $10,000,000 of counterfeit silver money in circulation in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Spain and Portugal.

Important.

An absentminded landlord called on a tenant to condole with him on the death of a valuable cow. The cause of its decease had been enveloped in mystery, and while explaining it the landlord, though a kind and sympathizing person, went off into the clouds. The last words of the narrative were, "And can you believe it, my lord, when we opened her we found she had been choked by a large turnip that was sticking in her gullet." Here the landlord woke up and in congratulatory tones of voice observed, "Ah, yes, and so you got your turnip?"—Argonaut.

Generous.

The new hired girl had a sweet face. She was not pretty, but interesting. Brown curls clustered upon her broad, low forehead, and there was a kindly light in her deep eyes.

"I might say," she observed, "that I have very conservative ideas as to the way a servant should be treated. I am very modest in my demands."

They sat breathless.

"All I ask," she continued, "is to be treated like one of the family."

They were too much overcome to speak.—Detroit Tribune.

Wrung From His Soul.

"Oh, come off!"

It was the appealing, horrorstruck, heartbroken outcry of a strong man in agony.

Mr. Kajones had seen his daughter Laura for the first time riding her bicycle in red bloomers.—Chicago Tribune.

How to Remove the Smell of Paint.

The simplest remedy is to open doors and windows and let in plenty of fresh air, but in many houses and in fruity the air thus brought in is not enough. Large vessels of fresh water put in each room will soon be found to have a sort of film settled on the top and should then be changed, thus carrying much of the smell.

How to Make Pineapple Cream.

Beat half a pint of sweet cream until it is stiff. Peel and chop a pineapple and the juice of a lemon and two thirds of a cup of powdered sugar. Dissolve an ounce of isinglass in a little hot water and mix all lightly together and pour into a mold. When wanted, turn it carefully on the dish in which it is served.

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

CAUSED BY THE WRECK OF AN AUSTRIAN BARK OFF BARNEGAT.

Two Lifeboats Upset on the Shoals—Brave Life Savers and Luckless Sailors Lost in the Surf—True Tales From the Life Savers' Logbooks.

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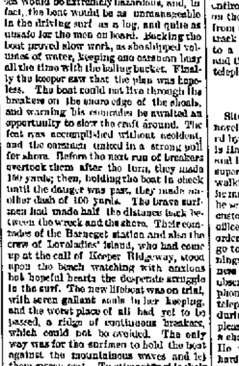
ONE after midnight on the morning of Feb. 11, 1894, the patrols of Barnegat station of the life saving service caught occasional glimpses of flashes in the offing, but owing to the darkness and a dense fog they could not make out whether the effects were caused by light-ning or the burning of signals by a passing vessel. When the patrols reported what they had seen to their comrades of the crew at the breakfast table at 6 o'clock, the circumstance was the sole topic of conversation, and after a hurried meal the keeper and his assistant went out on the beach and kept a sharp watch seaward until daylight. The first rays of dawn revealed on the southerly edge of Barnegat shoals the rigging of a vessel whose condition could not be made out through the dense fog. The men hurried back, and while the surfmen were getting the lifeboat to the beach Keeper Ridgeway telephoned to Keeper Grimm of Loveladies' island, the station south of Barnegat, asking for men. As the tide was low and favorable for a surfboat, the keeper concluded not to wait for help, and at 20 minutes of 8 the launch was made in a new boat of the most improved model. Keeper Ridgeway took the steering oar in his own hands, and six picked men, the most expert rowers in the crew, handled the paddles. The sea ran high before the gale, heavy breakers tumbling over the shoals and forming a powerful current along the shore, but the boat got off in a sheltered spot, and all went well until she reached the first line of breakers. Then there was furious beyond anything the men had experienced in years. The boat in mounting the ridges sometimes stood almost perpendicular, and a feather's weight at the right point could have sent it toppling over backward. The rudder became a plaything of the seas, and the stout keeper was frequently lifted and tossed about as he clung to the steering oar. The sea steadily increased in violence as the tide rose, but by almost superhuman efforts the rowers put the boat within 50 yards of the wreck, which could now be made out through the lifting fog. She was a bark settled deeply in the sand, the waves riding completely over her decks and the hull showing every appearance of breaking up. No sign of life appeared upon the bark, and one of her boats was gone from the davits, hence it was plain that the shipwrecked crew had abandoned the luckless craft, whatever their fate subsequently.

Although there was no prospect of saving life from the wreck, Keeper Ridgeway gave orders to his oarsmen to make it if for no other reason than to get a breathing spell for themselves before attempting to battle with the surf on the return trip. But the men were already too exhausted to make headway against that formidable sea. There was no recourse but to get back to shore, yet how to do that was a problem almost as difficult as going ahead. Ridgeway decided that the boat could only be handled by keeping her head to sea, and in order to do that she must back toward the beach. Running before that terrible sea would be extremely hazardous, and, in fact, the boat would be as unmanageable in the driving surf as a log, and quite as unsafe for the men on board. Backing the boat proved slow work, as she shipped volumes of water, keeping one oarsman busy all the time with the baling bucket. Finally the keeper saw that the plan was hopeless. The boat could not live through the breakers on the shore edge of the shoals, and warning his comrades he awaited an opportunity to slew the craft around. The feat was accomplished without accident, and the oarsmen united in a strong pull for shore. Before the next run of breakers overtook them after the turn, they made 150 yards; then, holding the boat in check until the danger was past, they made another dash of 100 yards. The brave surfmen had made half the distance back between the wreck and the shore. Their comrades of the Barnegat station and also the crew of Loveladies' island, who had come up at the call of Keeper Ridgeway, stood upon the beach watching with anxious but hopeful hearts the desperate struggle in the surf. The new lifeboat was on trial, with seven gallant souls in her keeping, and the worst place of all had yet to be passed, a ridge of continuous breakers, which could not be avoided. The only way was for the surfmen to hold the boat against the mountainous waves and let them sweep past. To attempt to ride their crests would be madness. Equally hazardous, as it proved, was the method adopted, for at last, when the brave little band were pulling for dear life to outstrip a towering wave combing the sea behind them, it lifted a hollow crest close astern, to which the boat could not possibly rise, and in an instant came down with a crash, rolling the slender obstruction over and over in the savage, roaring surf. The men were cast out in all directions. One of them, Samuel F. Perrine, floated away in the breakers limp and lifeless, stunned probably by the shock of the huge wave. The rest of the crew struck out for shore, for they saw the boat whirling about in the sea like a log plunging through a rapids. All of them wore cork life belts, but the seas ran so high and with fury so great that they were tumbled about and half of the time submerged in spite of their struggles to keep their heads out of water. Ridgeway and Surfman Thompson first made shore, but it cost a struggle of half an hour to do it, and they were carried a mile down the shore from where the boat upset, so fiercely did the lateral current run between the shoal and the beach. Again and again they had attempted to land and were once almost on shore when the undertow carried them out again. Surfmen Reeves and Inman drifted still farther south and were hauled out of the water barely alive by the men of the crews who had witnessed the horrible catastrophe from shore, powerless to aid the victims. Surfman John Soper, Keeper Ridgeway's first assistant and an excellent swimmer, battled heroically with the surf and reached the swift lateral current in good condition, but when within 60 yards of shore an eddy carried him to sea again. After another hopeless struggle the watchers on shore saw his head sink forward, and from that moment he made no further effort, and when dragged from the surf the spark of life had fled. The remaining member of the crew and the last man in the party, Solomon Soper, lost consciousness soon after the boat capsized and was dead when taken from the water. The surfboat drifted ashore a mile below the accident, with the [illegible] of her bottom planks still [illegible] in the surf [illegible] from [illegible] that day, [illegible], not a vestige of the stranded bark remained on the shoals.



WATCHING THE RETURN.

Meanwhile what fate had come upon the crew shipwrecked in that frightful midnight darkness, fog and storm? The vessel was the Kralja [illegible], bound from Marseilles to New York and carrying a crew of 14 men, captain included. At midnight she was running with all sail set before the northeast gale, keeping watch out for Barnegat light. But the impenetrable fog veiled the brilliancy of that beacon as well as the cliffs and bar, and without warning the bark struck Barnegat shoals with such force as to crush the ribs and planking of her hull. The sailors knew at once that the ship was doomed, for the water came surging and boiling up between decks, and the creaking and straining of masts and spars, with the grinding of the broken hull upon the shoal, announced to the terrified crew that her destruction would be swift and complete. The longboat was lowered, and into it the men climbed without waiting to secure a single valuable beyond what was on their persons. The captain started to go below and get some money from his locker, but he found the cabin floor broken up and a yawning vat, filled with rushing waters, stretching underneath the hatchway. All of the men took to the boat, leaving a flashlight burning on deck, the signal whose faint rays attracted the attention of the Barnegat patrol. The water being moderate, the boat was allowed to drift until daylight, the wind and current carrying her toward the shore. She had drifted nine miles from the wreck. As soon as the shore was sighted the boat was headed for the beach, and all went well until she encountered the breakers of the bar. There she was suddenly caught in cross currents and rapidly twirled over and over half a dozen times. During the commotion eight of the sailors struck out for the shore and were speedily drowned. The captain and five of the men managed to cling to the capsized boat, but could not right her, and after a desperate battle with the surf and undertow of more than two hours gained the beach, almost dead from exhaustion. At the same hour the survivors of the crews on Barnegat beach were dragging from the surf the lifeless forms of the three brave, true men who had offered their lives uselessly, though gallantly, in the cause of humanity.

THE SHIP'S BOAT.

By a singular freak of fortune the tidings of the wrecked Austrians did not reach the chain of life saving stations along the beach until 24 hours after the tragedies of the surfboat and lifeboat on the separate stretches of the coast. The Austrians who got ashore saw no sign of patrol or stations and roamed among the sand hills until they stumbled upon a hunter's cabin, where they found provisions and other supplies, and after cooking some food lay down to dry their clothing by the fire and fell into a heavy sleep. Meanwhile the dashing waves obliterated their footsteps on the sand, and the beach patrols passed up and down, little suspecting that means of solving the mystery of the wreck which had caused the calamity at Barnegat lay so close at hand. The body of one of the Austrian sailors had been found south of Barnegat, and it was supposed that the entire crew had perished. But about noon on the 12th the six Austrians started out from the cabin, and striking the beaten track of the life saving patrol followed it to a station, where they were welcomed and the news of their remarkable escape telephoned up and down the coast.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Too Fat to Walk.

Sitting as a profession would seem a novelty, but that is the profession followed by a man in Indianapolis. His name is Harry Jennings. He weighs 550 pounds, and his good nature is in proportion to his superabundance of flesh. So fat is he that walking is almost out of the question, but he manages to go from place to place where he serves at his profession. He has several customers. They are men who conduct offices, but who employ no clerks, and in order to keep their offices open while they go to lunch or other meals employ Jennings to occupy a chair and attend to business which may "drop in" during their absence. One of these offices has a telephone, and Jennings takes a seat at the telephone, where he will not have to stir during the hour he is on duty. His great pleasure is to sit in a reverse position in a chair, with his chin resting on the back. He will sit this way for hours without hardly moving. He draws a pension for obesity.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Cold and Warm Water.

Cold water is the salvation of the complexion. It strengthens the skin by stimulating circulation and renders it almost proof against chaps and eruptions. When the skin needs cleaning, warm water is absolutely necessary.—New York World.

How Pointed Shoes Injure the Feet.

The fashion of wearing pointed toes in boots and shoes has caused a very painful curvature of the toes, from which many people are at this moment suffering. The great toe is bent in and pushes one or more of the smaller toes out of position, raising them on one joint in a form which the doctors call "hammer toes." Surgeons have provided for this an apparatus which is to be worn all night, and if possible during leisure in the daytime.

This consists of a splint resembling a sandal, which fits along the base of the foot and is provided with tapes passed under and over the toes, so as to bend down the joint that has become raised. The cure is almost a painless one, and if persevered in may avert the operation of cutting the tendons underneath the toe.

Rare Postage Stamps.

The question, "Which are the rarest postage stamps in existence?" is one that it is difficult to answer, says Golden Days. One authority—a German philatelic journal—gives the following list: Mauritius postoffice 1 penny, $1,000; Mauritius postoffice 2 pence, $2,000; Sandwich Islands, first issue, 2 cents, $1,200; British Guiana, 1856, 1 cent carmine, $725; British Guiana, 1850, 2 cents rose, $500.

Another philatelic paper claims the following is more correct, basing its claim upon the actual number of each stamp which is known to exist: British Guiana, 1856, 1 cent carmine; Sandwich Islands, first issue, 2 cents; British Guiana, 1850, 2 cents rose; Mauritius postoffice, 1 penny; Mauritius postoffice, 2 pence.

The History of the Cent.

The first American cent was "struck off" and put in circulation just 101 years ago, in 1793. Previous to that date several "pattern pieces" had been made, but they were experiments only and were never put in circulation. The so called "Washington cents," which existed previous to the date above given, were not issued by the government and were therefore only medals. The cent of 1793 was very similar to the large copper cents of later date, with the exception that the face of "Liberty" was turned to the right, and the legend "One Cent" was inclosed in a chain of 15 links.—St. Louis Republic.

Very Little Left.

A Kensington woman who suffers from kleptomania says she has taken about everything for it.—Tit-Bits.

Not Strange.

She—My father says this wine has been in the cellar 20 years.

He—I don't wonder.—New York Sun.

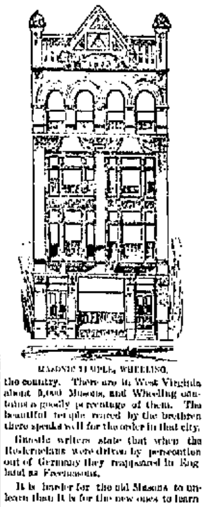
SECRET SOCIETIES

MASONIC

Peculiar Customs In the Land of Dikes. Masonic Temple, Wheeling.

Masonry in Holland has its striking peculiarities. For instance, the worshipful master, once elected, generally retains office till his death. The officers of the lodge are elected for periods of from one to three years, as the bylaws determine, and they may be re-elected. A Fellow Craft cannot apply for the Master Mason's degree, which is only given after a resolution of the Master Masons of his lodge at such times as they consider him worthy to receive it. No fees are charged for this degree.

The growth of the order in wealth and power is evidenced by the number of temples which have been built and are in course of erection in various sections of the country. There are in West Virginia about 5,000 Masons, and Wheeling contains a goodly percentage of them. The beautiful temple reared by the brethren there speaks well for the order in that city.



MASONIC TEMPLE, WHEELING.

Gnostic writers state that when the Rosicrucians were driven by persecution out of Germany they reappeared in England as Freemasons.

It is harder for the old Masons to unlearn than it is for the new ones to learn.

Masonic bodies, as a rule, are too kindly considerate in their treatment of spurious and clandestine organizations.

Old St. John's lodge of Melrose, Scotland, is said to have existed since 1598. There are records of it as far back as 1635.

Paul Revere, whose famous ride in 1775 is made the subject of song and story, was past master of King Solomon lodge of Charlestown, and afterward grand master of Massachusetts in 1795-6-7.

Freemasonry demands merit and proficiency which, with its rewards, are the strongest incentives for education.

To the influence of Masonry and the dissemination of its principles may be attributed many of the advanced ideas of today.

In Missouri a Mason who abandons his family and fails to furnish the necessaries of life is guilty of a Masonic offense.

The degrees of the blue lodge are termed symbolic degrees, of the chapter capitular degrees and of the commandery templar degrees.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

A Division of the Uniform Rank Loses Its Charter—Sport Points.

Illinois division, No. 9, uniform rank, Knights of Pythias, has been deprived of its charter by Brigadier General Barclay of Springfield. This division was instituted within a year and had about 120 members. The consequence of the loss of the charter is that all the members will be hereafter ineligible to membership in any other division of the uniform rank in the United States. They are absolutely debarred from the uniform rank, but not from the order altogether. The offense was holding a picnic on Sunday and allowing liquors to be sold, both of which acts are violations of Pythian law. The disfranchised division will appeal to the Illinois grand lodge.

The supreme lodge Knights of Pythias has been incorporated by special act of congress.

The following decision has been made by the grand chancellor of Indiana: One engaged in delivering beer for a brewery to customers is engaged in the retail sale of intoxicating liquors and is ineligible to membership in the order.

The Ohio Pythian home has nearly 20 residents, and applications coming in from all parts of the state.

The shortage in cash of the supreme lodge of $60,476, caused by the failure of Robinson & Co., bankers, of Wilmington, Del., has been settled by the payment of $50,000 by the bondsmen of S. J. Willey, ex-S. M. of E., this being the amount of his bond.

UNITED WORKMEN.

Praise For the Grand Medical Examiners. Chips From the Shop.

Supreme Medical Examiner Richardson bestows this meed of praise on the grand examiners: "A study of the reports of the several grand medical examiners of the various jurisdictions shows that there is a keen oversight of our medical matters all along the line. The percentage of rejections shows that they have been on the alert and performed their duty fearlessly. Out of 61,023 applications 3,581 have been rejected."

The order is very strong in the northern, eastern and most of the western states.

The percentage of net increase on average membership for the entire order in 1893 was 5.23.

The order is now paying out over $700,000 per month to beneficiaries.

The supreme lodge granted charters to all grand lodges of the Degree of Honor instituted during the recess.

Knights and Ladies of Honor.

The prize banner for the largest net gain of relief fund members was again won by Orient lodge of Beachmont.

On June 1 the order had 65,980 relief fund members and 5,385 social members.

New York had 0 deaths and Illinois 10 on the August assessment call.

ODD FELLOWS.

Trouble In Kansas Over the Orphans' Home. Lodge Jottings.

The Orphans' home difficulty in Kansas is proving disastrous to the order. During the past few weeks the grand master has found it necessary to suspend 43 subordinate lodges for insubordination in resisting the payment of the $1.50 per capita tax for the support and maintenance of the De Bois-lere Orphans' Home. The membership of the 43 lodges aggregates over 3,000 members, and they are cut off from all rights and privileges of the order, not only in the subordinate lodges, but in the encampment, canton and Rebekah lodges as well.

Ohio has 62,093 members and has but 78 representatives in the grand lodge.

A member is due to be charged with dues from the time of his initiation.

The grand sire has [illegible] by placing one [illegible] Humphrey of Springfield, [illegible] the committee on appeals for [illegible].

An exchange [illegible] grand sire [illegible] their existence in [illegible].

To Odd Fellows [illegible] that they see that [illegible] the lodge are kept [illegible].

The startling statement [illegible] past grand [illegible] have [illegible] Memorial day. Such excessive mortality is unusual.

Texas has 195 lodges, with 7,478 members. The receipts for 1893 amounted to $102,749.75.

Columbia Rebekah lodge of New York reports its assets as aggregating $3,827.87.

Odd Fellowship, drawing its inspiration from holy writ, rejoices in the fact that of all historic friendships none surpasses that of Christ.

The grand lodge of Oregon has appropriated $500 to enable the grand master to make official visits to the lodges.

A member of a lodge may not vote on any question relating to the fiscal affairs of his lodge in which he has a direct personal interest.

It is not lawful to allow the regalia of the order to be used in public in the performance of a drama on the stage, even though the drama shall be intended to illustrate the principles of Odd Fellowship.

The grand lodge of Arkansas voted $100 to the president of the Rebekah state convention for railroad fare for one year.

Every brother is an Odd Fellow for what he is, and not what he has.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

The Order Was Never In a Better Condition—Notes and Gossip.

The Royal Arcanum never was in better condition than it is today. It has on hand plenty of money with which to pay all claims as fast as they mature. Its claims are paid immediately upon presentation when the proofs are correct, as they have been for 17 years.—Supreme Regent Hazzard.

The cost of $3,000 protection in the Royal Arcanum is considerably less than the same protection costs in the best managed old line company.

Agassiz council, North Cambridge, Mass., has compiled a neat card for its members, giving scale of assessment rates and other interesting information.

The form of application was amended at the seventh annual session of the supreme council, but the present form is legal until Oct. 1, 1894. After that date only the new form will be legal.

Jake Minx, Esq., of Ozark council, No. 416, Springfield, Mo., has been appointed deputy grand regent for the three new councils recently instituted in southwest Missouri.

Samuel R. Rice joined Mound City council, St. Louis, July 7 and died of typhoid fever July 21. His family received $3,000.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

How a Lodge Increased Its Membership. Here and There.

Prospect lodge, No. 2,183, New York, increased its membership over 78 per cent in the first quarter of this year by giving entertainments to which the families and friends of the members were invited. After awakening interest in the order an offer was made to take in new members free for a limited period, and the result was a large increase and a reduction of the average age from 50 to 42 years.

Thirteen sessions were called in August.

By a recent fire in Hudson, Mass., Hudson lodge lost everything except one ritual, a past dictator's badge, the treasurer's book and the seal of the lodge.

The supreme lodge Knights of Honor has no control over the matter of sick benefits, except as provided by section 6, article 7, of the constitution governing subordinate lodges.

Should the office of grand reporter become vacant, the grand dictator alone, during the recess of the grand lodge, is vested with the power to appoint to fill the vacancy.

Red Men.

Sustain your new chiefs with your encouragement. Do not pick flaws. Do not be one that knows it all. In other words, be fraternal and forbearing.

The great sun's council fire of the great council of Rhode Island was kindled in the hunting grounds of Providence Aug. 14. The council was well attended.

The Association of Tribes, composed of representatives of the various tribes of the Improved Order of Red Men in the city of New York, held a big picnic, including games and an Indian encampment, recently. There are 2,700 Red Men in New York city.

American Legion of Honor.

Initiations in New York state have been at the rate of 120 a month this summer.

George Gray Barnard, who took the grand prize in the French salon of 1894 for portrait painting, has been initiated into Good Will council, No. 117, Brooklyn.

During the year ending June 30, 1894, there were 1,944 initiations in the councils in New York state. The number of initiations during the same period in the entire order was 4,961.

Knights of the Maccabees.

Aug. 14 was observed at Toledo by the Maccabees of Ohio, Michigan and Indiana in commemoration of the institution of the order in the Buckeye State.

Great Lady Commander Lillian Hollister, L. O. T. M., of Detroit has demonstrated her ability to handle the reins of government.

The ladies of the Maccabees of Michigan are exceedingly busy humming in their hives.

One Explanation.

Gwendoline—I'm at a loss to account for the fact that Mr. Crandall has more enemies than any man I know.

Seward—I think he must go through life acting the part of a candid friend.—Vogue.

A Lucky Fellow.

"He is a lucky fellow."

"How?"

"Got elected over [illegible] fellow who ran against him [illegible] Jones sat on him and [illegible] Constitution.

Still In Doubt.

Bell—What day are you to married?

Nell—The dressmaker hasn't decided yet.—Tit-Bits.

Do you ask for my secret
Why my teeth are pearly white?
Why my breath is ever fragrant?
And my gums are rosy bright?
My secret's oft been told before—
Use SOZODONT. And nothing more.

Foolish Woman!

You can't spare the time to measure your Pearline? Well, that helps us, but it's lucky for you that an overdose of Pearline does no harm. It's only extravagance. Beware of a dose of the imitations.

You can get just as good work with enough Pearline as with too much. Use it as it ought to be used, and don't waste it, and you can't think that it's expensive. To get the best results from Pearline, use it just as directed. You'll save more of everything than with anything else. If your grocer sends you an imitation, return it, please. 335 JAMES PYLE, New York.

A KING'S LAST BATTLE.

How a Buffalo's Life Was Sacrificed to a Pack of Wolves.

As the moon came up to render night almost as light as day we heard a curious sound from over the ridge to the south, and after listening for awhile three or four of us took our guns and started out to investigate. On the far side of the ridge a thicket thrust itself down into the open from the east like a tongue, and at the outermost end of this thicket, and using it to protect his rear from assault, was a buffalo bull. In a semicircle in front of him sat eight large mountain wolves. For a year the bull had been skulking and hiding from the sight of man—the last of untold thousands if not of all the herds which once roamed the prairies and left trails 2,000 miles long as they shifted from north to south. In the cover of the thickets he had escaped the eye of man, and when the wild beasts had tracked him down he had fought them off. On this night he had come out of his lurking place when our camp grew quiet to satisfy his hunger on the rich green grass, but the camp had attracted the wolves, and they had encountered him in the open. He could not hope to outstrip them in flight, but he could fight them off or die fighting.

As we sat down on the crest of the ridge the moon cast our shadows almost at the feet of the combatants. The buffalo raised his head and stared full at us, and the wolves shifted about uneasily till they saw we had come as spectators. Then they began worrying him again. It was their growls as they leaped in and out and flirted and dodged which had reached our ears in camp. They separated to worry him four on a side. In a minute we could see that their object was to annoy and provoke him until his anger forced him to make a charge. Then they would complete their circle, and he would be doomed. It was not his first battle with wolves. Since fleeing from the sight of man he had learned strategy. He held his massive head ready to strike the sharp horns to the right or left, but he did not tire himself with useless efforts. For 10 minutes he seemed to give them no attention, but then, as one beast, bolder than the rest, ran in, he was caught on the horns and tossed high in the air and fell to the ground to crawl away and lay whining and complaining. The others gathered together as if for consultation, and then the seven rushed together for the bull's hind feet. They were clear of his horns and fore feet, and no doubt he received several bites before he moved. He wheeled as if on a pivot, rolled two or three of his assailants over and over on the grass, and in 10 seconds had resumed his former position. One of the wolves was killed outright, and another crawled out of the fight with broken bones. The battle had not been on over a quarter of an hour, and yet the bull had reduced the number of his assailants to five.

The five wolves began their worrying tactics again, but they had met their match. They simply wore themselves out while the bull remained fresh. When they would draw away for a moment, he would look up at us in a defiant way, as if expecting that we had come as assailants, but now that his blood was up he defied us. By and by five fresh wolves came galloping down along the edge of the thicket. They had not been summoned by any signal that we had heard, but had probably heard and scented the battle from afar off. The worrying began again, but there was ferocity in it now. They leaped at his head, his shoulders, his haunches and feet. He caught them on his horns and tossed them aside, and he rolled them over as he struck with his hoofs, and once more he fought them to a standstill. Shoot him down? No! If die he must, let him die fighting. Drive away the wolves? Of what use when they have tasted his blood and would track him to his covert?

As the wolves drop down to pant and loll for a moment we see more fire come into the bull's eyes, and he paws the earth and utters a rumble like distant thunder. The remembrance of 100 fights, when he led a herd, comes back to him and puts courage in his heart. He fears neither man nor wolf. He bellows a menace at us, and he shakes his head at them as bidding them come on. Now they play him a trick. Half of them trot away to the right and the other half to the left, and for a minute he believes they have given up the fight. Then both packs suddenly turn and rush upon him at full gallop. They bite him in a score of places. They leap over his back. They seize his shaggy coat and pull and worry. With loud bellows of rage and pain, he uses horns and hoofs in defense, and for five minutes he makes a gallant fight. Then despair suddenly comes to his heart and he would run away. He makes a rush, clearing a path with his horns, but he has not gone 50 feet when the muscles of his hind legs are bitten through, and he totters and falls. It is the end. In a quarter of an hour his bones will be picked clean. A bullet would have brought a more merciful death, but he could have made no fight for his life. He had been king of the herd. Let him die as a king.

M. QUAD.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at Dreier & Bro.'s Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only Fifty cents at Dreier & Bros.' drug store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dreier & Bro.

Why send your Portfolios to Chicago to have them bound to padded binding? The Sentinel has a book bindery, and can do this work equal to any other, and save you express charges. tf

WANTED.

IF YOU……………

WANT TO……………

GET THE……………

"WANT" YOU……………

WANT TO GET……………

YOU WANT TO GET……………

YOUR "WANT" INTO,……………

THE "WANT" GETTER……………

THE SENTINEL

……………WANTS TO GET YOUR

……………"WANTS" BECAUSE IT

……………WANTS YOU TO GET

……………THE "WANT"

……………YOU WANT

……………TO GET!

WANTED—Good girl for general housework, at 29 East Wayne street. 28tf

WANTED—A good girl for general housework. Apply at 24 Barr St. 30tf

WANTED—Good girl who can cook and do general housework. Apply at 124 Calhoun street. 27tf

WANTED—Traveling salesmen for Mich., Indiana and Illinois. Good references required, box 101, Toledo, Ohio. 19-22t

WANTED—Engineer in cooper works to take care of boiler and [illegible]. Must be steady man and good machinist. Paul Weidman, Paulding, O. 19-2t

WANTED—Washing, ironing and house cleaning, or other work suitable for a woman to do. Address Mrs. Elizabeth Bassard, No. 61 Hayden street. 12tf

WANTED—Traveling salesman of good address for reliable house. Write giving experience, and inclose addressed, stamped envelope, box 1, Toledo, O. 19-24t

WANTED—Good business or residence property in exchange for vacant lots. Will assume encumbrances or pay cash difference for the right sort of improved property. John Dreibelbiss, 2 and 4 Pixley Long Block. 19tf

WANTED—An agent in Fort Wayne and all other unoccupied territory for our Electric Door (number) plates, house numbers and signs. Readable in the dark; profits 100 per cent; agents make $5 to $25 daily. Write for free sample with your own name. New Era Company, 167 Dearborn St., Chicago. 1y13tam

ROSE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

TERRE HAUTE, IND. A College of Engineering. Well endowed, well equipped. Courses in Mechanical, Electrical, Civil Engineering and Chemistry. Extensive Machine Shops, Laboratories, Drawing Rooms, Library. Expenses low. Address H. T. EDDY, Pres't.

OHIO MILITARY INSTITUTE. High Class school for boys. Prepares for College or Business. Illustrated Catalogue. Bradley Emerson, A.M., Pres., College Hill, Cincinnati, O.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Dwelling No. 110 East Berry street, all modern improvements. Inquire at 110 East Berry. 22tf

FOR RENT—Four unfurnished rooms, water and gas, suitable for small family, 128 West Main street. 22-2t

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished room, two squares from Calhoun street. Inquire at 81 E. Washington street. 28-1tod

FOR RENT—One large front room for man and wife or two single gentlemen, rent reasonable, at 61 W. Main street. 1-7t

FOR RENT—A furnished room, or suite of rooms, good location. Inquire at Siemon Book and News Co., 81 Calhoun St. 20tf

FOR RENT—Brick dwelling No. 58 East Washington st., eight rooms, bath room, furnace, gas and water. Inquire O. P. Morgan. 30-1 eod

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished rooms to gentlemen only. All modern conveniences. Rent reasonable. 141 East Washington street. 5 1mo

FOR RENT—House of seven rooms, good cellar, hard and soft water, and natural gas, at 101 East Wayne St. Enquire at 100 East Wayne St. 31-2t

FOR RENT—New house with five rooms; also cottage with five rooms, both have good cellars, well, cistern and gas, at 77 Hoagland ave. Inquire at 79 Hoagland ave. 29tf

FOR RENT—Houses Nos. 19 and 21 West Jefferson St., just of Calhoun St. Both rooms will be put in for parties desiring to take a lease on the property. For particulars, call on S. C. Lumbard. 30-3t

FOR RENT—Three unfurnished rooms, centrally located being only 10 minutes walk to Court house; water and gas in same, suitable for man and wife for light housekeeping. 177 Griffith street. 16tf

FOR RENT OR SALE—A good bakery with all fixtures in store and bake shop complete. Only one bakery in town. A good baker can make money. Call and investigate. A. Munn, Garret City, Ind. 29-6t

FOR RENT—Dwelling 237 and 501 Lafayette St.; dwelling 209 Harrison and 23 Brackenridge streets; dwelling 8 and 10 Locust St., room 2nd floor, corner Fairfield avenue and Locust street; 4-room dwelling St. Marys avenue; dwellings Nos. 31 and 35 Brandriff street; large two story brick dwelling Fairfield avenue; dwelling 121 East Berry street, modern improvements; flat No. 38 Harrison street, 2nd floor, bath and closet; a nice cosy dwelling 24 Jones street; a few fine dwellings on West Superior street; a good 4-room dwelling on Prospect avenue; a good dwelling and stable on Baker avenue; 6-room dwelling No. 77 North Cass street.

SCHRADER & WILSON, 1st floor, No. 7 Court St.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—A nice house of eight rooms, at a bargain if taken within eight days. Inquire at 101 Lakeside. 1-6t

FOR SALE—Scotch Collie dogs; three very choice male puppies. Inquire of John Dixon, two miles north Catholic Orphans home on Lima road.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—One lot in Burgess second addition, city of Ft. Wayne, will trade for horse and carriage, or will sell cheap. Inquire at 33 Calhoun Street, up stairs. 31-6t

FOR TRADE OR SALE—160 acres of fine western land near city of 4,500 inhabitants. Will exchange for city real estate or most any kind of property in Allen county. Address "Western Land," care of Sentinel. jul16dawim

FOR SALE—Or trade for other property of less value in this city: Drug stock, store building with two lots attached too, and fine residence near the store building; both properties are supplied with city water and natural gas. The location is the best in the eastern part of the city. Call or address at 57 Holton avenue. 21-tf

FOR SALE OR RENT—By the Fort Wayne Land and Improvement Co., a six room cottage; rent, $12.50 per month; or will sell on monthly payments of $18 per month. House is situated in Lakeside, three blocks east from bridge. Apply at office of the Land and Improvement Co., Room No. 12, Pixley & Long block.

BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE.

Twenty-five houses and lots for sale or trade on farms; also one 120 acre farm to sell or exchange for city property, and one 385 acre farm, and two 20 acre farms, and one 160 acre farm, and three 80 acre farm, and two 120 acre farms, and one 35 acre farm, and one 40 acre farm, and one ten acre tract; also down as low as two acres. For particulars call on Kendlaver & Coral, Dr. Niswonger's office, 33 Calhoun St., up stairs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LARGE profits upon a new plan of life insurance. For life insurance or business men who will act as Managers, General, Local or Special Agents for a well known life insurance company. In the short time the policy has been in the hands of our agents it has been unusually profitable to them. We are rearranging our territory. Liberal terms to good men guaranteed. Address, United Life Insurance Association, 271 Broadway, New York. 1-6t

LOUIS F. CURDES,

Real Estate Agent, Rooms 3 and 4 Bank Block.

Farms for sale, or trade for city property. Building lots in all parts of the city, on terms to suit the purchaser. I have any number of houses and lots, ranging in price from $400 to $20,000; several choice business blocks for sale, very cheap. Money to loan.

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT is sold under positive written guarantee, by authorized agents only, to cure Weak Memory; Loss of Brain and Nerve Power; Lost Manhood; Quickness; Night Losses; Evil Dreams; Lack of Confidence; Nervousness; Lassitude; all Drains; Loss of Power of the Generative Organs in either sex, caused by over-exertion, Youthful Errors, or Excessive Use of Tobacco, Opium or Liquor, which leads to Misery, Consumption, Insanity and Death. By mail, $1 a box; six for $5; with written guarantee to cure or refund money. Sample package, containing five days' treatment, with full instructions, 25 cents. One sample only sold to each person by mail.

Gross & Fellows, sole agents, 74 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

AS IT WILL BE

When the Maxim Flying Machine Gets Into Use.

1—Look out for the chickens

2—Think of dodging the collector, and the Mother-in-law.

3—What a grand thing for the reporter and his carrier pigeons at the yacht races.

4—What a boon to the base-ball umpire.

MAY BE CALDWELL.

The Nickel Plate President May Succeed Newell

And Become President of the Lake Shore—News About the Railroads.

A private telegram received from New York leaves but little room for doubt as to who the next president of the Lake Shore road, to succeed the late John Newell, will be. The new president will be D. W. Caldwell, president of the Nickel Plate road. It was decided by the Vanderbilts that they would not go outside the circle of their roads to find a president for the Lake Shore, and as Mr. Caldwell was deemed the most thoroughly equipped man for the position, they decided upon him. The appointment will be officially announced at the proper time.

RAILROAD NEWS.

J. D. Kleinmeyer has gone to Chicago on a visit to friends.

Alf. Throckmorton, of the blacksmith shops, is sick and off duty.

Julius Koch was called to Lima, Ohio, yesterday by the death of a sister-in-law.

Most of the big manufactories of the city will be closed Monday on account of labor day.

E. A. Ford, general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg, who has been on the Pacific coast for a month, has returned to his headquarters at Pittsburg.

The new crop of cotton has commenced to move, making business for the southern lines.

Jacob Backus, a boilermaker in the Pennsylvania shops, was sick and off duty yesterday.

Wabash passenger train No. 45, westbound, due here at 8:30 a. m., was two hours late today.

Matthew J. Grove, boiler inspector in the Pittsburg shops, was sick yesterday and was off duty.

S. D. Melsheimer, editor of the railroad department of THE SENTINEL, has gone to Petoskey for a few days' outing.

Charles Yost, of Valparaiso, who has taken a position on the Grand Rapids road, is moving his family to this city.

Joseph Wood, general manager of the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg, has gone to the seacoast for a two weeks' rest.

David Clymer, formerly of the Chicago and of the Panhandle road, is now firing a freight engine on the Toledo division of the Wabash.

For the first time in more than a year the Pittsburg shops were operated an entire month during August without a reduction of hours to less than eight.

Charles Johnson, of the planing mill department of the Pennsylvania shops, who has been quite ill with malaria, is reported no better. Foreman Kretzinger visited him Friday evening.

C. S. Crane, recently appointed general passenger agent of the Wabash, says no changes will be made in the men in his department, the force of the late France Chandler having been an unusually good one.

The hearing of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie and the Panhandle lines in their demands for differentials between Pittsburg and Chicago, which was to have taken place September 11 has been postponed until October 3.

A pretty feature of the parade Labor day will be the handsome float which the employes of the Organ factory have erected to display their handiwork. The employes will turn out in a body with the float, headed by the Organ Factory drum corps.

The general theme of conversation in and about the shops this morning was the great mile traveled by Robert J. yesterday, and everywhere THE SENTINEL reporter was greeted with some remark about it. Robert J. is now a great favorite in the shops.

The machinists were enjoying themselves at the expense of Mr. F. C. Meyer today in crediting the fast time at the Fort Wayne track yesterday to the excellent music furnished by the First Regiment band. It was all a joke and Charley seemed to appreciate it.

Councilman R. J. Fisher, secretary-treasurer of the Bass Foundry and Machine works, will leave next week for the Pacific coast where he will join Mrs. Fisher and daughter. Mr. Fisher will make an extensive tour of the Pacific coast states and the Northwestern Territory, remaining away about six weeks.

The excursion season to the watering places and summer resorts is about ended and daily people are returning from their summer outings. Now begins the big harvest excursions to Kansas, the Dakotas and the west. Railroads are preparing to haul large numbers to these places, but do not anticipate the traffic of the past two years.

Pennsylvania officials state that more immigrants have passed through Pittsburg this year westward than in any season for several years, and double as many in the first eight months of 1893. The company now sends all its emigrants west from Pittsburg over the Panhandle road. Formerly they were hauled over the Fort Wayne, and it was no unusual sight to see train loads of them at the south depot.

E. E. Harty, of Peru, will on Sept. 1 take the position of trainmaster on the Fort Wayne division of the Lake Erie and Western, vice H. R. Kramer, promoted. Mr. Harty has been train dispatcher of the Lake Erie and Western for some years. This office changes hands almost as often as the moon changes. Since Harry Crosby resigned, about two years ago, there have been eight or ten changes in the office.

The Baltimore and Ohio is experimenting with three new ideas that promise to make locomotives both noiseless and smokeless. The steam exhausts through a group of small pipes and passes out of the stack noiselessly, not making the noisy puff locomotives now do. It is said its operation lessens the quantity of coal consumed, and a new smoke burner has been patented which promises to make locomotives smokeless. The smoke burner is the invention of the master mechanic of the road.

Never before has a run been made on a southern road which has excited so much comment as that made by the Atlantic Coast line, from Jacksonville to Washington, on Monday last. Had it been made on a northern road less notice would have been taken of it. At one point ninety-six miles was covered in ninety-three minutes. Such speed as this is rarely made on a northern road. In fact, there are but very few northern lines which have made such speed in their most famous runs. It shows that in the last few years there has been great improvement in the tracks of southern lines, and the record of a run of 750 miles in [illegible] minutes will go a long ways towards bringing southern roads into more prominence.

The local railroads are preparing to transport all the fast horses at the race track to some of the other larger meetings. The Lake Erie and Western will haul the larger portion of the animals to Indianapolis, among them the stables of Messrs. Salisbury, C. J. Hamlin and Budd Doble. Some of the stables, however, will go to Terre Haute and await the great meeting to begin there September 10. The fine Burton cars are used by all the big stables, who travel in special trains.

The uniforms for the Pennsylvania foot ball team arrived yesterday and the team will present a handsome appearance when it appears at Centlivre's park Monday (Labor day) to do battle with the Y. M. C. A. boys. Mr. H. Crowe has been training the shop boys, who are confident of winning. They are all heavy, well proportioned young fellows and two of them are very speedy. The Y. M. C. A. athletes will have to be on their mettle to wrest victory from the Pennsylvania.

James McCrea, first vice president of the Pennsylvania lines, has been looking over the company's lines in the west. As regards traffic, Mr. McCrea said the Pennsylvania is doing a good business, but he had fears as to the healthy character of the boom. He fears it is simply an improvement as a result of moving delayed freights, and possibly some slight improvement in business. On the other hand he hopes that the present very satisfactory movement will continue until the corn crop and the live stock fall shipments set in.

Attorney General Smith is about to bring suit for the state against the Chicago and Eastern Illinois railroad company to recover $25,000 for the incorporation papers which, he claims, the company must take out in order to do business legally in Indiana. It will be remembered that some time ago the company's attorney was about to file articles with the secretary of state, but concluded not to do so when he found the fee would be $25,000. In reply to subsequent notification from the secretary that the company was not complying with the law, the attorney replied that incorporation papers had been taken out in each county through which the road ran and that that was all the law required. The attorney general will file his suit in the Clay circuit court at once.

IN OTHER PAPERS.

Personal Mention of People Known in This City.

The Warsaw Times says: "J. P. Manuel, of Fort Wayne, connected with the clothing establishment of Sam, Pete and Max, is in the city attending the Twelfth reunion."

The Peru Journal says: "Miss Mary Stuart, of Fort Wayne, is a guest of the Misses Sparenberg, of West Second street."

The Logansport Reporter says: "Doc Kelley and Dick Roach, formerly of the Star Ball club, are working on the Interstate pipe line near Fort Wayne."

The Bluffton News says: "Mrs. Louisa Tyger and Miss Eliza Lohr, of Fort Wayne, are visiting at W. W. McBride's."

The Decatur Democrat says: "Richard M. Erwin, of Fort Wayne, is visiting and shooting squirrels in this vicinity."

The Columbia City Mail says: "Joseph Saunder, of Fort Wayne, who was camping at Blue Lake with his family, was in the city last evening between trains enroute for Fort Wayne.—Mrs. Bower, who has been visiting relatives in this city, returned home to Fort Wayne this evening.—Mrs. A. Holsworth, of Fort Wayne, and her daughter Josephine, are visiting for a few days with Mrs. C. King."

The Churubusco Truth says: "Clem Schele and Ben Saunders, two young men of Fort Wayne, accompanied by four ladies from their city, were in camp at Blue Lake a portion of last and this week. The ladies report a "peri" time and a bushel of fun.—Chas. Easley, of Fort Wayne, and Will Allen, of California, were in the city the guests of J. B. Easley and family a portion of the week.—Mrs. Firestone, formerly Miss Lizzie Eveland, now the wife of Editor Firestone, of the 'Sturgis Times,' is visiting at 395 South Broadway, Fort Wayne, and in a letter to one of her old friends here, said she would be glad to meet friends from Churubusco. She will remain until Saturday evening."

The Huntington Democrat says: "Miss Nina Strock, who has been the guest of Miss Eva Douglas for the past ten days, returned to her home in Fort Wayne last night.—Mrs. Jennie Bailey and little daughter, of Fort Wayne, are in the city, the guests of her mother, Mrs. Sophia Crow, of East Franklin street.—Bert Diaius, of Fort Wayne, who has been visiting the Cast and Johnson families, returned home last evening.—Mrs. J. W. Younge and children returned to Fort Wayne last evening after a few days visit with Mrs. L. B. Smith.—F. T. Simpson, of Fort Wayne, presiding elder of the M. E. church of this district, arrived in the city this afternoon and in company with Rev. M. E. Nethercut drove to Markle.—Miss Carrie Holmes and brother, Christian, of Fort Wayne, are spending a few weeks in the city the guest of their sister, Mrs. George Bartr, of East Sabine street."

Beware of Cheap, Worthless Imitations.

Ask for Simmons Liver Regulator. Recollect that for malaria, biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation and headache it has no equal.

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS
IS NOT LOST IN THE TUB.
THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CIN'TI.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

OUR WAR IN KOREA.

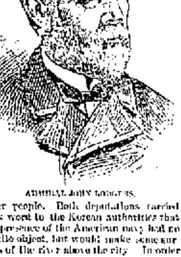
THE GUNBOAT AND MARINE ATTACKS ON THE [illegible] SEOUL.

The Navy Tried Demands and Then Diplomacy to Get Satisfaction For an Outrage Upon American Sailors—Defiance [illegible] by Shot and Shell.

[illegible]

[illegible] which [illegible] the [illegible] between Japan and China, has had her thrashing at the hands of the United States. It occurred in 1871, and it was administered by our seamen as a punishment for a [illegible] upon an [illegible] craft. In the early fall of 1866 a trading vessel, called the General Sherman, officered by Americans and flying the stars and stripes, was attacked in Ping Yang river, in the interior of Korea, and destroyed. According to the first accounts, her crew was murdered and the ship burned, but there were rumors among seafaring men for a long time afterward that some of the General Sherman people were alive and held as prisoners by the Koreans. About that time a party of French missionaries in Korea were murdered, and when the French navy attempted to sail up the river Han to seek redress the Koreans drove them away with so good a showing of warlike stuff that the outside world began to respect them. Admiral Bell, commanding the Asiatic squadron of the United States navy, reported that the proper place to seek redress for the General Sherman outrage was at Seoul, and that, judging by the experience of the French fleet, he would require a fleet of light draft boats to ascend the shallow Han and good fighting men for service on land. Nothing came of Admiral Bell's suggestion, but in 1867 and again in 1868 the captains of American warships cruising in Asiatic waters attempted to get satisfaction from Korean authorities for the Sherman affair. Two accounts were offered, one by the people and another by the officials. The former said that the unfortunate party on the Sherman had been massacred in a melee on shore by Korean natives without instructions from the Chinese mandarins, whose authority they acknowledged. An official calling himself, among other lofty and poetic titles, "district magistrate" and exercising control over the country along the Ping Yang river, stated that the General Sherman was a pirate, her people disrespectful to the customs of Korea, and that they finally made war upon the vessels and cities of the Ping Yang. At last she was destroyed and her officers and men killed. The matter then rested until 1870, when Admiral John Rodgers went out from America to assume command of our Asiatic squadron. His instructions were [illegible]. Negotiations were to be conducted by the United States minister to China, and the admiral was instructed to carry upon his flagship, the Colorado, the members of the diplomatic commission, who would join him at Shanghai. The object of the expedition was to get a treaty for the protection of American seamen who might come to grief in Korean waters. A show of power was to be made for the sake of effect.

The fleet consisted of the Monocacy, Palos, Alaska, Benicia and Colorado, and was accompanied by the United States minister to China, Mr. F. F. Low. It arrived off the Korean coast in May, 1871, and proceeded to enter the mouth of the Han. The Koreans had evidently heard of the expedition through Chinese sources, for as soon as the fleet anchored in the river off the capital a deputation of officials moved out in a boat and made signs, asking for a communication. Interpreters met them and welcomed them on board the flagship, and the next day another party came on board, but having no credentials Minister Low and Admiral Rodgers refused to see them. They declared that the General Sherman was a pirate; that they (the Koreans) wished to be let alone and have no intercourse with other people. Both deputations carried back word to the Korean authorities that the presence of the American navy had no hostile object, but would make some surveys of the river above the city. In order to give time to the Korean authorities to prepare for negotiations the survey was delayed a week, and on June 1 the Palos and Monocacy, preceded by several steam launches, sailed up the river. Passing several batteries, they came within sight of Fort du Conde on an island completely blocking the passage of the river. The fort was decorated with flags, and all was astir there, but the expedition kept on as before without suspicion of danger, the unprotected launches in the lead. These launches were four in number, manned by 11 men each. They were armed with cutlasses, pistols and remington rifles, and three of the launches carried a 12 pounder boat howitzer each, while the fourth had a 24 pounder. These were supplied with shell, canister and shrapnel. Taking advantage of the flood tide, the launches steamed rapidly on, all abreast, making soundings as they proceeded. The Palos and Monocacy followed.



ADMIRAL JOHN RODGERS.

The men in the launches counted nearly 2,000 Koreans in martial array upon the bluffs and cannon mounted on the parapets of the batteries and the fort to the number of 60 or 80. At the point of the island on which the fort stood the river makes a sharp turn, and above the bend the current moves in a rapid whirl. The moment the boats encountered the whirl a signal gun was fired on the summit of a hill behind the fortifications, and simultaneously scores of cannon opened upon the launches. Admiral Rodgers' orders had been that the survey should not be [illegible] fired upon, and the attack having been begun by the Koreans the boat howitzers were at once turned against the forts. Following that, all the batteries on both sides of the river joined in bombarding the launches, but the showers of missiles had little effect because the gunners could not shift their muzzles to follow the movements of the boats. The firing continued until the gunboats Palos and Monocacy steamed up and shelled the Koreans out of their works. When the two forts had been silenced, the party returned down the river not having lost a man killed and only one hit by Korean missiles.

When the expedition rejoined the fleet below the city, the admiral waited to avenge the insult promptly, but the expedition being a diplomatic one he decided to wait for an apology from the Korean authorities. None coming, a warlike expedition sailed up the river June 10. It consisted of the Monocacy and Palos and four steam launches. The landing party of [illegible] numbering 750 men. The [illegible] moved up the river, the launches playing the popular sailor airs of America and the crews singing and cheering. The Koreans [illegible] deep. Meanwhile the ships opened on the [illegible] by a rampart. All of [illegible]

[illegible] TO THE LAST.

[illegible] command had been well planned, but the Koreans refused to take time to fight. In their [illegible] was gone.

[illegible] Commander Kimberly, in charge of the land party, brought forward a 12 pound howitzer and planted it opposite the granite fort. A strong line of pickets was stationed as outposts, and night coming on the troops bivouacked on their lines ready for an early morning attack. Next day was Sunday, and at daylight the Monocacy opened her guns upon the second Korean fort, while the marines advanced to take it. Although Korean troops on the surrounding heights harassed Commander Kimberly's men by long range musketry firing, there was so little opposition that they quickly carried the fort and dismantled it, as they had done with the first. The garrison retreated without firing a shot and joined their main body at the citadel, a lofty position decorated with flags and apparently occupied with the flower of the Korean soldiery, led by their commander in chief. Commander Kimberly left two companies of marines with four howitzers at the granite fort to cover retreat in case his assault on the citadel should fail. A similar force was stationed on the rear of the citadel, and the remainder moved directly on the fort preceded by skirmishers.

The Americans had shown their customary pluck in landing on a swampy shore and hauling the guns through the mire. They now marched to the attack on the lofty citadel with equal grit and valor. The heavy guns were rolled up the steep slopes and planted within range. The storming column forced up near the crest of the hill and halted a moment to take breath. After a short rest the party leaped from their shelter and made a tremendous rush for the fort, from which the Koreans opened a furious fire. But as usual their artillery practice was bad, and their small arms had no effect, owing to their poor construction. The daring Americans rushed on until they reached the parapet, on which Lieutenant Hugh McKee of the navy leaped at a bound, followed by his men. At close quarters the Koreans, who are really brave in savage warfare, could fight. The gallant McKee was shot with a rifle ball and at the same time stabbed with a spear. The latter blow killed him.

Several company leaders of the marines imitated McKee, and their men followed the lead. The Koreans resisted to the last, but were finally routed with great slaughter. The Americans lost three killed and six wounded.

The fort and its walls and ditches showed the terrible effect of the vigorous shelling from the Monocacy's guns preceding the land attack. The ditches and pits and the parade ground around the center of the fort contained numerous bodies mangled by the exploding shells. In all 243 dead Koreans were buried from the citadel alone. The commander in chief had killed himself in chagrin at the loss of his stronghold and was found in the river below the forts with his throat cut. The second in command lay among the wounded and dead, apparently a corpse, his haggard, uncovered face being upturned to the sun. He was finally lifted by the marines and placed in a trench for burial, but as he could no longer sham death in safety he set up a yell, unmistakably that of a live man. A bad wound in the thigh caused some of the appearances which helped on the ruse.

The capture of the citadel completed the victory. It was called by the natives Fol-Mot, and on hoisting the stars and stripes over it the Americans christened it Fort Palos. The granite fort, the second one captured, was likewise christened Fort Monocacy, and the first, Marine Redoubt. In the three forts 480 guns were taken and 50 flags. More than 1,000 Koreans lost their lives, chiefly by the gunboat firing previous to the attacks of the marines.

The expedition did not take a warlike turn a moment too soon, for the 10 days' inactivity between the attack by the Koreans and the retaliation by the navy had been passed in preparation for war. Soldiers were on the march from all parts of the peninsula concentrating on the river around Seoul. GEORGE L. KILMER.

The Moravians claim to have had an independent church in Bohemia as early as the ninth century.

No Economy.

Friend—Riding a bicycle instead of a horse is a great saving, isn't it?

Wheelman—Well, I don't know.

"A bicycle doesn't eat."

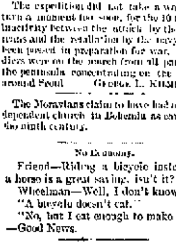
"No, but I eat enough to make up."—Good News.

Papa's Sarcasm.

Father—I was met at the train on my return by a band.

Friend—Ah! A brass band!

Father—No; a hat band. My son wears one of those dude straw hats.—Detroit Free Press.



ONE ENJOYS
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.
Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

WOMEN'S WAY [illegible]

The Armenian Traveling Brother and Sister [illegible]

The Armenians have a custom as beautiful as it is unique. Among them a man and a woman who are good friends [illegible]. The friendship is sworn [illegible] This occurs before a gathering of their fellows, and woman and man take vows to be true to each other as brother and sister. Thenceforward they may associate together as freely as a real brother and sister, traveling together and visiting together, with no suspicion of any other relation coming between them. They are frequently married to another husband or wife, but are allowed at the same to become [illegible] brother and sister. Their [illegible] are observed as strictly as if they were blood brother and sister, and their children are looked on as cousins. This friendship is regarded as thoroughly proper, nor is it ever abused. It is a pity that such [illegible] friendship [illegible] be more customary here than Armenia. It would be for the good of both sexes. A gentleman [illegible] of the thousands of young men who come to a city as strangers every year in making the acquaintance of a friend, respectable young ladies. They are [illegible] in a hall bedroom in a cheap boarding house usually, knowing no one. The gin palaces are always open, always bright and inviting. The young man would be glad to meet good and kind women, but there is no way. Temptations to evil are all around him, with no opportunity to make his way into a higher social life. It is a pity, a thousand pities. The same is true of young women who are strangers in a city. It is natural for young men and women to be fond of each other's society, and they have a right to be together. It is good for both, quite apart from the question of matrimony. Self supporting young women, good and [illegible], refined and well educated, live year after year in New York and other cities as solitary as if they were hermits in a desert. They have no pleasant chums or friends among men because they have no opportunity to meet such as they would like. Here is a sad lack in our city social life. The young men and women living thus lonely are among the best people in America. There ought to be formed social clubs of some kind where respectable strangers of both sexes should be welcome.

In a Fourth of July celebration at Garnett, Kan., the procession was led by a ladies' band of music, and the oration was delivered by Miss Laura Gregg. There are so many college girls now that good speakers with thorough elocutionary training can be found among the women in almost every neighborhood.

Girls, learn to swim. You have no idea how much fun it is.

Methodist conferences, Presbyterian assemblies and all other organizations of the ministers and rulers of the different churches could dispose of the woman question at one stroke if they would only follow the New Testament teaching. In fact, if they would follow to the letter the New Testament teaching, there would be no woman question at all. It would decide itself. There is one text that settles in four lines the whole matter. It is Galatians iii, 28, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." In a truly Christian assembly the question of sex would never come up at all. There would only be the question of individual fitness.

When the cornerstone of the new Universalist church was laid at Woodstock, O., the address of the occasion was given by Rev. Henrietta G. Moore.

Rev. Hannah M. Mulleux is pastor of the Congregational church at Grand Meadow, Minn.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hellman, postmaster of Williamsbridge, N. Y., has laid up a snug fortune in the real estate business.

It is astonishing how many people are acquainted with the exact mind of the Almighty on the woman question.

Miss Maud Sutton is a lovely English girl who owns a yacht and sails it herself. The Herreshoffs in this country built her yacht, the Moravian, and she has raced with it frequently in English waters, steering with her own hands. Last summer she won 30 victories in match races. This year the number has reached 19 by the latter part of July, with more to come. Miss Sutton inherits her passion for yachting from her father, Sir Richard Sutton.

Did you ever observe how many old fellows of 60 or 70 think themselves plenty young enough for husbands for women of 30 or even 20?

Rifle target shooting practice is becoming very much the vogue in England.

The regents of Michigan university have made this most important decision: "Resolved, That henceforth in the selection of professors, instructors and other assistants for the university no distinction be made between men and women, but that the applicant best fitted for the position receive the appointment."

Where are strong, intelligent, executive women can be found for school officers, put them in nomination and vote for them.

A Chicago woman dentist worked her own way through the Northwestern Dental college, and it is pleasant to hear [illegible]. [illegible]

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

They Were Consistent.

When the Yale athletes were in New York prior to their departure for Oxford, a well known Brooklyn society woman gave them a dinner. [illegible] Then salads [illegible] —Argonaut.

After a Position.

Applicant to Secretary—You say you want to serve?

Applicant—Yes, sire.

"And you're from the United States?"

"I am, sir."

"And you understand military matters?"

"A great deal, sire."

"What military service have you seen in America that would make you valuable to us?"

"I'm a pension attorney, sire."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Accounting For It.

Hospital Physician—You are all bruised up, I see.

Patient—Yes. I was hit by an ambulance.—Life.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Market.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—Wheat, lower, Sept., 53¼c, Dec., 55¼c; May, 61¼@⅝c.

Corn, lower; Sept., 55¼c; Oct., 55¼c; May, 53.

Oats, lower, cash and Sept., 29¼c; Oct., 30¼c; May, 35¼c.

Pork, higher; Sept., $13.95; Jan., $14.95.

Lard, higher; Sept., $8.45; Oct. $8.47½; May, $7.97½.

Ribs, steady; Sept., $7.72½; Jan., $7.15.

Rye, 54¼c.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney and Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Mrs. Henry Unverfert and son, Gerry, of Dayton, Ohio, are visiting Mrs. G. B. Grimme, of Griffith street.

D. D. WEISELL & SON DENTISTS
EAST SIDE OF PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK
ROOMS 24, 25, 26, 27. TAKE ELEVATOR.

E. KRAMER, SIGN - PAINTER
90 E. MAIN STREET,
Finest and Best Work. Cheapest place in the city

J. M. E. RIEDEL ARCHITECT.
SCHMITZ BLOCK, 3d Floor

HUMANE SOCIETY NOTICE.

All parties having knowledge of acts of cruelty to animals or children will greatly favor and assist the Fort Wayne Humane Society by telephoning or writing such information to Officer Schlaudroff, 38 Clinton street. Telephone No. 55.

CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE
Central Music Hall, CHICAGO.
29th Year Opens September 10th, 1894.
Acknowledged the leading Institution of America. Every facility offered for a thorough course in
MUSIC and DRAMATIC ART.
Catalogue Giving Full Information Mailed Free.
DR. F. ZIEGFELD, PRES. CARL ZIEGFELD, MGR.

C. W. BRUNS & CO. PLUMBERS.
Agents for the Goodrich Self-Heating and Folding Bath Tubs
135 CALHOUN STREET.

May 18, 1849.

To The Editor:

Volume No. 5 of Harper War Book just came, and it surprised me greatly to find the large colored map. Accept thanks for your promptness. I thought the other parts couldn't be beat, but they seem to grow better. If others appreciate the value of what you are giving for only 10 cents, you must sell a host of them, for if anybody once sees those War Volumes they must be as much surprised as I have been at so much, and so good, for such a low price. You deserve a vote of thanks for what you are doing. The good done by placing this great Harper history of the civil war in reach of every man, woman and child cannot be calculated.

Yours very truly,

F. B. D

--COUPON--

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

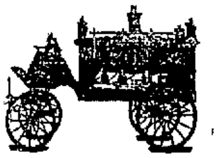
PART 19. NUMBER 3.

[illegible]

Three coupons of different dates and [illegible] for each part.

FT. WAYNE LOAN OFFICE. Est'd 1878. Tried, Fire Tested. Money, any amount Loaned on VALUABLES.
We deal in DIAMONDS, WATCHES, Carpets, Musical Goods TRUNKS AND VALISES.
GREATEST BARGAIN HOUSE IN INDIANA. HORACE MARIOTTE, PAWNBROKER, 20 East Columbia Street.

ESTABLISHED 1845.



J. C. PELTIER,
17 W. Wayne St.
Office Telephone No. 1
Residence Telephone, No. 20

M. W. FAY WAREHOUSE Co. STORAGE
Warehouse Cor. Francis and Hayden Sts. Office 137 Calhoun St. Telephone 134.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains Run by Central Time as follows:

[illegible]

Trains depart from Pennsylvania Station Fort Wayne, Ind.

East Bound.	West Bound.
* 5.35 a. m.	3.00 a. m.
* 6.50 a. m. From Chi.	* 5.20 a. m. Limited
[illegible]	8.00 a. m.
* 3.00 p. m.	[illegible]
* 9.20 p. m. Limited	* 4.30 p. m.
† 7.10 a. m. Crestline.	* 5.30 p. m.
[illegible] p. m. From Chi.	† 9.25 p. m. From Crestline.

THE WABASH LINE—Trains Carrying Passengers Leave FORT WAYNE. Schedule of May 20, 1894.

GOING EAST.	DEPART.
New York and Boston Lim., daily	[illegible]
Toledo Express, except Sunday	[illegible]
Atlantic Express, daily	[illegible]
Local Freight	[illegible]
Lafayette Accommodation, Arrive, except Sunday	11 00am

GOING WEST.	DEPART.
Pacific Express, daily	[illegible]
Kansas City Ex., except Sunday	[illegible]
Lafayette Accom'n, except Sunday	[illegible]
St. Louis Limited, daily	[illegible]

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Fort Wayne.	Ar Indianapolis
[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv Indianapolis	Ar Fort Wayne
[illegible]	[illegible]

Through New York Palace Sleeping cars, dining cars and new free chair cars on New York vestibule limited. Free chair cars and dining cars on Pacific limited express. Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new free reclining chair and palace sleeping cars to Kansas City without change.

R. G. THOMPSON, Passenger and Ticket agent, Fort Wayne Ind.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

GOING NORTH.

*For Grand Rapids and North	Lv. 2.15 am
[illegible]	Lv. [illegible]
[illegible]	Lv. [illegible]
From Richmond	Ar. 10.56 pm

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati	Lv. 5.45am
[illegible]	Lv. [illegible]
[illegible]	Lv. 11.45 pm
From Grand Rapids	Ar. 7.45 pm

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY—Fort Wayne Branch.

SOUTHWARD.	ARRIVE.
No. 1 Way Freight	[illegible]
No. 1 Cin. Express and Mail	[illegible]
No. 1 Detroit & Ind'pls Express	[illegible]

NORTHWARD.	DEPART.
No. 1 Way Freight	[illegible]
No. 1 Through Express and Mail	[illegible]
No. 1 Detroit & Indianapolis Ex.	[illegible]

NICKEL PLATE.

The New York, Chicago & St. Louis R.R.

EAST.	Arr.	Dep.
N. Y. & Boston Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cleveland Mail	[illegible]	[illegible]
Eastern Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Local Freight	[illegible]	[illegible]
WEST.	Arr.	Dep.
Chicago Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chicago Mail	[illegible]	[illegible]
Western Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Local Freight	[illegible]	[illegible]

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. Through Buffet sleeping cars to Chicago, Buffalo, New York and Boston. Through tickets to all points at lowest rates and baggage checked to destination.

M. C. BAKER, District Pass. Agt., Depot, Fort Wayne, Ind.

FT. W., C. & L. R. R. AND L. E. & W. R. R.

NORTH BOUND—ARRIVE FORT WAYNE.

No. [illegible] Passenger	Arrives 11 00 am
No. [illegible] Passenger	[illegible]
No. [illegible] Local	[illegible]

SOUTH BOUND—LEAVE FORT WAYNE.

No. [illegible] Passenger	Leaves 7 15 am
No. [illegible] Passenger	[illegible]
No. [illegible] Local	[illegible]

†Daily except Sunday. *Daily

Cincinnati and Indianapolis Time card

Leave Fort Wayne.	Arrive Indianapolis.	Arrive Cincinnati.
[illegible]	11:20 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
[illegible]	10.15 p. m.	[illegible]

Leave Cincinnati.	Leave Indianapolis.	Arrive Fort Wayne
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	4:00 p. m.	10:35 p. m.

All Summer Long
[illegible]
LAKE MICHIGAN AND LAKE SUPERIOR TRANSPORTATION CO'S
ELEGANT STEAMSHIPS.
[illegible]
The Northern Michigan Summer Resorts.
Special [illegible] MANITOU [illegible]
[illegible]
LAKE MICH. AND LAKE SUPERIOR TRANS. CO.
Rush and N. Water St. Chicago

"This Hot Weather"

Depraved by the millions of flies is certainly too oppressive when considering that we can fit you out with

Screen Doors

AND

Screen Windows

Of all sizes and designs at prices heretofore unknown.

USE OUR

MONARCH GARDEN HOSE

For settling the dust and cooling the air about your house and reap the beneficial results and comfort of a small investment.

THE

MONARCH HOSE

Will render you the longest and most satisfactory service of any house in the market.

We are Headquarters for Hose Reels, Lawn Sprinklers, Nozzles and a general line of Hose repairs.

PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER,
38 and 40 East Columbia Street.
Telephone 86.

FALL SUITS,

NEW GOODS,

NEW Patterns.

Just Received a Full line of New Fall Suitings.

Prices to Suit The Hard Times.

Call and Examine the Stock and Leave Your Measure before the Fall Rush Commences.

Fred Hardung,
N. W. Corner Main and Clinton Sts.

BUGGIES,

Harness,

Bicycles.

JOE. W. BELL,

11 and 13 E. Columbia St.

The Kyle Music Co.,
82 Calhoun Street.

Sheet music played for customers. Everything in music and jewelry.

Cash or easy payments.

Be Beautiful!

BEAUTIFY AND DEVELOP THE FORM.

Mme. Ada P. Evans Complexion specialist of Chicago is in the city for a few days. Her facial treatment for the complexion is an ideal Complexion. Blemishes among the ladies, all undesirable blemishes removed, such as wrinkles, pimples, black heads, tan, freckles, etc. Superfluous hair removed without injury to the most delicate face. Mme. Evans is a graduate in Chiropodist work. Instant and painless relief from corns, bunions and ingrowing nails. Development of the bust a specialty.

New York Hair Parlors,
29 E. Washington St., Chicago Office 146 S. State street.

Everything used by Amateur Photographers at 44 Calhoun St., second floor.

THE CHICAGO BAKERY,
W. F. GELLER, Prop.

ICE CREAM

WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

Capacity 100 gallons per day. Private families, picnics, Etc. supplied on short notice.

Corner Washington Boulevard and Broadway.

Telephone No. 163.

NEW YORK HAIR BAZAAR.

Switches, Alcohol Lamps, Novelties in Hair Ornaments, Hair Dressing, Manicuring.

MISS E. C. RODENBECK,
No. 29 E. Washington St.

To the Lady of Fort Wayne,

We are ready to do all kinds of Hair work, making Switches, dressing hair on head, cutting Bangs in the latest style, Shampooing, Manicuring and Massage for the face; will call at house. Orders can be left at the Thermer Bath Room, corner of Clinton and Berry St.

Mrs. S. M Raines,
Mrs. Carrie Storms.

Notice.

Mr. B. A. Stainer, formerly with Abdon & Steiner, plumbers, has withdrawn from the above firm and will continue business. Location will be made known in a few days. 29-4t

Get your World's Fair books bound at The Sentinel office. tf

Fort Wayne Races from August 27 to September 1. 24-tf

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Quince fell from a chair last evening at home and dislocated his arm.

Call on Madame Wing, the only reliable clairvoyant and fortune teller in the world. Office and residence 28 Chicago street, Fort Wayne, Ind. Price 50c. 19 tf

MONEY TO LOAN

On real estate or personal security. C. F. PFEIFFER, rooms 35 and 36, Bank Block. 2tf

The Epworth League of the Wayne street church gave a pleasant lawn social last evening at the beautiful suburban home of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Hayden.

OUR PANTALOON SALE

BEATS ALL RECORDS IN THE RACE

FOR LOW PRICES.

Customers are pleased and competitors are astounded at our ability to retail

FINE TAILOR-MADE PANTS

At less than similar goods cost them.

$3.28

For men's fine dress pants that are made of fine worsteds and cassimeres.

Every pair of these pants are worth $5 and $6 and are now being sold at that price by others. Your money back if what we say is not absolutely true.

$2.48

For all-wool Cassimeres and Fancy Worsteds. You have been accustomed to paying $3.50 and $4.00 for similar qualities and styles, and they are worth every cent of that today.

$1.98

For All-Wool Pants that are perfectly made and trimmed, you'll get no better value for $2.50 and $3.00, in other stores. See our window display.

Our Greatest Shirt Offer.

Just received 40 dozen fine Negligee Shirts with collars attached or detached, made of the finest imported Madras cloth and French Shirtings. These Shirts are worth $2, $2.50 and $3.00, and we offer them to you at

78c.

Be quick if you want any. They won't last long. See them displayed in our cases.

Sam, Pete & Max.

The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1894.

Branch offices for the sale of THE SENTINEL, and where orders for THE SENTINEL and Want, For Sale, For Rent ads. will be received, have been established at the following drug stores:

W. F. Senseke, 113 Broadway.
J. F. Miller, 327 Lafayette.
W. L. Waltemath, 222 East Lewis.
J. D. Lewis, 121 Calhoun.
M. H. Weirl, 212 Hanna.
J. J. Brink, 41 Wells.

OUR TELEPHONES.

Business Office	**No. 173.**
Editorial Rooms	**No. 650.**

Our Thermometer.

10 a. m.	75
12 m.	8[illegible]
2 p. m.	90

The Weather.

Washington, Sept. 1.—Forecast for the thirty-six hours until 8 p. m. Sunday: For Indiana—Fair; probably slightly warmer in northerly portions Sunday morning, winds becoming southerly.

NEWS NOTES.

Fred Hartman is at Cleveland, Ohio.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Moren, of Gay street—a boy.

S. W. Wass is lying very low with typhoid fever at his home on East Creighton avenue.

Miss Mabel Robertson entertained friends last evening in honor of her guest, Miss Hardin.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Singleton, of 33 Baker street, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Darout, of Toledo, O.

Miss Catherine Hart who has been visiting Mrs. Dr. Sweringer, has returned to her home at Lafayette.

Mrs. G. W. Spangler and Mrs. C. J. Lipes are entertaining their nieces, Carrie and Katie Roth, of South Bend, Ind.

Mrs. Harry Gilbert arrived in the city from Chicago today, to visit her brother, Mr. McMahon, of South Broadway.

Miss Hattie Diem has taken a position as stenographer with C. E. Everett, the general manager of the Central Insurance company.

Jacob Wilbert and daughters, Mrs. Carns and Miss Effie Wilbert, of Carroll, Ohio, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wilbert this week.

Lieutenant Davis, of the United States recruiting station in this city, will go to Hartford City next Tuesday and Bluffton on Wednesday.

Miss Emma Kinley gave a charming tea party last evening, at her home on Francis street, in honor of her guest, Mr. Elzie Atcherson, of Van Wert, Ohio.

The condition of Mayor Oakley continues to be one of improvement. He has been quite ill, but with rest and quiet, he may be expected to be around in a few days.

Mrs. Charlotte Deverell, who is the guest of Mrs. D. L. Harding, will leave one week from next Monday for New York and after spending a few days there will sail for her home in Southern England.

Tonight the gymnasium committee of the City Y. M. C. A. tender to Prof. W. H. Lawless, the new physical director, reception at the building, to which all members and their young men friends are invited.

The board of public works last night voted to widen Wells street from fifty to sixty feet, and they will recommend to the council that Superior street, from Harrison to Wells, and Wells street to the bridge, be paved.

Clarence Ullery and John Read, of Goshen, Ind., who are camping out at Blue lake, drove to this city yesterday and attended the races and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Bailey, of 36 Baker street, last evening.

Rev. and Mrs. S. A. Northrop and daughter, Laura, returned yesterday from their vacation spent at Fenton, Mich. In the evening they were tendered a reception by the congregation at the parlors of the Baptist Tabernacle.

Miss Sherin left Tuesday, with her cousin, for a short visit in Ohio and will then go to New York City, where she will visit the most fashionable establishments in the dress making art for the purpose of examining the latest styles.

The following are the scores made yesterday by the regular league base ball teams: At New York—New York, 5; Boston, 1. At Baltimore—Baltimore, 5; Cleveland, 1. At Philadelphia,—Philadelphia, 10; Washington, 8. Second game—Philadelphia, 11; Washington, 5.

Mrs. W. H. Halleck entertained a few friends at her beautiful home on South Lillie street. Those present at the 5 o'clock tea were: Mesdames James E. Graham, K. E. Heminges, G. W. Haskell, Misses Louise Gaerken, Flossie Heminges, Maud Haskell, Ruth Graham and Master Georgia Haskell.

Mrs. Mary Farnen-Schneider has gone to Chicago to attend Huntinghouse's normal for members of the Dancing Masters' association. Farnen Dancing academy opens at the hall in Foster block, with a complimentary reception, September 17. All pupils and friends are cordially invited to attend.

Michigan Peaches and Michigan Plums.

We received this afternoon 50 bushels early Crawford Peaches, down to $1.40 bushel, including baskets. Small baskets, 20c.

Also received this afternoon 10 bushels nice Michigan Plums, $2.25 bushel or 8c quart.

English Damson Plums, 10c quart.

Concord Grapes from Cleveland, 10lb baskets 25c or 5c lb.

Extra Water Melons, 15c each.

Fresh Nutmeg Melons, 5c and 10c each.

Choice Sweet Potatoes, down to 25c peck.

Fair House.

John Forbing the real estate dealer, is home from Toledo.

Miss Minnie Hockstetter left for Chicago today to visit friends.

Miss Eva Lautenschlager and Master Willie left today for their home at Chicago.

Miss Mamie Steinen pleasantly entertained the Nineteenth Century club last evening.

Miss Birdie Worman, who has been quite ill with stomach trouble, is reported much better.

Miss Sherin, the dressmaker, has left with her cousin for a short visit in Ohio, previous to going east for the fall fashions.

All the members of the Y. M. C. T. U. are requested to meet at Carrie Smiths, 5th floor Pixley block, Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

H. W. Blachly and daughter, of Van Wert, have been in the city attending the races. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Saltzgaber.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Hassler and family, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Imboden and family and Miss Tillie Van Allen will spend a week at Rome City.

James Gillie, the dairyman, will leave Monday for Scotland, to remain a couple of months. He says he must have The Daily Sentinel sent to him every day.

It was reported on the streets today that there would be another change in the management of the Aveline hotel. It is doubtful if another attempt to utilize it as a hotel will be attempted.

Caroline M. King has taken out a permit to erect a two-story brick and stone business building on lot 99 old plat, to cost $7,000. This new building will be erected on Clinton street, just north of the new Tri-state building.

Mrs. Webb Banister and daughter, Miss Euretta, are home from a pleasant visit of a few weeks to Mrs. Banister's old home at Boston, Va. Mrs. Banister's school of music will open with a large number of pupils on Monday, Sept. 10.

The Misses Lizzie, Annie and Gertie Empie, and Maud and Grace Saunders and Messrs Clem Schele and Ben Saunders have returned from a two weeks outing at Blue lake, Cherbusco, Ind. A most enjoyable time was had; they speak very highly of the place as a summer resort.

The Pennsylvania base ball club has not been as lucky the last few weeks in its ball games as it was earlier in the season. Friday the team went to Plymouth and was defeated by the Plymouth club, the score being eleven to four. The battery for the Pennsylvania team was Daesler and James. The club will probably be much strengthened before another game is played.

Last night occurred the death of Andrew, the two-year-old son of Mr and Mrs. Theodore Wedler, of No. 41 Hayden street. The cause of death was diphtheria. This is the third death in the family from the same disease in the past eight days. The funeral will be held privately. Diphtheria and other contagious diseases seem to be constantly spreading in this city. Fort Wayne's board of health is ornamental, if not useful.

"RECKLESS RALPH."

Mrs. Creighton's Melodrama Put on the Stage.

An Episode of Rattlesnake Run Dramatized for the "Jimtown Ideal."

At the cosy home of Mr. W. Dittenderfer, on W. De Wald street, was enacted for the first time last evening a very amusing amateur melodrama entitled "Reckless Ralph of Rattlesnake Run," written by Ft. Wayne's bright young authoress, Mrs. Thomas Creighton. All of the characters were taken by local talent. The hero, a gentle manly cowboy, was admirably portrayed by Mr. Frank Riblet. The beautiful heroine, by Mrs. Frank Sessions, could not be improved.

The Harrison sisters were so effective in their comedy parts as to seriously threaten the troupe as well as the audience with collapse from laughter. Mr. Joseph Baker, as an ornamental statue, was perfection of pose and patience.

The full orchestra was skilfully and delicately conducted by Mrs. F. A. Rider. The vocal selections and the unique entertainment of the Stuart sisters were keenly enjoyed by the music-loving listeners. A large and sympathetic audience filled the house, and from all indications will come again when the piece is next produced. Following is the

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Reckless Ralph	Frank Riblet
Lady Gwendolin	Mrs. Frank Sessions
Beatrice	Mrs. Thomas Creighton
Banker	F. A. Rider
Banker's Wife	Mrs. O. H. Fitch
Lord DeLisser	Frank Sessions
Biddy Maume	Miss Jos. Harrison
Hulda Herringbone	Miss Maud Harrison
Policeman	Thomas Creighton
Statuary	J. C. M. Baker

As the audience entered the "auditorium" each one was handed a program and synopsis of the play, which read as follows:

"THE AUDITORIUM."

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.

The "Jimtown Ideals," direct from the Madison Square Theater, Jimtown, Ind., In the Great Opera,

RECKLESS RALPH OF RATTLESNAKE RUN; OR, THE SERVANT GIRL'S REVENGE.

Music by Rider's Full Orchestra.

ACT I.

Home of the retired banker. Weighed in the balance. Ambition and love. Ambitious wins. Parted.
Music .... Orchestra

ACT II.

Lord DeLisser's castle garden. The pride of youth. An old man's sorrow. The mortgage. The surrender. Double dealing. A father's wrath. A detected villain.
Music .... Orchestra

ACT III.

Scene 1—Home of the retired banker. A broken heart. Recovered. A ruinous plot.
Scene 2—The mansion. A faithful friend. Saved. Light at last.
Music .... Orchestra

ACT IV AND LAST.

Lord DeLisser's castle garden. The elopement. The wedding hour. United. The plotters avenged.
Music .... Orchestra
Applause .... Audience
Keep your seats for the Concert
Stuart Sisters.

Smoke the Red Cross 5c cigar.

OUR SCHOOL TEACHERS.

They Are Selected For the Coming School Year.

The Official List of Officers and Instructors For the Fort Wayne Public Schools.

The following is the list of officers, teachers and janitors of the Fort Wayne Public schools, for the year 1894-95

President—Jno. M Moritz
Secretary—A. Ely Hoffman.
Treasurer—O. P. Morgan
Superintendent—John S Irwin.
Clerk and Librarian—Mary Irwin.
Janitor-in-Chief—James A. Gavin.

Special Teachers—Music, M. Belle Clark; writing, Jno L Tyler

High School—Principal, Chester T Lane, A B., assistant, Harry O Wise, A. B.; assistant, Albert B Crowe, A. B.; assistant, Hannah E Evoy, assistant, Mary L Jay: assistant, Caroline Colvin, A. B. Assistants, Ellen McKeag, E. Louise Hamilton, Katherine H. Blynn, A. B. Janitor, Conrad Leidolf.

Jefferson School—Principal, Harriet R Leonard; A grammar, Clara Phelps, Janet A. McPhail; B grammar, Elizabeth E. Chapin; C grammar, Helen Brenton, Grace M. Waldo. D grammar, Elizabeth Collins; A primary, Anna M. Trenam, B primary, Mary L Smith, Mary M. Brokaw; C primary, Cora A. Conover, D primary, Ella R. Williard, Gertrude E. Clark, janitor, John Immel.

Clay School—Principal, Mary McClure; A grammar, Emma Stanley; B grammar, Emma L Armstrong; C grammar, Annie O. Habecker; D grammar, Annette A. Gaskins, Rose E. Kohn, A primary, Eva L Beebe; B primary, Belle Geake; C primary, Mary E. Markey, Louvie E Strong; D primary, Nellie M. McKay, Euretta C. Banister, Jeannie S. Woodward; janitor, Michael L. Brannan.

Hoagland School—Principal, Frances Hamilton; A Grammar, Mary A. Abel, A and B Grammar, Mary E Dick; B Grammar, Elizabeth M Biegler; C Grammar, Mary E Orff, D Grammar, Matilda E Knight, Maude F. Hendricks; A Primary, Carrie A. Snively; A and B Primary, Etta C Brooks; B and C Primary, Mary W. Daugherty; C Primary, Nellie L Nowell; D Primary, Mary E McClure, Lillie B. Beaber; janitor, Ann O'Callahan

Hanna School—Principal, Belle R Lloyd; A Grammar, Marion H. Brenton; B Grammar, Margaret A. Wade; C Grammar, Addie H. Williams; C and D Grammar, A. Maud Lipes; D Grammar, Eva M. Baughman; A Primary, Louise C Heller; B Primary, Emma M Hebert; C Primary, Leora Miner; D Primary, Martha E. Wohlfort, Elizabeth O'Collins; German, Anna Ross; janitor, Maria Perrett.

Washington School—Principal, Margaret S. Cochrane; B grammar, Jessie L Humphrey; C grammar, Mary Smyser; C and D grammar, Mabel Robertson; D grammar, Mary B. Lincoln; A primary, Edna M. Alderman; B primary, Ada May Griffiths; C primary, Daisy K. Beaber; D primary, Marina J. Geake; D primary, Effie Lumbard; janitor, Sophie Kellermeyer.

Bloomingdale School — Principal, Margaret M. McPhail; A and B grammar, Sarah E McKean; B and C grammar, Maggie I. Murphy; C and D grammar, Mabel E. Clayton; D grammar and A primary, Grace C. Glenn; A and B primary, Alice L. Hamil; B and C primary, Zeruiah E. McLain; C primary, Nellie L. Markey, D primary, Elizabeth J. Bowman; D primary, Victoria Carter; D primary, Minnie L Ortman; German, Martha Stumpf; janitor, Catherine Sheridan.

Harmer School—Principal, Mary S Waldo; B grammar, Sarah J. Stahl; C grammar, M. Georgina Wadge; D grammar, Mary E Christie; A primary, Fannie Kohn; B primary, Edith Holsworth; C primary, Katharine M. Scherer; D primary, Emma H. Ersig, Henrietta M. Winbaugh; janitor, Anna J. Clark.

Miner Street School—Principal, Alice M Habecker; D grammar, Martha M. Clark; A primary, M. Kate Abel, Fannie M. Lowry; B primary, Minnie H. Seibt; C primary, M. Brook Muirhead; D primary, Lillian Fisk, Katharine C. Beabe, Elsie A. Hall; janitor, Orpha Clippenger.

Holton Avenue School—Principal and D primary, Edith M. Brewster; A and B primary, Katharine T Shuman; B and C primary, Laura D. Muirhead; D primary, Sophia C. Nix; janitor, Catherine Clear.

Nebraska School—Principal and D primary, Susan S Sinclair; A and B primary, Lillie V. Bowen; B and C primary, Carrie B Schrader; D primary, Prudence L. Bowman; janitor, Anna Rouzer.

McCulloch School—Principal and D primary, Catherine C. Foley; A and B primary, Fannie R Conover; B and C primary, Emma S Gutermuth; D primary, Anna Zucker; janitor, Mary E. Dolan; D primary, Delia F. Wilson; janitor, Jennie Bryan.

Franklin School—Principal and D primary, Mary E Freeman; B and C primary, Mary E Shoaff; D primary, Olive D. Brosus; janitor, Mary Hedges

East German School — Principal, Emma C. Weber, assistant, Bertha Ritter.

West German School—Principal, Carl Schwarz; assistant, Sarah C. Schaaf; janitor, Frederika Bierbaum.

Hamilton School—Principal and D primary, Anna M. Fairfield; A and B primary, Addie Darnell; B and C primary, Lida A. Spalding; D primary, Delia F. Wilson; janitor, Jennie Bryan.

Substitutes—Caroline Biddle, Blanche Blynn, Grace Conover, Lola E. Conover, Katharine A. Ersig, Mary L. Fisk, Sadie Griffiths, Ethel K. Jennese, Carrie Koons, Annie L. Miller, Martha J. Moderwell, Catherine E. Murphy, Jennie Pelkey, Bertha Stahl and Clara M. Wilson.

WESTMINSTER SEMINARY.

Full List of Teachers for the New Term.

The seminary opens its twelfth year September 19. The present indications are for a good attendance and a prosperous year. Several changes have been made in the faculty. Much care and thought have been bestowed upon the make up of the corps, which will include several eastern teachers.

Miss Godown continues her work in history and literature, past results insuring both pleasure and profit for her classes.

Miss Morse, from St. Johnsbury, Vt., takes the classes in Greek and Latin. Miss Morse comes of an old and well known family, her father for many years a resident in Turkey. She has been graduated from Mt. Holyoke college and has tutored in the same college with marked ability.

Miss Dargin, of Worcester, Mass., shares the classes in mathematics with Miss Sharp and also takes the classes in the natural sciences. Miss Dargin is also a graduate of Mt. Holyoke college and has been an assistant in the mathematical department. Both these ladies received their appointments through the strong recommendation of personal friends of Miss Sharp. If heredity, preparation, experience and previous success count for anything, they should make strong teachers.

Miss Jefferson, of Attica, N. Y., takes charge of the department of physical culture and elocution. Miss Jefferson is a graduate of the finest Canadian college, and has studied in several schools of elocution and dramatic expression. She will introduce the celebrated Swedish gymnastics into the work. This system is extremely popular in the high grade eastern schools. Her work as a public reader has been most highly commended.

Miss Albert continues her work in French and lessons on the harp, mandolin and guitar. Miss Schick will have charge of the German department.

The art display at the commencement in June was a surprise to many, because of its variety and merit. Miss Stubbs returns this week, after giving nearly all the vacation to study. Similar advantages have never been afforded art students here and Miss Stubbs will be warmly welcomed on her return.

Misses Moeller and Molbe, the talented artists of the European School of Music, remain in charge of that department. Their names are a sufficient guarantee of the superior excellence of the work.

Miss Lydia Bayha, of Kansas City, will be in charge of the preparatory department. Miss Bayha has had years of varied and most successful experience in the east and the west. Her former patrons call her "one among a thousand," and are somewhat extravagant in their praises. She has certainly a winning manner and excellent methods.

With this strong corps of teachers Westminster hopes to do its best work this coming year.

All the members of the Newsboys' union will meet Monday morning at the corner of Court and Berry streets at 9:30 o'clock sharp. All newsboys not members of the union are also invited to take part with the union in the Labor day parade.

Press telegrams from Cleveland would indicate that the shell boys of this city had been engaged in some very shady business transactions in that city. They are accused of buying a lot of fruit and produce and not making any effort to settle for the same.

A Called Meeting.

Inasmuch as the Occult Science society suspended their business meetings during the heated season, I hereby call the same to meet on Monday evening, Sept. 3, at the old hall on court street to resume the regular business of the society. All members will please take notice and all persons who are engaged in the investigation of the phenomena of spiritualism are expected to be present to join and assist in the grand work to be done.

H. H. Haines.
Vice President.

Professor Landrum and wife, the only association teachers of dancing in the city, will open their classes as follows at Morton Club hall: Ladies' and gents' beginners class, Monday evening, Sept 3, 7:45.

Advanced class, Wednesday, 7:45 p. m.

Ladies' class, Tuesday afternoon, 4:30

Children's class, Wednesday, 4 p. m

Fancy dancing class, Thursday, 4:45 p. m.

Reference required from applicants

Headquarters
Sion S. Bass Post No. 40, G. A. R.,
Fort Wayne, Ind., Sept. 1 '94

Having decided to go to the national encampment at Pittsburg over the Nickel Plate railroad, via Cleveland, leaving Fort Wayne Sunday morning 8 a. m., Sept. 9, we cordially invite all comrades, old soldiers or citizens so disposed, to go with us.

There will be plenty of good music without cost to our friends, as we have secured the services of the First Regiment band, one of the best organizations in the state.

The round trip rate from this point is $7.50 on all roads, but we have the privilege of stopping off at any point of interest on the return.

Those stopping at Cleveland should see the Garfield and Soldiers' and Sailors' monuments; the latter is said to be the finest erected to the union soldier.

James Liggett,
Commander.
M. R. Johnson,
Adjutant. a1-td.

Go to the opening of the Aldine Cafe tonight.

Miss Emma Barner will, on September 4th, open her dressmaking parlors, at No. 155 Montgomery street.

All members of Wheelmakers' union are requested to meet at K. of L. hall, Monday morning, Sept. 3, at 9:30 sharp, to participate in the Labor Day parade

Theo Cornell, President.

Turtle soup for free lunch Labor day at 61 East Main street

Ice Creams and Ices in endless variety at the Aldine Cafe tonight.

White Loaf Flour, for sale by all first-class dealers. 13tf

NOTICE.

All principals and teachers of the Fort Wayne public schools are required, and all substitutes are requested, regularly to attend the County Institute, which meets in the Westminster church on Monday, September 10 at 3 o'clock p. m. The schools will open for regular work on Monday, September 17, at 9 a. m., at which time, promptly, all teachers and scholars are expected to be in their proper places.

Teachers and scholars, belonging to the Clay school, will assemble as below:

A Grammar grade in room 5, High School.

B Grammar grade in room 6, High School.

C primary grades in Harmer School.

C and D grammar grades in Jefferson School, and all other grades in White Hall.

Hereafter the grades of the schools will be known as the high school, the grammar, and the primary grades.

Non-resident pupils, who have not been transferred to the City, will be required to pay tuition, for the high school $10—and for the ward schools $5—per year each in advance.

On Saturday, September 15, the undersigned will meet at his office.

The Janitors at 10 a. m.,
The Principals at 2 p. m.
And all the Teachers at 3:30, p. m.

John S. Irwin,
Superintendent.

RUBY WINS.

All Competitors Distanced in the Great Race

Although only three weeks old, "Ruby" has distanced all his competitors and is now the favorite. "Ruby" is the famous five cent cigar recently put on the market by F. W. Rops, of 27 Wall street. There are none equal to it. Ask for it when you want a first class smoke.

Banister School of Music,

49 West Berry street, Fort Wayne, Ind., will be ready to receive pupils and begin its **Sixth year Monday, Sept. 10th, 1894.**

The school comprises a thorough course of instructions on the **Piano**—the study of music by the best **modern** and **ancient** writers and a full course in **Voice Culture.**

For terms and circulars apply at the school. Mrs L. Webb Banister.
Principal.

Turtle soup for free lunch Labor day at 61 East Main street

New York Count Oysters served in elegant style at the Aldine Cafe.

Notice, Fort Wayne Rifles.

All members of the Fort Wayne Rifles are requested to be present at the armory on Tuesday eve., Sept. 4th, '94, at 8 o'clock, sharp, to attend regular business meeting. The attendance of each member is requested, as business of importance is to be transacted.

By order of
J. W. McDonald.
W. Rohrig, Sec.

The Red Cross is the best 5c cigar sold in the city.

Farnen Dancing Academy

Has entered its sixth year. Classes for this year have been arranged as follows:

Beginners, Monday and Thursday evenings. Waltz given particular attention.

Advanced, Tuesday and Friday. In this class all the latest dances adopted by the Dancing Masters' associations will be taught. Children classes Saturday afternoon, 3 to 4:30. Social, 4:30 to 6:00.

For further particulars call at hall, third floor in Foster block, at any time. 1-tf

Dress making and stamping neatly done at 79 West Main street. 31-2t.

You can get a good 10c cigar for 5c at Kaiten & Kohlmeyer's, 130 Calhoun street.

The Wayne hotel barber shop will be closed all day Monday, (Labor day.)

Conservatory of Music will open Monday, Sept. 3d. 31 3t

Madame Cooper's Hair Preparation and Almond Cream, manufactured and for sale at 208 High street. Also by all druggists. 27-6t

Get your World's Fair books bound at The Sentinel office. tf

G. R. & I. Notice.

The Sunday morning Rome City special train, which has been leaving Fort Wayne at 8 a. m., has been discontinued. 30-3t

If you want a good 10c cigar for 5c, call for the Red Cross.

Have your Portfolios bound at The Sentinel office. Samples can be seen at the office tf

International Business College, corner of Calhoun and Washington streets, fall term opens Monday, September 3d. Make arrangements now. Office open evenings. T. L. Staples, pres. 15-tf

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Abdon & Stinner has been dissolved by mutual consent, Bernard A. Stinner retiring. The business will be continued by George Abdon who will settle all claims against and collect all claims in favor of said firm.

ABDON & STINNER.
GEORGE ABDON.
BERNARD A. STINNER.
Fort Wayne, Ind., Aug. 28, 1894. 29-3t

IT PAYS!

To attend the Fort Wayne Business College for a thorough training in business branches, Shorthand, Typewriting, English Training Mechanical and Architectural Drawing. Fall term begins Sept. 3. Enter now

PREVENT the SEWER GAS and WATER

From backing up in your Cellar by using MARTIN'S PATENT CELLAR DRAINER and BACKWATER TRAP.

EMMET MARTIN, the Plumber,
Cor. Hanna and Buchanan Streets

THE CHICAGO CARPET RUG MFG'R,
At Cor. Wells and Superior Sts,
Fort Wayne, Ind

Will weave Rugs from old and new carpet scraps (either Body Brussels, Tapestry, Moquette, Wilton and Velvet) furnished. Fine fringes of carpet to the square yard. Also Rugs can be made from Ingrain Carpet, which will only take 4 yds. to one square yd. Price greatly reduced. S. KEELING Prop's.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

We Commence Today

An Important Sale

—OF

Dress Goods Remnants.

Just the thing for children's school dresses in lengths from 1 to 7 yards,

AT ABOUT HALF REGULAR PRICES.

Remnants of Plain Dress Goods.
Remnants of Fancy Dress Goods.
Remnants of All Wool Dress Goods
Remnants of Half Wool Dress Goods.
Remnants of Calicoes.
Remnants of Ginghams.
Remnants of Satines.
Remnants of every conceivable kind of dress goods at about half regular value.

You Can Save Money by Attending This Sale.

We have just opened up a new line of

Children's Gossamers and Mackintoshes

Just what is needed for Children's school wear,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

One Price to All

BEADELL & COMPANY,

THE PEOPLES STORE.

BEST LIGHTED STORE in the CITY.

ANCHOR LINE
MAIL STEAMSHIPS
ARE STRICTLY FIRST CLASS AND AMONG

THE LARGEST, FASTEST AND FINEST IN THE WORLD. Passenger Accommodation Unexcelled.

NEW YORK, LONDONDERRY AND GLASGOW.
Circassia Sept. 1, 3 p.m. Furnessia Sept. 22, noon. City of Rome Sept. 8, noon. Ethiopia Sept. 15

SALOON, SECOND-CLASS AND STEERAGE.
Rates on lowest terms to and from the principle Scotch, English, Irish and all Continental Points.
Round trip tickets from New York at reduced rates, or from Chicago by Express Trains, including transfer to Steamer at New York.
For money orders, drafts, outward or prepaid tickets, apply to any of our local agents, or to
HENDERSON BROS., CHICAGO.

IMPERIAL CROWN

25¢ PER POUND Baking Powder 25¢ PER POUND

WARRANTED. A PURE CREAM TARTER BAKING POWDER.

PURE FLAVORING EXTRACTS AND SPICES.

MEYER BROS. & CO. DRUGGISTS AND CHEMISTS.

FORT WAYNE INDIANA.

1894.

FALL STYLE

Dunlap Hats.

Just Arrived.

OPENING

Saturday, September 1st.

E. J. GOLDEN,
56 Calhoun Street.

How They Like It.

Read what some of those who've received

The Hub's Boy's Head-To-Foot-Outfit

Think of their $5.00 Bargains.

"Received the Head-To-Foot outfit all right, and am very much pleased with it. It was a perfect fit, even to the shoes." Mrs. L. N. Kenyon, Claremont, N. H.

"The suits, Head-To-Foot Boy's Outfit and Man's Business Suits, were received O. K.—not only received O. K. but fits O. K. If bonding of the bargains I received will get you more orders you are sure to get them." Max. Mah... Newman, Barry, Ill.

"Most satisfactory. You will receive further orders from me from time to time." Hayan W. Thomas, Att'y at Law, Tucson, Arizona.

"The Boy's Clothes arrived all right and am well pleased with them." W. J. K. Irwin, Philipsburg, Centre Co., Pa.

"Goods received and give good satisfaction in every respect. You may look for future orders." J. M. Rice, Lafayette, Ala.

A suit of ALL-WOOL clothes, ages 5 to 15 years—a Stanley Cap to match the suit—and a Pair of Stout and Shapely Shoes—that's The Hub's Head-To-Foot-Outfit for $5.00.

Sent on receipt of price, or C. O. D. with privilege of examination to any part of the United States if $1 deposit is sent with order. (If not satisfactory we agree to refund the purchase price.) Samples of cloth FREE. In ordering include 6c. postage.

THE HUB, Clothiers, Hatters, Furnishers and Shoers. CHICAGO, Ill. State & Jackson Sts.